Collier's

SEPTEMBER 4, 1948 TEN CENTS

F.D.R.'s PRIVATE OPINION OF DEWEY'S CAMPAIGN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

MIRACLES MADE TO ORDER

By Lester Velie

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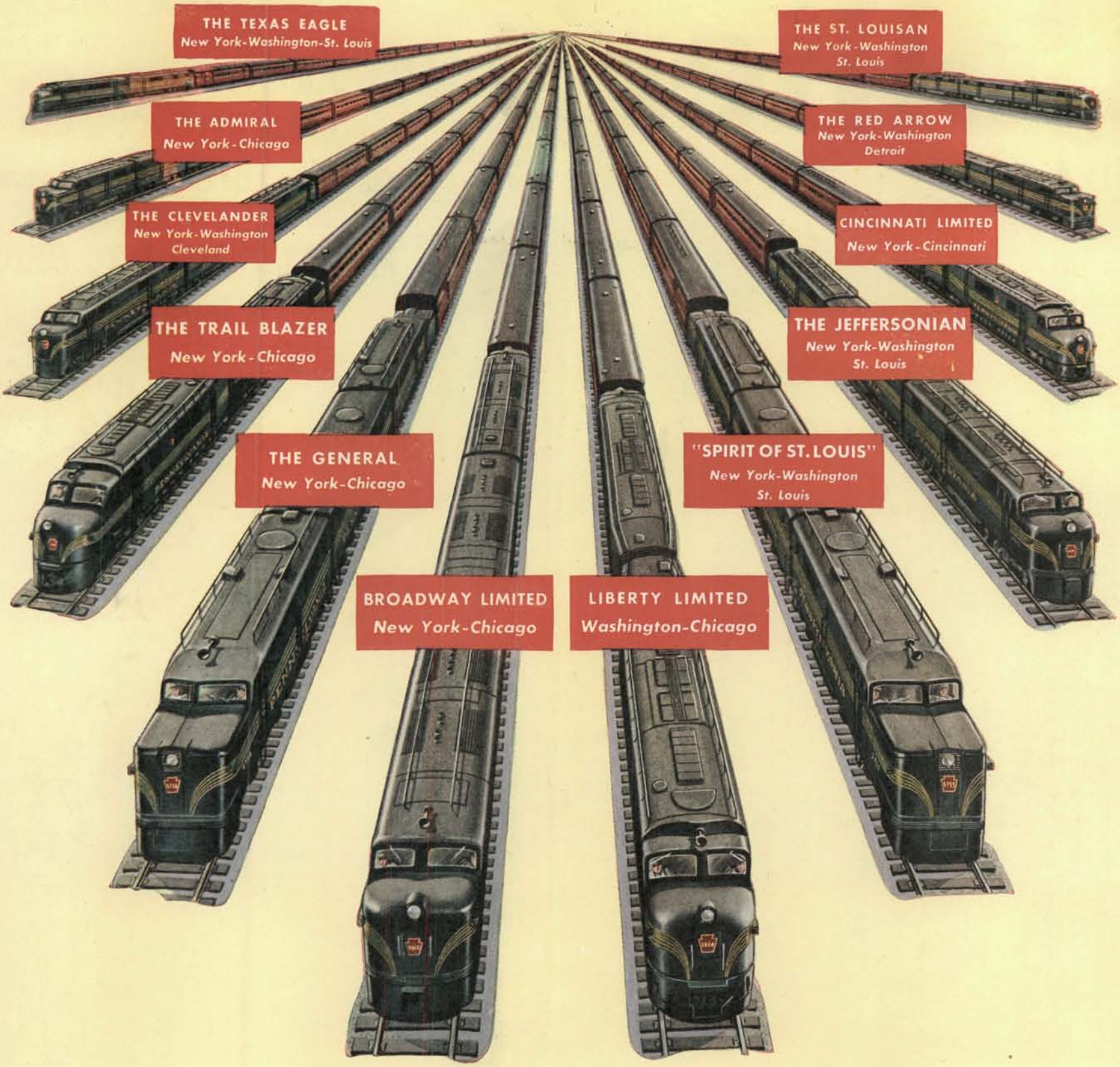

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A GREAT FLEET of overnight trains in Pennsylvania Railroad's East-West service now *Diesel-powered, west of Baltimore and Harrisburg!*

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Over the Pennsylvania Railroad's lines west of Harrisburg—giant, smooth operating Diesel locomotives generate their own electric power.

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Here, indeed, is another great forward step in our constant effort to give you better passenger service.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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Where have you seen this "Model" Mother?

. . . on nearly 50 magazine covers!

It's Pat Boyd, whose "model" smile owes so much to Ipana and massage.

MOST FOLKS in Montclair, N. J. know Pat just as "young Mrs. Buckalew." But actually her dimpled smile has made her one of America's best-known cover girls!

Pat's greatest asset is her ability to pose naturally. She never "freezes" in front of a camera. And, like all topflight models, she knows how much her career depends on a sparkling smile.

In addition to being a "model" Mother, Pat takes care of a seven-room house, is an active Junior League Member as well! And always on her daily program is her prized Ipana dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

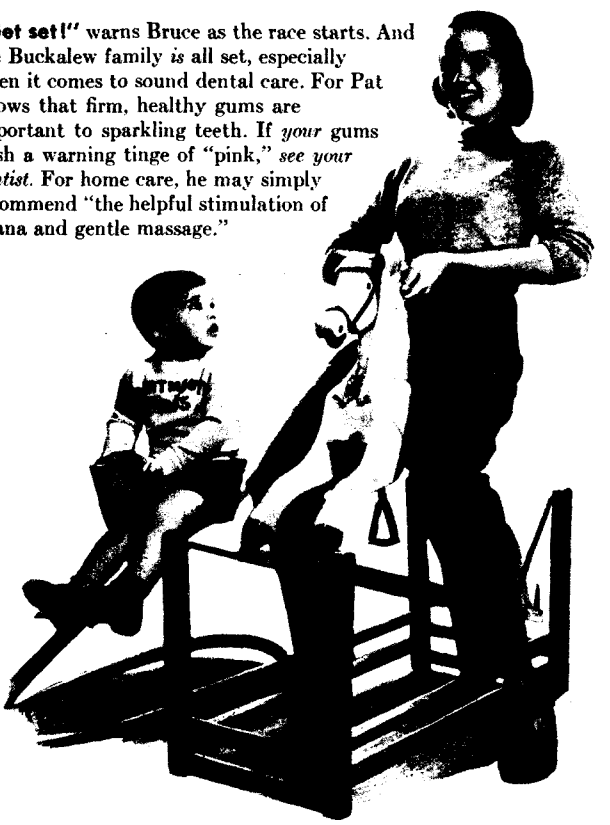
This is the care so *many* models give their smiles. Get started toward a "model" smile yourself—get a tube of Ipana today.

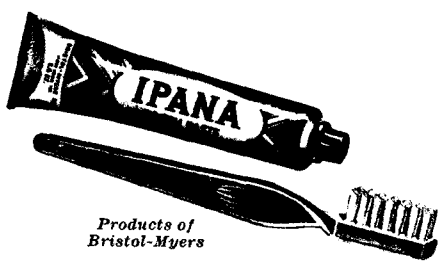
Even the Mickey Mouse balloon has a great big grin . . . when Pat and young Brucie spend an afternoon in the park. They're having a *wonderful* time . . . judging from their sparkling smiles! Smiles that Pat entrusts only to Ipana . . . because she knows that more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste (according to a recent nationwide survey). What's more, Ipana's exclusive formula actually stimulates gum circulation—and with gentle massage promotes the health of your gums!

Feeding the pigeons on Saturday morning is one thing Bruce really goes for. Every morning (evening, too!) the whole family goes for Ipana's lively, refreshing flavor. Try Ipana yourself . . . *you'll* love the way it leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, every time you use it!

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recently completed national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

"Get set!" warns Bruce as the race starts. And the Buckalew family *is* all set, especially when it comes to sound dental care. For Pat knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* For home care, he may simply recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."





Healthier gums, brighter teeth with Ipana and massage

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September 4, 1948

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COVER By *TONI FRISSELL*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE NUT THAT HOLDS THE STEERING WHEEL

THE EDITORS OF COLLIER'S: Re your editorial These Are the Worst Drivers (July 17th) I would like also to nominate for your "Hall of Infame" the truck driver who crawls up a hill at five miles an hour and then cuts loose down the other side; the goof who stops his car in the middle of a busy street while his wife "just pops into the store"; the jackass who tries to pass a string of cars ahead of him and, finding he can't, tries to get back into line; the guy who thinks the white line is put there so he can center his car on it; the other guy who follows you a foot or two behind your rear bumper; and the geni-ass who beats the stop light. I heartily endorse the old taxi driver's advice, "Drive as if everybody else was a damfool."

AUSTEN BOLAN, D. SC., Howells, N. Y.

. . . The person who pulls to the middle of the road to turn right; the other one who pulls to the right-hand curb to turn left. M. R. FRANK, Akron, Ohio

. . . My candidates for bad drivers are not the slowpokes. How about the one who races you to a corner to make a right turn ahead of you?

R. C. WURTSMITH, Hermiston, Ore.

. . . I nominate (a) the yokel who zooms off a secondary road onto a first-class highway of heavy traffic, (b) the "Barney Oldfield" who doubles a hill on the same highway. PAUL H. FUQUA, Dallas, Texas

. . . I'll nominate him who steps on the gas to keep us in our place when we wish to run around his snail-paced jalopy.

WALTER H. KELLEY, Altoona, Pa.

. . . I have witnessed several hundred accidents, either at the time, or within a few minutes. Not over a dozen could be blamed on the "snail drivers." Some were caused by blowouts, defective tie rods, spindle bolts, broken axles, etc. Blinding lights were the reason given for some. Defective brakes was another.

FRANK M. BOWERS, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . "Discourtesy" just about sums up the whole case against all reckless drivers.

E. G. LOUGHNER, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

. . . The male animal between the ages of 17 and 25 home from college on his

(Continued on page 39)

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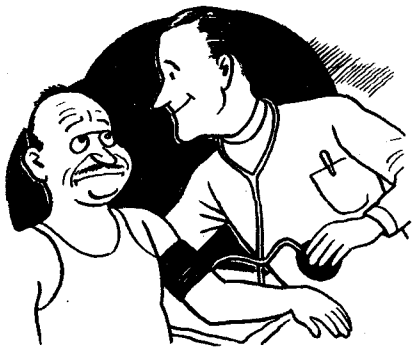
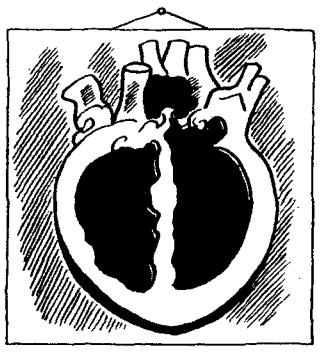
MEET A MAN WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

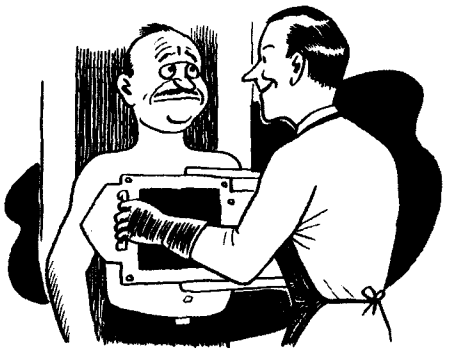
1. Everybody has blood pressure. It goes up every time your heart beats, down when your heart rests. The average *level* of your blood pressure goes up and down, too, depending on whether you are active or quiet, excited or calm.



2. The doctor discovered that the level of this man's blood pressure stayed high most of the time. He had high blood pressure (hypertension).

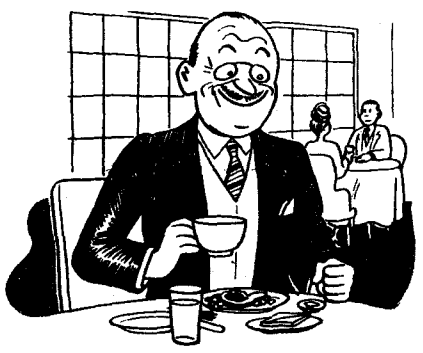


3. His heart had to work harder to circulate his blood. This extra strain often enlarges the heart muscle. Arteries, brain and kidneys may also be affected.

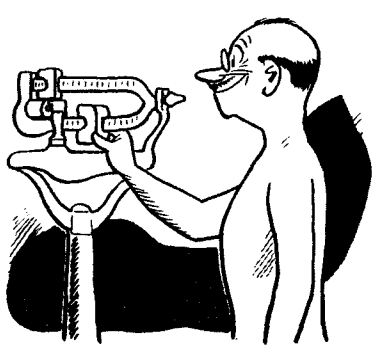


4. However, after a complete medical examination, this man learned that, like most high blood pressure patients today, he could do a lot to help himself.

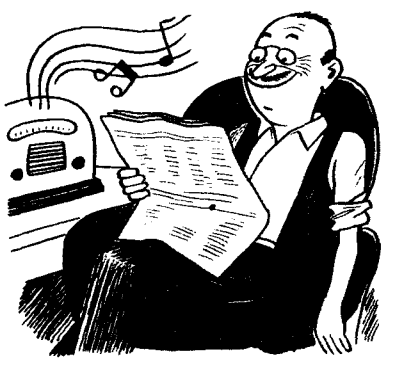
5. By taking his doctor's advice, he learned how to live with his ailment, to slow down at work and play, to get plenty of sleep and rest.



6. He followed his doctor's instructions about diet, so that the food he ate might help his condition, and avoid putting an extra burden on his heart.



7. He brought his weight down to normal and kept it there. For blood pressure often rises and falls as weight goes up and down.



8. He learned to keep calm, to avoid worry and emotional strain, because nervous tension and hypertension often go hand in hand.

9. He sees his doctor for frequent check-ups. Under good medical care and with sensible living habits, he can look forward to many happy, useful years.

HOW MEDICAL SCIENCE COMBATS HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High blood pressure may clear up quickly under a doctor's care. Sometimes, a period of time elapses before progress is made. There may be infections to eliminate, or the doctor may conclude that special diets, drugs or surgery are needed.

Control of hypertension is easiest when it is discovered early—and the surest way to do this is through periodic medical examinations. This is particularly important if you are middle-aged or older, are overweight, or if there has ever been high blood pressure in your family.

There is real hope that future advances of medical science will provide still more effective means of combating high blood pressure. Many continuing studies are being aided by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases of the heart and arteries, including high blood pressure.

For further helpful information about high blood pressure, send for your copy of Metropolitan's free booklet 108-C, "Your Heart."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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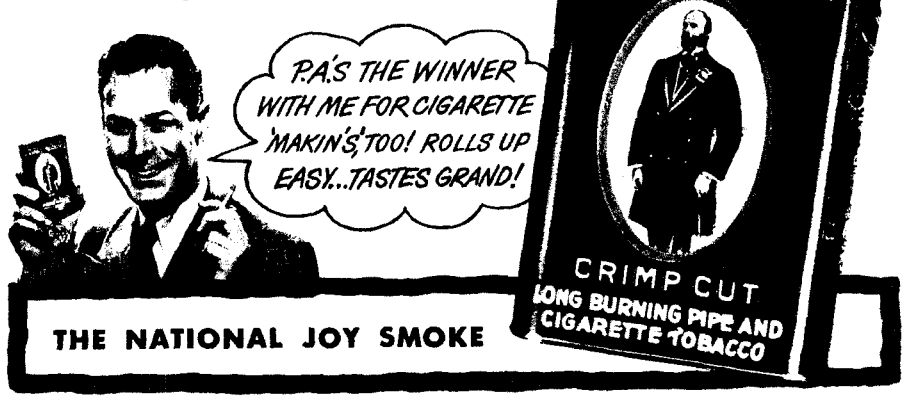
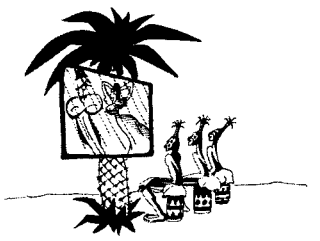

P.A.'S THE WINNER WITH ME FOR CIGARETTE 'MAKIN'S,' TOO! ROLLS UP EASY...TASTES GRAND!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

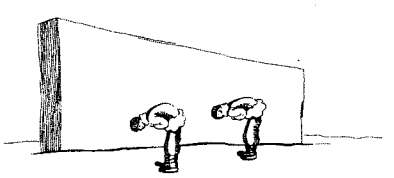
BY FRELING FOSTER



Until a few years ago in the world's primitive settlements, most of the motion pictures exhibited were not only very old but were also run at half speed to consume more time. Therefore, their numerous scratches and slow-moving figures created the impression among the natives that, in the land of the white man, it rained constantly and everyone was sick.

Perhaps the most spectacular drama presented on the American stage was The Miracle which played the Century Theatre in New York in 1924-1925 and then toured the country for four years. As the action took place in a cathedral with the audience as the congregation, the Century had to be changed into a Gothic edifice with pews, a great altar and stained-glass windows. This work took 11 months and cost, with the costumes for the 700 actors, over $500,000. So extensive was the show's equipment that, on the road, it required three weeks for installation and 204 freight cars for transportation.

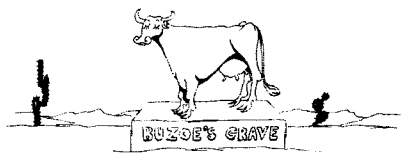
Of the some 20 persons who attempted a death-defying stunt at Niagara Falls between 1859 and 1928, ten succeeded and lived. Two men passed through the rapids, one in a barrel and the other by swimming with a life preserver. Two men and one woman, Annie E. Taylor, went over the falls, one in a rubber ball and two in barrels. And four men and one woman, Maria Spelterini, walked and performed tricks on a 1,100-foot tightrope stretched from the American to the Canadian side 185 feet above the waters of the gorge.



Without knowing the origin or purpose of the custom, the inhabitants of a community on the Danish island of Jutland always bowed, until 15 years ago, to a white wall outside the door of their church when passing in and out. The mystery was solved by a Copenhagen historian who found, under the wall's coat of paint, a picture of the Madonna that had been obliterated soon after the Reformation. Thus, from habit alone, the people had continued to pay homage to the blank space for 12 generations.—*By Howard Lindsey, Ontario, Canada.*

One way a man's name may unwittingly become a household word is illustrated by the case of Joe Miller's Jestbook. Although this serious English actor was never known to write a jest, his name was facetiously used as the author of a collection of cheap and coarse witticisms, published a year after his death in 1738. As a result, every corny joke has been referred to as "a Joe Miller" for nearly two centuries.

As late as 1888, it was believed by some persons in this country that rats could read and were amenable to suggestions. In that year a man in Maine, wishing to get rid of the rodents in his basement, wrote them a letter and placed it in one of their holes. The note not only asked them to leave, but also thoughtfully recommended a new home for them, at a certain address down the street where he assured them they would find better quarters and more food. And on the following day, according to his story, they actually did depart.



While accompanying a party of surveyors mapping the Gibson Desert of Australia in 1876, Buzoe, the pet cow of the outfit, died and was buried where she fell. Feeling she was worthy of the honor, her grieving friends marked the spot "Buzoe's Grave" on the chart they were making and it remained on maps of Australia published as late as 1935.

Of the world's 163 recognized breeds of purebred dogs, eight originated in the United States—the American foxhound, American water spaniel, Amertoy, Boston terrier, Chesapeake Bay retriever, coon hound, spitz and Staffordshire terrier. Among the other breeds, 47 originated in the British Isles, 23 in France, 17 in Germany, eight in Italy, six in Russia and the remaining 54 in 25 other countries.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

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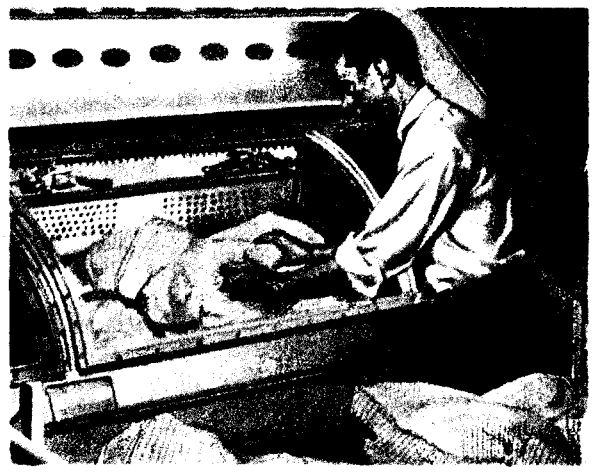

WORK WITH IT! In the water—out again—commercial laundry bags must be strong, light, extra long-wearing. And they are—made with nylon! Tough, elastic nylon fibers have a high tensile strength when wet, are unaffected by detergents.

WASH IT! Hang it up! Your nylon blouse is almost ready to wear again. For nylon is that fast-drying fiber! Needs oh so little ironing; can be set to hold its shape. Your blouse will keep its fresh, crisp and feminine look—wear and WEAR!

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THE Week's Work

Gordon Hillman wanted the theater, got it, then wanted to write

AT SEVENTEEN, Gordon Malherbe Hillman was stage and movie struck. He didn't want to act—just sit rapturously in B-2 on the aisle forever. By some remarkable dispensation, at nineteen he found himself movie critic under the legendary H. T. (Hell-to-Pay) Parker on the Boston Transcript. "Then, for some reason not clear to me," says Mr. Hillman, "a couple of movie directors conceived the erroneous idea I'd be of assistance to them."

So Mr. Hillman did a turn in Hollywood—and disillusionment began to set in.

Returning to criticism (and sanity) again, Mr. Hillman got to know a lot of actors: another dream of seventeen come true. "But everyone knows what happens to people whose wishes come true," he says sadly. "I had wished to go to the theater constantly—and I did. Also to concert halls and the opera. I began to hate seats B-2 and B-4 on the aisle. I began to think Dorothy Parker had summed up the drama critic's life when she pithily wrote her whole life in one sentence: 'Baby Taking a Terrible Beating!'"

There was a gimmick, however. Fortunately Mr. Hillman had started writing stories between dream glances at Jeanne Eagels, and listening to Mr. Koussevitzky, Stravinsky *et al.* "Short stories got me out of B-2 and B-4," he says. "But there are shadows of actors I used to know in my story Broadway Doll (p. 18)."

Roald Dahl

ROALD DAHL, winner of this week's Star Story award (Collector's Item, p. 14), is a thirty-one-year-old English bachelor who lives on a farm between Oxford and London. Old MacDonald style, the farm contains one Jersey cow, 12 ducks, 16 greyhounds, two cairns, one long-haired dachsie, two canaries, one tame magpie and a ferret. The cow gives milk, the ducks lay eggs, the dogs catch rabbits, the canaries sing, the magpie steals and the ferret stinks.

Dahl is a one-man fiction factory, writes from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. (blinds drawn and electric lights blazing), then from 8 P.M. to midnight. Afternoons he fusses with the greyhounds he has bred for rejection-slip days.

Dahl's ma and pa were Norwegian (he speaks the language fluently), and he was educated in England.

On leaving school at seventeen, Dahl went to Newfoundland, and walked, to his intense discomfort, the entire island from north to south with 110 pounds on his back. He was working in east Africa in '39 when the war came. Joining the R.A.F. as a fighter pilot, he fought in Libya, Greece and Syria. Finally shot down, he received a fractured skull, a smashed nose and spinal injuries. These have necessitated two major spinal operations—the last in '47.

When he isn't working, he occupies himself with books, model planes, gambling, fine music, fine painting and seems to get along fine.

RICHARD HARMEL'S article Good News for Little Women (p. 66) strikes right home. He himself is married to a slender shapely Little Woman, so should speak with authority on fashions for pretty things of five feet five and under.

Mr. Harmel is a Clevelander transplanted to New York. The youngest chief yeoman before the war, he served five years in the Navy, then willy-nilly found himself a fashion reporter for both sexes after the war. In time he became executive editor of the stylish Glamour.

It was his investigations as a style snoop that set Mr. Harmel thinking of the problems of clothes for the pint-sized lovely. "There was widespread ignorance among little women when it came to knowing about clothes especially designed for them," he reveals. "So I decided to become a Moses in the wilderness and lead the little ladies into the land of glamour at no excessive cost."

WE ASKED Robert Zacks, who debuted in Collier's 18 months ago with a short short and now has his fifth short short, The Unchained, on p. 62, how he did it. He replied he and his charming wife Henna were cooped up in their tiny New York apartment one rainy day, drearily thinking of how nice vacations were. Mr. Zacks caught her profile as she looked through the window. He was immediately struck with the patience in it, and how little in a material way he'd given her in their five years of marriage (the cad!).

Mr. and Mrs. Zacks

Whereupon Mr. Zacks says he searched his soul, and Zang! the writer in him screamed that a story hung right before his dumb nose. The Unchained is the result, also a vacation with the proceeds, he reveals.

This week's cover: Cone of Contentment. The young man is Gordon Stewart (Don) Brown, twelve, once of Washington, D.C., and now a San Franciscan. Toni Frissell, a friend of the Browns, was in Washington making color shots of children, when she got the picture. . . . TED SHANE

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

HAPPY HUDDLE. CARY GRANT, newcomer BETSY DRAKE and Director Don Hartman hold conference over script of RKO romantic comedy, based on Ladies' Home Journal serial, "Every Girl Should Be Married." FRANCHOT TONE and DIANA LYNN are also starred.

CAUTIOUS CARESS. Tough-guy DICK POWELL has his tender moments but JANE GREER isn't sure this is one of them. Scene from RKO's thundering *Station West* in which Dick plays a man with a mission, Jane a dance hall Queen who'd like to make him forget that mission.

SOTHERN ACCENT. When "Judge" ALEXANDER KNOX wanders away from home in RKO's *The Judge Steps Out* everybody in town wonders why. ANN SOTHERN is the lovely lady involved in this very saucy tale of a man who dares do what most men only dream of doing.

NO MATCH for a savage with a knife is a guy with a gun pointed the wrong way. But ROBERT MITCHUM, here stalking hired killers in RKO's *Blood on The Moon*, has a sixth sense and uses it. Also starred in this lusty saga are BARBARA BEL GEDDES, ROBERT PRESTON.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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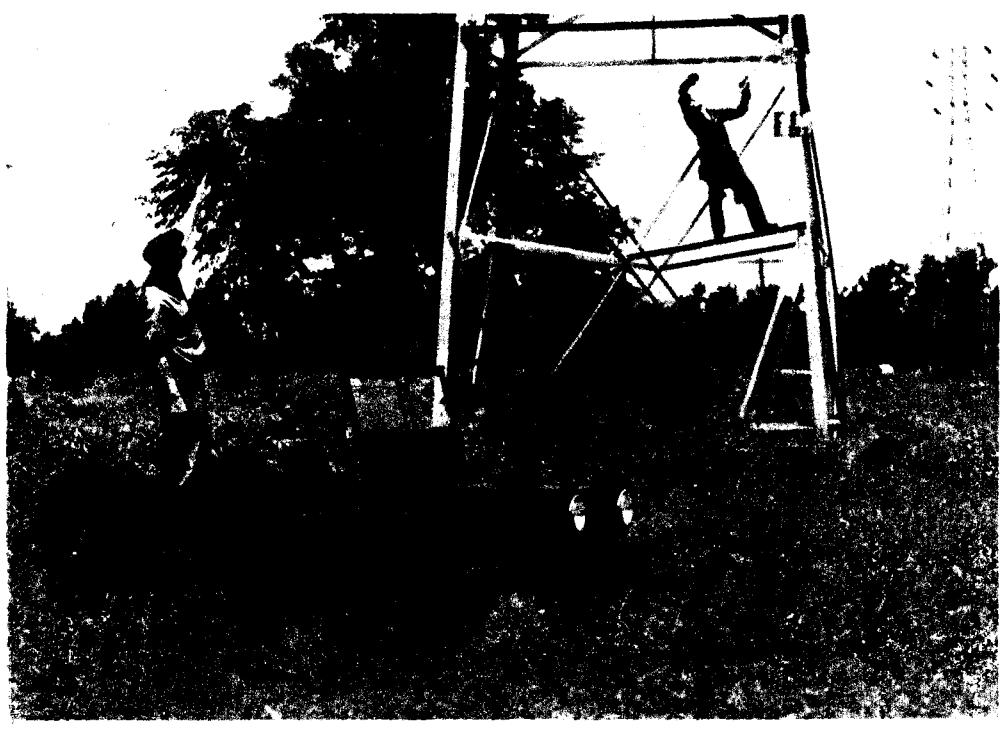
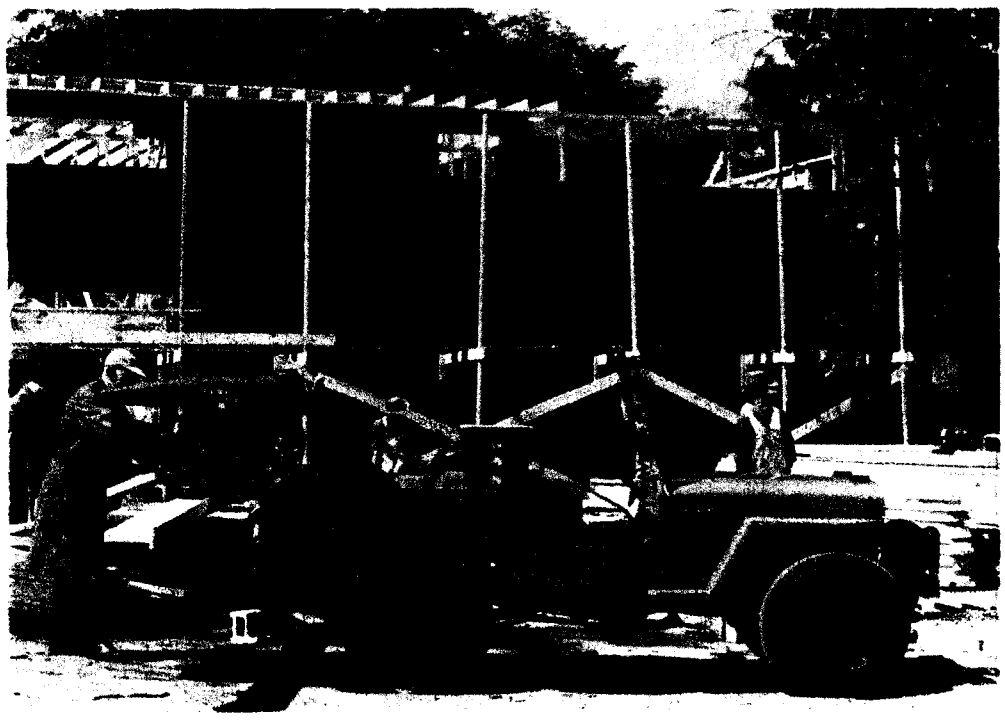


THE STOP-AT-NOTHING 'JEEP' travels right down highline and pipeline rights-of-way to get men and tools to the job in any weather. Four-wheel-drive and high maneuverability make it perfect for off-road work.

THIS 'JEEP'-PROPELLED TRENCHER digs trenches up to 5 feet deep, at the rate of 300 feet an hour. Mounted on the 'Jeep' and powered by the 'Jeep' Engine, it gets to jobs in a hurry, speeds up pipe and cable laying.



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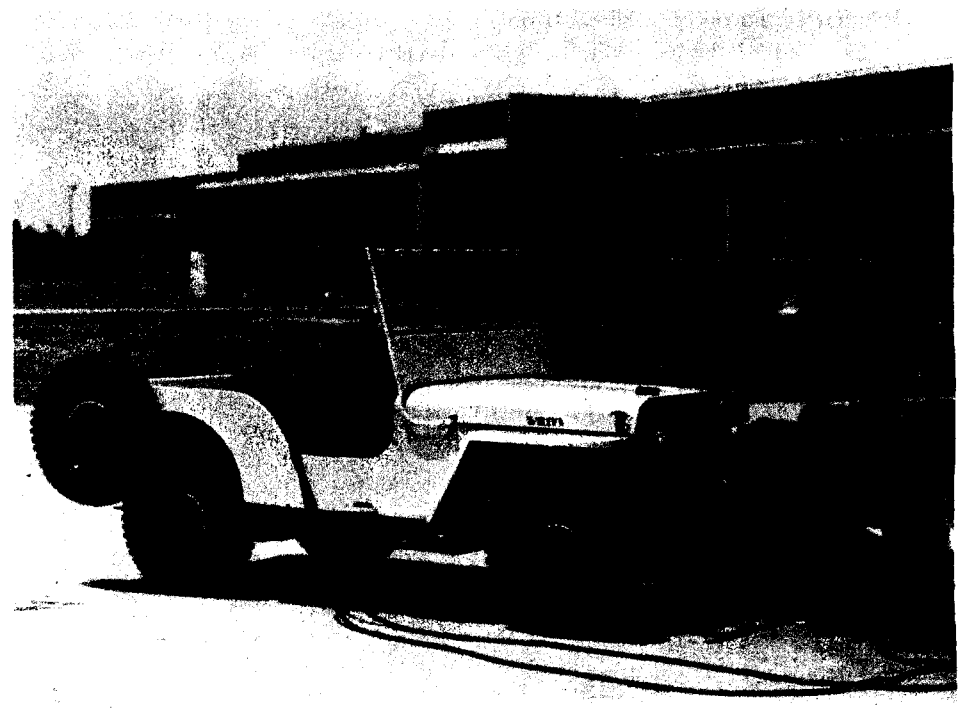

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PASSPORT TO *Missouri*

Ann had given her solemn word that she would accompany Mrs. Ammerman to Europe. That was before she fell in love with a stubborn young man who was going the other way

BY LAURENCE CRITCHELL

I WAS painting in the park that day, she said, and you know how people always bother you when you paint in the park. Well, David came along and stood and watched me, only he didn't bother me, so after a while I looked up to see why.

He was a nice, clean-cut young man who wore a white shirt and a tie and a tweed coat, even though it was a warm day. He smiled at me, and he had just the right touch of shyness, as though afraid he might have embarrassed me. I liked the way he smiled, and I liked the even temper of his expression and the honesty of his eyes, but I was a little old-fashioned, having been brought up in a small town in Dutch Pennsylvania, so I said nothing. Besides, I was leaving the city at the end of the week and I didn't want any complications. I was going to Europe.

"That's good," he approved when I stepped back to look at what I had done.

"Thank you," I said, which was a difficult thing for me to say, because I wasn't at all sure that it was good.

I didn't know whether to fold up my easel and go away, so he'd understand that I wasn't painting just to make the acquaintance of strangers, or to finish what I had begun so that he'd go on talking to me. He had a very nice voice, quite low and humorous and sincere.

"I've always thought I'd like to be an artist," he said, sitting down on the grass. "Do you do it for a living?"

I pretended a vital concern with a very small part of the foreground of my painting, because inside of me there was a warning sensation of panic. "I used to work over there," I told him, waving a brush at the Corcoran Gallery on the other side of the mall. "But Friday was my last day. I'm going to Europe."

All he said was: "That's too bad." After a minute he got to his feet, and then I knew that I didn't want him to leave. "What do *you* do?" I asked.

"I'm a draftsman."

"But that's being an artist!" I objected, still paying very strict attention to the foreground of my canvas.

"Mechanical draftsmanship," he amended humorously. "The first requirement is a mathematical mind. The second requirement is *(Continued on page 68)*

"I'm stubborn," David said. "Sometimes I can't be reasoned with at all. I also enjoy an extra cup of coffee after supper. So you might just as well start the percolator now"

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN HUR BAZ

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A Du Pont research team looks on as a test specimen is removed from a press which has transformed a white powder into a rigid solid. The next step is to analyze its properties. Left to right are C. P. Anderson, Dr. William S. Calcott, Dr. Carl Irwin, Dr. Howard Parmelee and Dr. J. M. Hamilton

MIRACLES MADE TO ORDER

BY LESTER VELIE

Today's Thomas Edisons and George Westinghouses are teams of scientists and technicians. Through production-line methods they conjure brand-new materials out of the elements. Du Pont has more than 2,000 laboratory miracle makers

THE research boss whisked off his coat, yanked out and brandished his shirttail. It was a steaming summer day, and the shirt was clammy with perspiration.

"Look," he said, "no ugly creases." For all the heat, the cloth had resisted wrinkling, and the collar about the research man's wet neck was almost as smooth and fresh as if it had just come from the laundry.

"Last night," the research man said, "I rinsed this shirt in my bathroom sink. Been doing it for a year. This morning I put it on." He patted the silklike surface. "Needed only half the usual laundering. It's a traveling salesman's dream."

He itemized the fabric's other virtues: It won't weaken or become brittle in sunlight and it is so strong you can make awnings of it. Mold abhors it.

Still unnamed and in the testing stage, it is the latest miracle to issue from the laboratories of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., which has a system for creating miracles

There is nothing secret about the system; it is simply research through teams who replace the lone Thomas Edisons and George Westinghouses, just as production-line workers have replaced the lone worker. As American as mass production, teamwork research pays off with bull's-eyes—new products custom-built to suit specific needs.

Du Pont's lab teams are made up of 1,800 scientists plus a larger number of technicians. These range from test-tube watchers to men of genius who make the inspired guesses that lead to a nylon or a neoprene. So regularly do these teams produce industrial miracles that one third of Du Pont sales today consist of products that didn't exist or weren't made on a commercial scale ten years ago.

Du Pont's teams chalked up the first general purpose man-made rubber. They found a way to mass-produce tetraethyl lead, thus making possible the high-octane gasolines that helped London turn back the *Luftwaffe*. They concocted a rat poison so potent that one pound could kill 200,000 of the pests. They discovered plant hormones that glue fruits to trees until they are ripe for plucking; also a soapless soap, weed killers, a well-nigh indestructible plastic, a rayon yarn for

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tire cord of greater tensile strength than steel, and, of course, stockings made of coal, air and water.

Along the way, between the two world wars, Du Pont's teams helped America create a vast synthetic chemical industry. Starting with dyes to replace those made in Germany, America's chemists went on to open up a new world of man-made materials to replace, and in some cases excel, those of nature: nylon and rayon for the silk in parachutes; neoprene and other synthetics for natural rubber; plastics for metals and woods.

Into the hands of team members who make the future, Du Pont has put many million dollars' worth of tools —it has 36 research laboratories scattered over nine states—and is adding $30,000,000 more to make its Wilmington, Delaware, experimental station one of the world's biggest research centers.

The care and feeding of genius is a serious matter at Du Pont.

Genius in turn operates with the dash and style of men giving their all for home and country. Faced with the task of mass-producing tetraethyl lead, the antiknock ingredient that stretches our gasoline 100,000,000 miles yearly, 25 Du Pont researchers courted known and unknown dangers to do it. Their leader, Dr. William Calcott, still carries in his bones the lead deposited in that do-or-die struggle. The lack of safety knowledge which hampered the early researchers has long since been corrected.

When Charles F. Kettering of General Motors discovered the value of lead ethyl, it cost about $40 a pound to make in the laboratory. Today, factory produced, it sells for about as many cents a pound. Transferring it from laboratory to factory is rated as one of the toughest assignments this century's researchers have had. Lead ethyl is a poison—and as insidious as a coiled cobra.

Progress to a Slow Death

A harmless-looking fluid with a mild odor, its vapors are so potent that a few good whiffs will give you troubled dreams. Inhaled over a long period, it replaces the calcium phosphate in the bones with lead phosphate. Continued whiffing or skin contact will lead progressively to loss of appetite, chronic nausea, hallucinations, delirium and finally to death.

To make lead ethyl, chemists must mix cantankerous chemicals that burn on contact with the air or explode in combination with one another. Sodium-lead alloys, needed for making lead ethyl, may burn when exposed to air, and ethyl chloride, that must be reacted with the sodium-lead alloy, is itself so volatile that it boils at low room temperature.

Dr. Calcott's troubles began with his first good whiff of lead ethyl. A sound sleeper without a dream in his head, he took to dreaming violently. From a robust 150 pounds, he dwindled to 100. Then, after working about a month, he began to have trouble with cats.

Neighbors' cats took to crawling into his home, and the scientist, no cat lover, would collar them and evict them gently from a first-story window. But one night when he gave chase, he caught no cats. But he did succeed in maneuvering several into a bedroom, where he locked them in.

Next morning when he looked for the cats they were gone. They had escaped from a room in which the windows and doors were locked! Calcott realized he had reached the next to the last step in his progress toward death by lead poisoning—hallucinations

He knew then that his biggest problem was how to keep himself and his team alive. Twenty-five researchers came down with lead poisoning and were taken off the job. Each morning the men were asked: "How did you sleep last night?" Tossers and dreamers were summarily benched.

Calcott, nauseated and staggering, hung on. If the leader quit, everybody would quit. A hood was developed to shield the men from the lead ethyl vapors, with powerful fans to draw the vapors off. When the lead ethyl seeped through rubber gloves, a special research team tackled that problem and, after a month, came up with a lead ethyl-resistant glove. Other new safety measures were adopted.

Averting Danger of Explosion

To make a sodium-lead alloy without starting a fire, researchers introduced the sodium to the lead in a nitrogen-filled container. Then, through weeks of mathematical figuring and experiment, the team found the precise slow-motion timing for introducing ethyl chloride to sodium-lead alloy without causing an explosion. This was done in a unique autoclave (a container for reacting chemicals) equipped with a rotating shaft studded with blades like quills on a porcupine. This autoclave put on a continuous pyrotechnic display. Accumulating gases built up pressure against a safety vent and escaped through the plant chimney with a glorious burst of blue flame. All hands in the big Jackson Laboratory would rush outdoors, when the flames started, to watch the fireworks.

It took nine months of round-the-clock laboratory and pilot-plant research to tame lead ethyl. Even so, six men died of lead poisoning when mass production started in 1923. There have been no deaths or serious poisoning cases since. Frequent medical check-ups and almost complete automatic operation have taken care of that. Incidentally, there's less than a teaspoonful of lead ethyl per gallon of ethyl gasoline, and the public never comes in contact with lead ethyl.

Mass production of lead ethyl was a made-to-order miracle. But sometimes miracles pop by accident.

In 1925, Du Pont researchers hunting new dye chemicals concocted a compound known as alpha-naphthylthiourea. A flop in dyemaking, the compound was shelved. Twenty-one years later it was taken down from the shelf to become a rat killer, dubbed Antu, so deadly that eight ten-thousandths (.0008) of an ounce kills a brown rat. It happened this way:

A Du Pont chemist, working with a chemical known as phenylthiocarbamide, tasted a bit. "Whew, this is bitter!" he said. "Here, taste this," he said to a co-worker.

"I don't taste a thing," the man replied.

Puzzled, the chemist asked a half-dozen colleagues in the laboratory to taste the stuff. To his amazement, about half the researchers tasted the bitter phenylthiocarbamide (let's call it P.T.C.) and the others tasted nothing. Here was a biologic puzzler. Did human beings inhabit taste worlds of their own?

The chemist, Dr. A. L. Fox, loaded his pockets with crystals of P.T.C. and started testing all comers. At cocktail parties, conventions and schools

(Continued on page 64)

Lunch is not a time for relaxation at Du Pont. Between bites, Dr. Charles C. Harris, chemist, diagrams a problem for Dr. Clario N. Jimison, chemical engineer

Chemist L. G. Anderson leads a discussion on synthetic fibers. Seated at the table is Dr. Vernal L. Hardy. Dr. William Hale Charch (in coat) is in the group

In research work much of the glassware must be made specially for the job by Du Pont's own glassblowers. Here Randolph Searle adds parts to a still pot

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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Collector's Item

The bet itself was simple enough, but the stakes were insane

BY ROALD DAHL

IT WAS getting on toward six o'clock so I thought I'd buy myself a beer and go out and sit in a deck chair by the swimming pool and have a little evening sun.

I went to the bar and got the beer and carried it outside and wandered down the garden toward the pool.

It was a fine garden with lawns and beds of azaleas and tall coconut palms, and the wind was blowing strongly through the tops of the palm trees making the leaves hiss and crackle as though they were on fire. I could see the clusters of big brown nuts hanging down underneath the leaves.

There were plenty of deck chairs around the swimming pool and there were white tables and huge brightly colored umbrellas and sunburned men and women sitting around in bathing suits. In the pool itself there were three or four girls and about a dozen boys, all splashing about and making a lot of noise and throwing a large rubber ball at one another.

I stood watching them. The girls were English girls from the hotel. The boys I didn't know about, but they sounded American and I thought that they were probably naval cadets who'd come ashore from the U.S. naval training vessel which had arrived in harbor that morning.

I went over and sat down under a yellow umbrella where there were four empty seats. I poured my beer carefully, wiped the froth off my upper lip, settled back comfortably and lighted a cigarette.

It was very pleasant sitting there in the sunshine with my beer and my cigarette. It was pleasant to sit and watch the bathers splashing about in the water.

The American sailors were getting on nicely with the English girls. They'd reached the stage where they were diving under the water and tipping them up by their legs.

Just then I noticed a small, oldish man walking briskly around the edge of the pool. He was immaculately dressed in a white suit and he walked very quickly with little bouncing strides, pushing himself high up onto his toes with each step. He was one of those people who have springs in their legs. He had on a cream-colored Panama hat and he came bouncing along the side of the pool toward where I was sitting, looking at the chairs as he went.

He stopped beside me and he smiled and his teeth were white and slightly uneven and obviously expensive. His skin was rather dark and I figured that he was some sort of a South American.

"Excuse, pleess, but may I sit here?"

"Certainly," I said. "Go ahead."

He bobbed around to the back of the chair and inspected it to see that it was safe, then he sat down and crossed his legs. His white buckskin shoes had little holes punched all over them for ventilation.

"A fine evening," he said. "They are all evenings fine here in Jamaica."

"Yes," I answered. I didn't want to talk with him.

"Ha!" he said. "Who are all dese?" He pointed at the bathers. "Dese is no hotel people." He was a talker all right.

"I think they're American sailors," I told him. "They're Americans who are learning to be sailors."

"Americans? So dat's it. Well, I hate Americans. Dey make too much noise. You are not American, no?"

"No," I said. "I am not."

Suddenly one of the American cadets was standing in front of us. He was dripping wet from the pool and one of the English girls was standing there with him.

"Are these chairs taken?" he said.

"No," I answered.

"Mind if we sit down?"

"Go ahead."

"Thanks," he said. He had a towel in his hand and when he sat down he unrolled it and produced a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He offered the cigarettes to the girl and she refused; then he offered them to me and I took one. The little man said, "Tank you, no, but I tink I have a cigar." He pulled out a crocodile case and got himself a cigar, then he produced a knife which had a small scissors in it and he snipped the end off the cigar.

"Here, let me give you a light." The American boy held up his lighter.

"Dat will not work in dis wind."

"Sure, it'll work. It always works."

THE little man removed his unlighted cigar from his mouth, cocked his head on one side and looked at the boy.

"All-ways?" he said slowly.

"Sure, it never fails. Not with me anyway."

"No?" The little man's head was still cocked over on one side and he was still watching the boy. "Well, well, so you say dis famous lighter it never fails. Iss dat you say?"

"Sure," said the boy. "That's right." He was about nineteen or twenty with a long freckled face and a rather sharp birdlike nose. His chest was not very sunburned and there were freckles on that, too, but he was nicely built and he looked well enough in his bathing shorts. He was holding the lighter in his right hand, ready to flip the wheel. "It never fails," he said. "Come on."

"One momint, pleess." The little man raised the hand which held the cigar. "Now juss one momint." He had a curiously soft, toneless voice and he kept looking at the boy all the time.

"Shall not perhaps make a little bet on dat?" He smiled at the boy. "Shall we not make a little bet on whether your lighter lights?"

"Sure, I'll bet," the boy said. "Why not?"

"You like to bet?"

"Sure, I'll always bet."

The little man paused and examined his cigar. He raised his eyebrows and he frowned and he kept on smiling. I suddenly found that I was leaning forward in my chair, listening rather tensely *(Continued on page 59)*

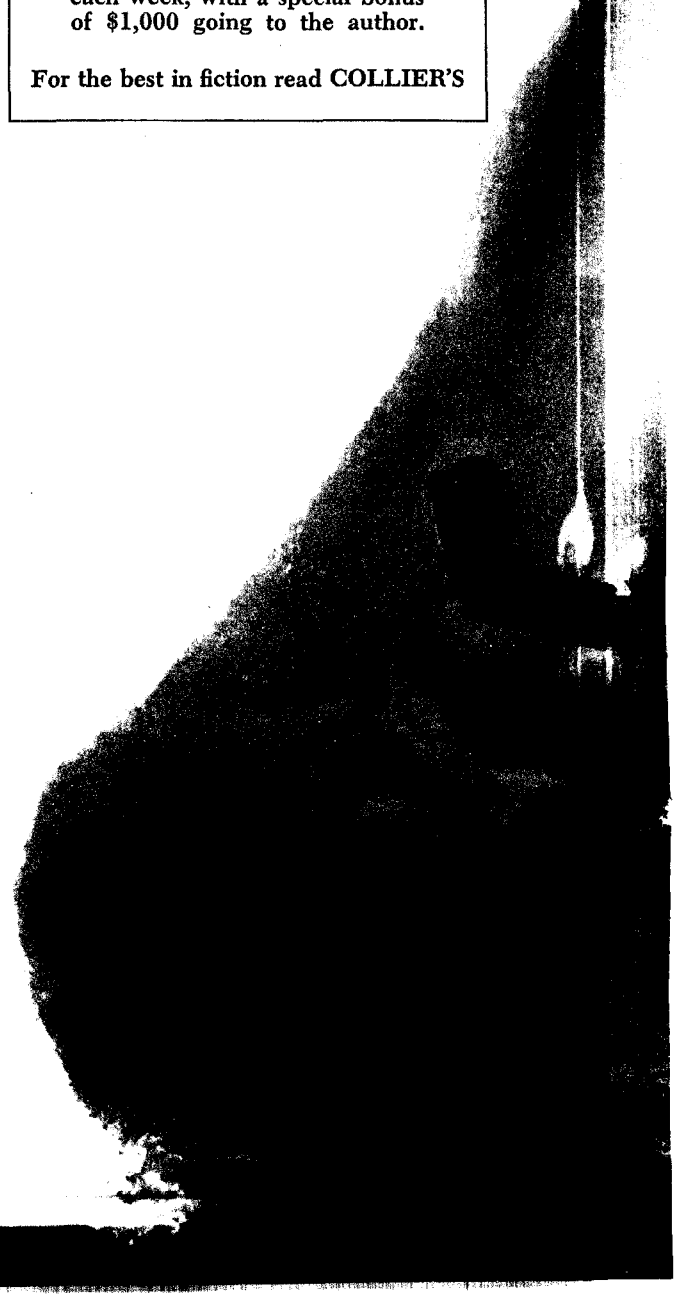
WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's

☆ **STAR STORY**

The editors of COLLIER'S have awarded Star Rating to this story because in their opinion it is the best piece of fiction in this issue. A Star Story selection is made each week, with a special bonus of $1,000 going to the author.

For the best in fiction read COLLIER'S



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No one said anything. The boy kept his eyes on the lighter. The little man held the chopper up in the air and he too was watching the lighter. "Three!"

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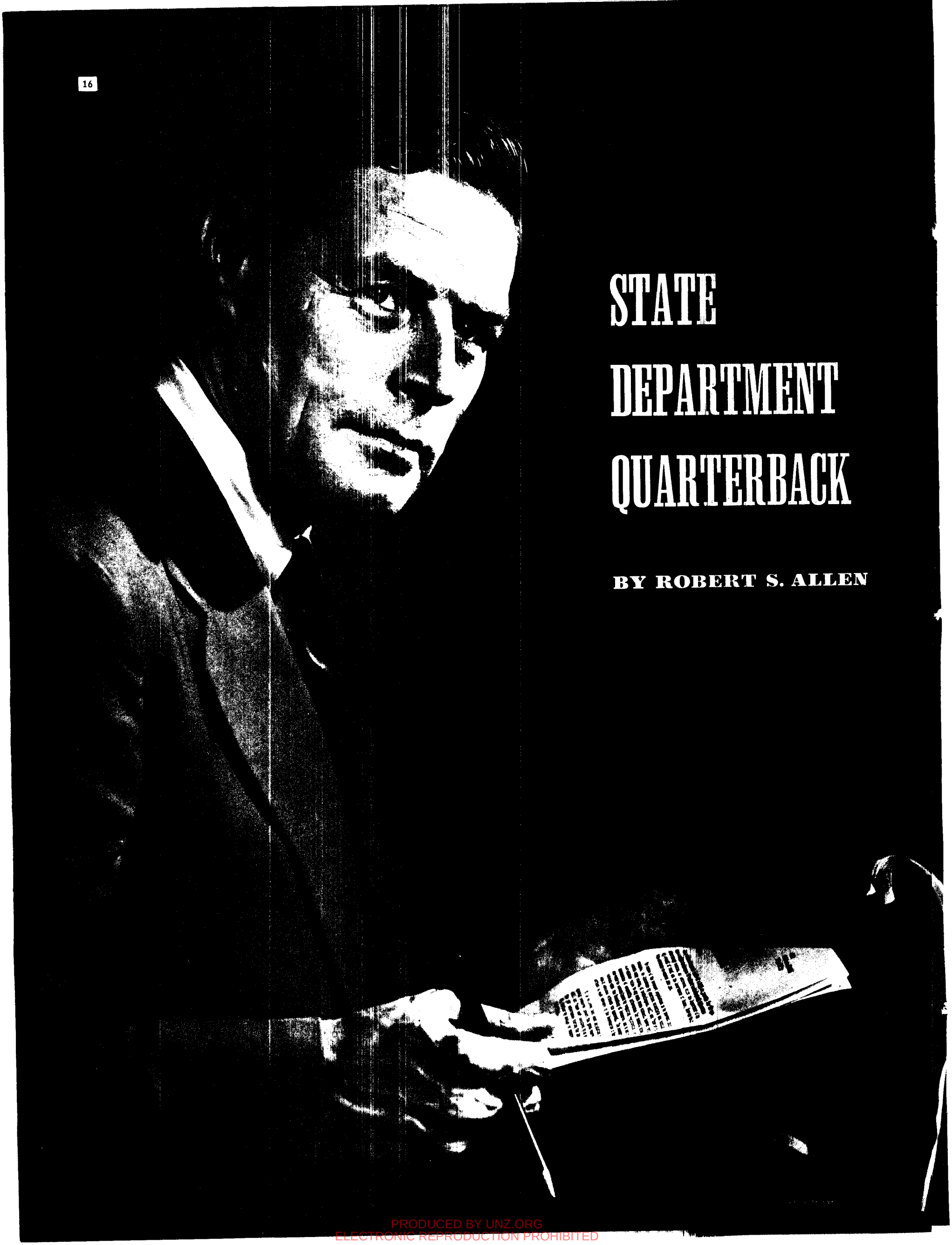

STATE DEPARTMENT QUARTERBACK

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

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The late Russian Ambassador Oumansky said the last word on the hero of this article: "Bohlen is a faithful servant of the United States Department of State. That is very, very unfortunate"

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV, the Russian Foreign Minister, has always been a tough nut for diplomats of other countries to crack, particularly for Americans who don't understand his double-talk and are nonplused by the harshness with which he delivers it.

But there is one American diplomat who takes the sharp-tongued Russian in stride. He is Charles Eustis Bohlen, better known as "Chip," counselor of the State Department, chief department liaison officer with Congress, and the President's personal interpreter and adviser on Russian affairs. On at least one occasion, although he didn't exactly make Molotov like it, Bohlen set the Russian minister back on his diplomatic heels.

At a conference of Foreign Ministers in London, Molotov outdid himself fighting against a proposal made by the United States. Despite his tough talk, he lost the argument, principally because Chip Bohlen, as chief American adviser, provided information which effectively countered the Russian's assertions. As the ministers left the conference room Molotov snapped at Bohlen:

"I had always heard that you Americans were good horse traders. Now I find you will not trade."

"Your Excellency," said Bohlen, "we Americans *are* traders. We will trade you goods. We will trade you dollars. But we will *not* trade you principles."

Molotov glared for a moment, then turned and stalked away. He said nothing, but it is conceivable that he endorsed the classic remark of the late Russian Ambassador Oumansky:

"Bohlen is a faithful servant of the United States Department of State. That is very, very unfortunate."

In all our dealings with the Soviet Union, Bohlen is America's ace in the hole; two Presidents and their Secretaries of State have leaned heavily upon him since 1942, when he was appointed personal interpreter to President Roosevelt. Although he's as American as baseball, Bohlen is a recognized world authority on Russia and the Russians. He speaks and writes Russian about as well as he does English. He is thoroughly conversant with Russian history and customs. The details of Russian government are at his finger tips.

A Tense Situation at Lake Success

Best of all, he has a thorough understanding of Russian psychology. He can frequently tell what the Soviet officials are going to do before they do it. He brilliantly displayed this faculty in March, 1946, at a meeting of the United Nations Security Council at Lake Success. The council was at loggerheads over the dynamite-laden issue of Russian troops in Iran. The council chamber was jammed and the atmosphere tense. Secretary of State James F. Byrnes was present, with Bohlen at his side, as usual.

In the middle of the session Andrei A. Gromyko, the sullen-tempered Soviet delegate, rose and began to speak. He delivered a long, involved and circuitous harangue, typically Russian. Bohlen kept up a running translation into Byrnes' ear. Suddenly Bohlen whispered, "He's getting ready to take a walk. . . . He's going to pull a walkout."

Bohlen was correct. Soon thereafter Gromyko concluded, ". . . nor am I able to be present and I therefore leave."

Whereupon the Russian picked up his papers and walked out.

At the age of forty-four Bohlen is one of the key career men of the State Department, and an increasingly important figure in American foreign relations. The three jobs he holds in the department are all major posts, and for an ordinary diplomat each would be a full-time and delicate position. But Bohlen absorbs work and responsibility with the same ease and nonchalant effectiveness that he does the bewildering mysteries and inconsistencies of the Russian mind and language. He possesses none of the popular attributes of the diplomat; cloak-and-dagger stuff would be as alien to him as to the man in the moon.

He doesn't even dress as a diplomat is supposed to dress. Nobody has ever seen him parading Washington streets in the traditional striped trousers, spats and black Homburg, and he doesn't carry a cane. He'd look good in these trappings; he's six feet tall and still slender. But he's more apt to lounge around in a brown suit, black shoes, striped socks and a blue tie; obviously color schemes have nothing to do with his choice of clothing. Moreover, his pants are apt to be a bit baggy at times. As one of his colleagues put it:

"Chip is unquestionably the most unpressed man in the Foreign Service."

Nothing ever ruffles Bohlen. He takes the most maddening irritations with an extraordinary calm and an amiable, "Oh, well, it's all in a day's work." After the most hectic session he will plop into an easy chair, stretch his long legs comfortably, light a cigarette and crack jokes. He habitually works with his feet on his desk, a position in which the average diplomat wouldn't be found dead.

Despite Bohlen's importance in the American government, very few of his countrymen would recognize his name. Even in gossip-ridden Washington where taxi drivers deliberate upon the weightiest affairs of state, the significance of his work is known only in the most recondite circles. But in the important chancelleries of the world he has a reputation that is little short of fabulous. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, eloquently testified to this during a conference in Paris. At one point, proceedings became so inflamed that everything came to a dead stop, while the frayed and weary statesmen sat silent and glaring. Finally Secretary Byrnes had an idea.

"Perhaps there are too many people in this room," he said. "If there were just a few of us around the table, maybe we could get somewhere."

The thought struck a responsive chord. All the other Foreign Ministers voiced approval, including for a change, Molotov.

"That's fine," beamed Secretary Byrnes. "We'll hold a meeting limited to the Foreign Ministers and one interpreter each. There will be no advisers present."

But Bevin balked at this.

"No," he said stubbornly. "I've got to have an adviser. It's all right for you to say you don't need one. If I had a Chip Bohlen as my interpreter I wouldn't need one either."

Bohlen's career as a key figure in big-time diplomacy got off to a spectacular start in 1942, when Molotov came to Washington. President Roosevelt asked the State Department to provide him with a Russian interpreter.

At this fortuitous moment, Bohlen arrived in the U.S. on the S.S. Gripsholm, in an exchange of diplomatic personnel with Japan. He had been in Tokyo as the right-hand assistant to Ambassador Joseph C. Grew when war broke out. The day after Bohlen returned home he was ordered to report to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull were greatly pleased with Chip's work. He was rewarded by being selected as Hull's interpreter and adviser when the Secretary flew to Moscow some months later. Upon Bohlen's return from that historic conference, he was officially commended for his outstanding service. From that time on, he has played a leading behind-the-scenes role in every U.S. parley with the Russians.

Bohlen has been an active participant in some of the most momentous deliberations in contemporary history. He sat at Roosevelt's elbow throughout the fateful Teheran and Yalta talks, was at Truman's side at Potsdam, and labored and suffered with former Secretary James Byrnes and Secretary Marshall at the futile and agonizing Foreign Ministers conferences in London, Paris and Moscow.

Bohlen made his own decision, at the age of fourteen, to take up diplomacy as a career. On his mother's side there was a slight diplomatic tradition. Her father, James Eustis, had served several years as ambassador to France under President Grover Cleveland. But except for this purely political appointment, there was no diplomatic background in Bohlen's antecedents. Making statecraft a lifework was wholly his own idea.

Filling in the Family Background

Born in August, 1904, at Clayton, New York, a tiny resort on the shores of the St. Lawrence where his parents were vacationing, Bohlen was one of three children. A brother, Henry, died some years ago. A sister, Ellen, is a New Orleans antique dealer. The home residence of the family then was Aiken, South Carolina, where the father, Charles, Sr., was a well-known sportsman.

When Chip was twelve his family moved to Ipswich, Massachusetts, and he was sent to St. Paul's School for Boys at Concord, Massachusetts. At school, while not exactly a grind, young Bohlen evinced a greater interest in books, particularly biography and history, than in athletics. He was at St. Paul's when he decided to become a career diplomat.

Entering Harvard, he graduated in 1927, and then made a trip around the world, chiefly via tramp steamers. Early in 1929, he passed his State Department exams and became a fledgling diplomat. After a few months' indoctrination at a Foreign Service school, he was sent abroad on his first assignment, as a vice-consul in Prague. Czechoslovakia was then a free and thriving republic, but already the tragic shadows were beginning to form over Europe. Slow but persistent tensions were mounting ominously in the west and in the east. Conscious of these faint tremors, Bohlen decided to learn Russian and to become an expert on Soviet affairs.

He did very well as a young career man, and in 1931, he was moved up a notch. He became vice-consul in Paris, and was offered the opportunity to study a foreign language. He lost no time in making the most of it. He enrolled in the Institute of Oriental Languages and began his long grind to make himself a master of Russian.

And it was just that, a grind. Young Bohlen trudged daily to school and not to play. He seized every opportunity to hear, to speak and to write Russian. For this purpose, he became a regular attendant at a Russian church.

By the time be was graduated from the institute, two years later, he was thoroughly at home in his new language. Bohlen was now ready for a firsthand test of his skill. And again fate smiled on him.

The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. had recently established official relations. William C. Bullitt, then a warm Soviet admirer, had been named U.S. Ambassador to Moscow. When he asked the State Department for an assistant conversant with Russian, Bohlen was the immediate *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH—©

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Broadway Doll

In this story, the father was the older, but the daughter grew up first

SHE was glad Oliver Dale had come to the station with them because it was going to make things easier. For when you are leaving your father for the first time in your life, the last moments are apt to be pretty messy, particularly when you are only thirteen and your father is in the profession.

But here was Oliver, calm, plump, pink-cheeked, all of fourteen and with the infinitely knowing look of the theatrical child. Oliver was also in the money, which the Martins certainly weren't, for he was understudy for another juvenile who was playing a leprechaun in a long-run musical. So it was Oliver who guided Herbie and her through the echoing vastness of Grand Central.

"Track twenty-two," he said with immense wisdom. "Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis."

"And not a good show town in the lot," Herbie put in gloomily.

Doll took a long look at Herbie because she wouldn't be seeing him again in a hurry. A tall man, her father, and eternally young with his bright gold hair with the thin streaks of dark in it, curling a trifle, and the chin that wasn't so firm as it might be. Herbie had on the glen plaid suit, which was not remarkable since it was the only suit he had; he was wearing one of his six surviving shirts and he was carrying his Malacca stick.

Oliver put his hands in his jacket pockets. "You got your money safe, Doll?"

"I've got it pinned to my pants."

"You got your ticket?" asked Herbie and you could tell he was an actor twenty yards away. If you were in the profession, you could also tell he was temporarily out of work.

Doll had her ticket in her hand. She also had a copy of Variety and a box of chocolates Oliver had bought her. She had on her plaid shirt that had been purchased at a bargain on Fourteenth Street, she had on a blue hat, and her tan coat, that had been only slightly secondhand, was over her arm.

She had braided her soft dark hair about her head instead of leaving it in pigtails and she hoped she didn't look as if she were on her way to Sing Sing but that was certainly how she felt. She was a thin, sober-looking child, too tall for her age, much too old for her age, and her dark, slightly slanted eyes, her small, eager face, her serious mouth, made her oddly appealing.

"Your left sock's coming down," Oliver said critically.

Herbie's voice was shaky. "It won't be long, Doll. Honest it won't. Maybe a month."

Herbie actually believed that. Herbie believed that in thirty days he'd be working and have enough money saved to bring her back from Uncle Kimball's and Aunt Mae's out in Illinois. Herbie was kidding himself and he always would.

He now achieved a slight swagger. "I'll bet it won't be bad out there, either. You know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you had a simply swell time."

Oliver arose. "Listen, darling, you'd better be getting on that train."

She'd be having the shakes now if she weren't careful, for her father was stooping down to kiss her. "Goodby, Dolly!"

Oliver simply shook hands. "Keep your tail up, kid!"

Herbie carelessly took a dollar from his pocket. "Here, porter, see my little girl safely aboard!"

He shouldn't have wasted all that money, Doll thought as she went doggedly through the gate. But then, as Oliver often said, Herbie *did* have a lot of ham in him. She sank down in her seat; somebody shouted, "Bo-oard!"; the station platform began sliding by. *And this was it.* This was the end of everything.

Doll was surely going to cry and Oliver always said that when you felt like that, you'd better start thinking like mad about something. Uncle Kimball and Aunt Mae. Aunt Mae was Doll's mother's sister and Mother had died five years ago. Mother had been an actress and she must have been pretty good because she was always working. They'd lived in the apartment up on Morningside and that had been quite nice.

Since then, things had been different. Herbie had a habit of getting into shows that looked wonderful in New Haven or Stamford and then took a terrible beating when they came to town. And then there'd be long, dry spells when he'd be doing nothing at all.

When they were in the money, they'd be living in those third-class hotels in the Forties that all look alike, inside and out. The next step was a tiny furnished apartment west of Broadway where at least there was a kitchenette to cook in. And finally, there was the furnished room where you really could get quite a good meal on an electric hot plate if you only knew how.

A life all ups and downs and a fine, free and easy life, too. Finest of all, right now in June with golden summertime glinting down the avenues. Hot, drowsy summer days when foolish people go out of town and the wise guys stay right where they are.

Plenty of splendid things to do, particularly if you have someone as sharp as Oliver to do them with, for the Staten Island ferry gave the best five-cent ocean voyage in the world. Or you can go swimming off the Palisades absolutely free.

But summer nights are better still—good and late when the shows are out—and you go sauntering up Broadway with Herbie and talking to whomever you meet. You stand on a street corner in your blue slacks with your shirttail out and everybody in the world comes along and stops to dish the dirt. Actors in jobs, actors out of jobs, the big blonde who had grown old in the chorus of Oklahoma!, agents, stage managers, theater treasurers, band boys, publicity men.

On such soft summer nights on Broadway, you always had a tense heady feeling that something wonderful was going to happen the next minute, the next day. Only it never did.

It certainly hadn't happened now, for the Martins were so down to rock bottom that though Doll wasn't very expensive to maintain she was still too much for Herbie to carry. So she was off to Illinois and Herbie was going to hole up for a while with Joe *(Continued on page 56)*

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

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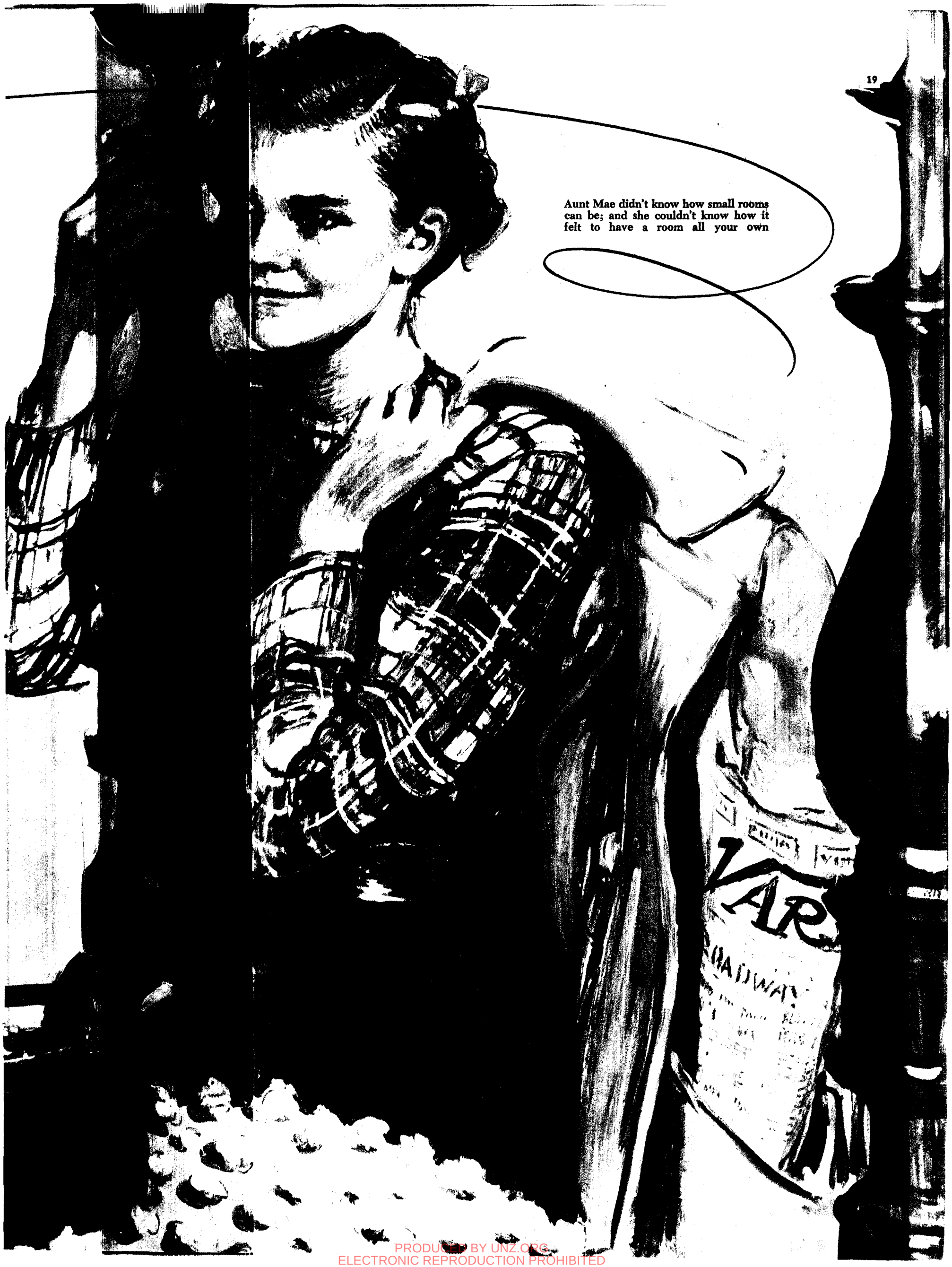

Aunt Mae didn't know how small rooms can be; and she couldn't know how it felt to have a room all your own

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THE WIN TO GO HOME

BY W. C. HEINZ

It seemed Johnny couldn't fight his way out of a wet paper bag—and Red Malone wasn't made of wet paper

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

EDDIE stood on the ring apron, his arms resting on the upper rope, his hands folded in front of him. He watched the two fighters, the colored boy and the white boy.

Eddie could remember Kid Bart all right. He could remember him in maybe a half-dozen fights and the rest he had forgotten. He could remember that, in his day, Kid Bart had been what they call a pretty good fighter. By that they always mean that a guy fought most of the good fighters of his time, and that most of them beat him after tough fights.

Remembering that, Eddie knew it is always different in a fighter's home town. Especially if it is a little town. After a while in a little town a guy is known only by the guys he fought and not by what he did with them. He has become a part of their records and so he has become a part of them, and that always makes a pretty good fighter a good fighter in his own town.

When the bell ended the round and the white boy came back to him Eddie took out the white boy's mouthpiece.

"Johnny," he said to the white boy. "You work only one more.

"Whatever you say, Eddie," Johnny answered, breathing. He was a short stocky kid with light brown hair and a fresh complexion, but his muscles were too bunchy and he could not be a good fighter.

"About like the last round," Eddie said. "Just take it easy and I'll see you in back."

Then he turned and went down the steps and back through the crowd.

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He went to one of the phone booths marked "Incoming Calls Only." He put a nickel in the phone and dialed.

"Frank?" he said. "This is Eddie. You be in, Frank? In about a half hour?"

He heard Frank say yes.

"I'll be over," he said.

He stepped out of the booth as the round was ending. He waited for Johnny to come through the crowd, and he walked back with him through the door and down the back hall and into the dressing room. He moved some stuff off the stool and Johnny sat down.

HE TOOK the gloves off and he cut the tape off Johnny's hands. "In about fifteen minutes, Johnny," he said, "you can go take your shower."

"Eddie," Johnny asked, "what do you think?"

"You did all right," Eddie said. "You didn't do bad."

"The guy is tricky," Johnny said. "Don't you think?"

"Yes," Eddie answered. "I guess so."

"Eddie," Johnny asked, "am I looking any better? Do you think?"

"Well," Eddie answered, working around, "you can't tell much. You know there's a lot to learn, and you know how it is."

"I know," Johnny agreed.

"You told me you're how old?"

"Me?" Johnny said. "I'm twenty-three."

"How long you been fighting?"

"Well, a year before the war. Then I was in the war, and after that you know."

"I'll tell you what," Eddie said. "I got some things to do. You take your shower now. Dry yourself good. I'll see you tomorrow."

"All right," Johnny said. "Thanks, Eddie."

When Eddie got to Frank's office Frank was alone. He took off his coat and hat and tossed them on a chair and he sat down, watching Frank at the desk.

"Eddie," Frank said, looking up. "How are you?"

"All right," Eddie answered. "I come from the gym."

"Oh?" Frank said.

"You want to know?"

"That bad?" Frank asked, looking at him.

"Worse," Eddie said. "A stiff, Frank. Let's face it."

"Well, that's why I asked you," Frank said. "That's why I asked you to take a look. You ought to know."

"It's up to you," Eddie told him, "but you ask me and I say you should send him home."

"Or turn him loose," Frank said.

"No," Eddie said. "You'll send him home."

"Oh, yes?"

"Yes," Eddie said, "because if you don't you know Lou John or somebody else will pick him up. You know this is a kid can't fight and will end up hurt."

"Well," Frank said, "he won't go home. I already talked with him."

"Why won't he?"

"Because of his old man."

"His old man's dead," Eddie objected.

"Which I know," Frank said, "but it makes no difference. His old man was a good fighter. He fought three world champions."

"Two of them carried him," Eddie said. "That much I know."

"There's no difference," Frank said. "In this kid's town Kid Bart was a good fighter. What difference does it make? What do they know? All they know is he fought three champions and this kid is supposed to be a good fighter, too. What difference does it make how good he really was?"

Eddie could see how Frank was disgusted. "Anyway, this kid will go home. I talked with this kid. Maybe I know him pretty good. Maybe he'll go home if we give him something to go home with."

"Something to go home with?" Frank asked. "What does he want, a mink coat?"

Eddie had to laugh. He had to laugh at Frank and at the picture in his mind of the kid in a mink coat.

"Eddie," Frank said, easing off. "I'm sorry. You gotta believe this. I lie awake nights over this thing. Here I am loused up with a lousy fighter who can't fight, and I spend more time worrying about him than I do worrying about the guys I've got who can fight maybe at least a little."

"Why?" Eddie asked.

"Why?" Frank said. "Why are *you* so concerned?"

"The same reason."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Sure you do," Eddie told him. "You know this is a nice clean kid who does everything you tell him and never gives you any mouth. You know this is a kid like you'd like your own kid to be, but you know he's no good for our business because he can't fight."

"How do you know that?"

"I know it because this is a homesick kid, if you want to know."

He watched Frank light a cigarette. He could see Frank was not any happier.

"It's so easy," Frank said. "All we have to do is get him a good win to go home. All I have to do is get a heavy who can box and hit. Can't you see I'm all set?"

Let him stew a little, Eddie thought. Sometimes it does a little good. "I can tell you something," Eddie said. "Yesterday I run into Pinky Joe. Pinky is looking for something easy. Pinky wants to throw his guy something soft before he turns him loose for the summer. You know, a little vacation money. He wants your kid in the semifinal at the Garden on the 19th when he's got his other guy on top."

A right, overhand, hit Malone, and it looked as if he might go. The crowd was hollering. The kid was excited—too excited—tearing in, overanxious

"Red Malone's a good fighter."

"Red Malone's a real good fighter," Eddie told him. "In a couple of years, living right, he'll be the middleweight champion of the world. Only right now he's a manufactured fighter."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that I see things," Eddie said. "I see that all he knows is what Pinky taught him."

"Isn't that plenty?"

"This is a manufactured fighter," Eddie said. "This is a fighter moves this way and that way and when you do this he does that because Pinky has him doing it over and over."

"Is that bad?"

"It's not bad," Eddie said, "but do you know that your kid, who doesn't do anything the way he's supposed to, who can't do anything the way he's supposed to, maybe is just the kid to lick this guy, not next year but on the 19th?"

"Look," Frank said. "I pay you to tell me what you think, but, Eddie, I can't go for this. This one is crazy. This kid has no business in with Malone."

"Maybe."

"When this match gets out I'll look like an idiot."

"We'll look like twin idiots."

"Why, it would be 10 to 1," Frank said.

"It would be 20 to 1."

"Then I don't see it."

"Oh, you see it all right," Eddie said. "You know that you have to take it, too, because if this kid doesn't get this win now, he probably never gets it and he's a bum getting banged around, and then the chances are he never goes home."

"This whole thing makes me sick," Frank said.

When Eddie went out he knew he had Frank in his pocket. When he got home his wife told him that Frank had called to tell him he had talked with Pinky Joe and that he was taking the fight with Malone.

IF EDDIE stayed awake that night it wasn't for long. There was nothing to stay awake over. Malone was a tough kid out of Troy and Pinky was bringing him along slowly because he knew he was going the whole way and there was no hurry. He would make it, too, because he had the build and he could hit with both hands and Pinky had him boxing out in front of himself real nice. Combinations, under and over, almost anything you want, including that name and the red hair and a bright green robe.

Had Eddie had a good kid going against Malone, though, he would have played it over and over for most of the night. In his mind he would have seen Malone moving and he would have seen his own kid moving and he would have played it like a chess game. Eventually he would have moved his own kid inside Malone's move, and he would have knocked out Malone.

That is what he would have done if he had had a good kid going. With a kid like this there was nothing, though, and all you had on your side was maybe condition. This was a strong kid and that was all you had, that and the chance that Pinky might like this so much that maybe he would bring his guy in cold. . . .

When Eddie got to the gym the fighter was waiting. He was in his ring things, sitting on the table, and he had started to wrap his own hands.

"Wait a minute," Eddie said. "I get paid for that."

"I'm fighting Red Malone," Johnny told him.

"I know," Eddie said.

"It's a break," Johnny said. "Don't you think?"

"Yes," Eddie agreed. "I think."

"I've never seen him," Johnny said, "but I know he's a good fighter."

"He can fight," Eddie agreed.

Johnny did not say anything. He was watching Eddie as Eddie finished with the tape and started on the other hand, double over the knuckles and then around the hand and down.

"This is the fight you wanted," Eddie told him, "if you know what I mean."

"If I know what you mean?" Johnny asked.

"If you know what we were talking about the other day."

"Oh," Johnny said. "I know. You don't have to worry, Eddie. I'll go with what I said."

"I'm not worrying," Eddie said, "but if you win, what will you do when you go back home?"

"What will I do?" Johnny *(Continued on page 72)*

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Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands

VERY TIRED LADY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

MYNHEER FRANS VAN HEUVEN owns a pleasant tavern just outside of Haarlem. The tavern has been in his family now for three generations and Mynheer van Heuven said, a little sadly, that he himself was going to retire in September and turn the tavern over to his son, Johannes. He lowered his huge body into a large chair, put his big right hand around the tall, white-collared glass of beer that stood on the table, and sighed ponderously.

"We will retire together, the queen and I," he said, nodding his enormous white-thatched head slowly. "I will tell you a little story about her. Her mother, Queen Emma, was making a public appearance on a holiday and the streets of Amsterdam were packed with people. Wilhelmina was with her mother. Oh, she was about fourteen then; this, you know, was in the last century. She looked at the great crowds of cheering people and then peered up at her mother and asked, 'Do all these people belong to me?' and the queen mother said to her gravely, 'No, my child. You belong to them.' "

Mynheer van Heuven took a deep draught of beer, wiped the foam from his heavy white mus-

PORTRAIT BY BORIS CHALIAPIN

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tache with the back of his sleeve, and chuckled. "That was more than fifty years ago and I am sure she still remembers it. She never forgot for a moment that she belonged to us."

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who has reigned for 50 years, will relinquish the royal crown to her daughter Juliana this month, and those like Mynheer Frans van Heuven, who have grown old with her, are saddened by the thought. Virtually everyone in Holland feels a close kinship to the sixty-eight-year-old monarch, and when her abdication becomes final they feel that it will mark the end of an era during which Holland proved her greatness.

The future is uncertain and dark, for today Holland is almost bankrupt economically. But the past fifty years have been, for the most part, glorious. Holland emerged from the war badly hurt and filled with weariness, but she took a deep breath and set about the difficult task of rehabilitation. The abdication of Queen Wilhelmina will make this job more difficult, for she was the one person in Holland in whom all political parties had faith. At the moment, Wilhelmina occupies the same place in the affections of the people as did Queen Victoria during the closing years of her reign.

But Wilhelmina is tired, not only physically tired, but tired in spirit. The long years of responsibility, culminating in the dreadful burden of having to lead her people from her London headquarters during the war, have taken their toll. Ministers coming from her palace at The Hague shake their heads sorrowfully.

"The queen is weary," they say. "After 20 minutes she begins to nod. Her great vitality has left her. She is wise to turn over affairs of state to Juliana, for she has trained Juliana, and the princess is young and full of energy. But we will miss her wisdom."

The people of Holland always had great respect for their queen, but it was not until the war years that this respect matured into veneration. She always worked hard at the business of being a royal sovereign; but until the war she was never actually close to the people. Significant is the fact that she never was given a nickname by the people of the country. She has been merely "the queen" ever since that September day in 1898, when she rode from the Paleis op de Dam in Amsterdam to the near-by Nieuwe Kerk to be crowned. She was eighteen then. She gave her friendship to few.

Her daughter Juliana was never allowed to forget that she would be queen herself one day, and the queen was meticulous in seeing that her education and even her relaxations were all designed to qualify her for the royal position she will soon occupy.

When the Germans entered Holland she hurried to London to set up her government-in-exile. She ordered her ministers to accompany her and from London she ruled with the same vigor and intelligence she had shown in her palace office at The Hague. It was not easy, for the constitution of Holland clearly defines the duties of the sovereign and just as clearly defines the prerogatives of the parliament. Wilhelmina found herself in London without a parliament. All her life she has had an almost mystic reverence for the constitution, but circumstances had virtually made her a sovereign with dictatorial powers.

She soon fired her prime minister, Jonkheer de Geer. De Geer had been an advocate of appeasement, and now that Holland was occupied he was a firm believer in the Pétain policy of collaboration. Wilhelmina dismissed him and went to the radio to tell her people at home the reason why.

By now the Germans in Holland had begun a systematic campaign of propaganda against the queen. She and her ministers had shown themselves to be cowards, they declared, by running to London. The bewildered people, miserable under the ill-fitting Nazi yoke, didn't know what to believe, but when the queen, in her strong vibrant voice, told them that she had dismissed De Geer because he was unworthy to represent them, they took heart. Her judgment on De Geer was correct. He made his way back to Holland and became one of the Nazi puppets.

Henceforth Wilhelmina made periodic broadcasts to her people and they listened, eagerly drawing strength to survive and even to resist, from the calm voice. When the Germans began to bomb London her ministers tried to persuade her to move to the country, but the doughty sovereign refused to do it. One night a bomb fell in front of the modest house she occupied near Victoria Station. It killed two guards and damaged the house badly. She still refused to move, and the story traveled quickly to Holland, giving new heart to the people. This was the queen who the Germans said was a coward. The stolid Hollanders chuckled proudly and looked upon their conquerors with contempt. The resistance movement in Holland grew.

In London, Wilhelmina had picked for her prime minister the law professor and Minister of Justice Pieter S. Gerbrandy. Today Gerbrandy is leader of the opposition in parliament, a Dutch equivalent of Winston Churchill. Stocky, paunchy Gerbrandy has the incredibly light blue eyes you see so often

This month Holland's beloved Queen Wilhelmina will turn over the reign of her country to Princess Juliana. Wilhelmina has reigned well for 50 years. Now the burden of rehabilitation in the war-torn Netherlands is too great for her waning strength

in Holland and he has a drooping walrus mustache, white, except where it is stained yellow by nicotine, for Professor Gerbrandy is a confirmed cigar smoker. Today he lives comfortably in a charming house at 113 Kanaalweg in The Hague, and he often talks of the tortuous but, in a way, glorious days in London.

"We discovered a new Wilhelmina," he told me as we sat in his spacious living room. "She had always worked hard, but in London she drove herself furiously. Often I would meet her at eight in the morning to find that she had already been at her desk for two hours. When we would decide on a policy her first question always was, 'Is it constitutional?' To her the constitution represents the people and never once would she sign a decree unless she was sure that it was the will of the people.

"Some people found the queen difficult." Gerbrandy's blue eyes twinkled. "Conferences with her were never routine affairs during which she automatically approved the suggestions of her ministers. She would listen and then ask questions. If you didn't know your subject thoroughly—yes—the queen could be difficult. She was intolerant of stupidity and of carelessness.

"Things were bad then, very bad, but she never lost faith in the final outcome even when the rest of us could not see the way to victory. I will tell you something about the queen. She had one great love—her country—and never in her fifty years of rule did she ever do anything that she did not firmly believe to be best for Holland and the people of Holland. She was the greatest patriot of her age, and no one ever served her country with a greater integrity and honesty of purpose than she showed."

Gerbrandy suddenly stopped and bent over to pat his black sheep dog. He was silent for a moment. When he raised his head his eyes had lost their twinkle.

"Those terrible years took their toll," he said sadly. "I saw her yesterday and—but never mind. She is tired, so tired. Well, she has earned a rest."

Once the resistance movement was well organized in Holland, lines of communication were established between the underground fighters and Wilhelmina's London headquarters. The underground established a newspaper that was distributed clandestinely, and the queen wrote many articles imploring her people to have faith in the eventual outcome of the war and to have the courage to resist and die if need be. These messages were not idle rhetoric; the people knew that she, too, was ready and willing to die if need be. After the bombing of her home the queen sent Juliana and her children to Canada to live.

Juliana objected, but no one in 50 years was ever able to stand up against the will of the queen if she thought her decision to be one which would further the interests of the people. Were she killed it wouldn't matter, she confided to her ministers, but Juliana must be saved at all costs to carry on the royal tradition. Without the monarchy Holland would not be Holland, she told them, and she was right.

Had the queen and Princess Juliana both been killed, a not unlikely contingency in the days of nightly bombing, it would have stunned the people of Holland into a numbed atrophy. Resistance would have ceased because the will to fight would have died. And so Juliana and her children were hustled off to Canada, and with that worry off her mind Wilhelmina intensified her activities, keeping to a schedule that often made hollow-eyed wrecks of her younger but less durable ministers. She, for instance, read and often criticized every issue of the underground paper which arrived every day in microscopic film.

And she insisted upon receiving every underground member who had found it necessary to flee from Holland. As the Germans redoubled their efforts to break the spirit of these stubborn, unyielding Hollanders by executing hundreds of resistance fighters for acts of sabotage, the exodus to England increased.

Wilhelmina saw every one of them. She founded a club for them in London called "Het Engelandvaarders" (The men who have come to England) and she supported this not out of state funds but out of her personal exchequer. Here they could relax and drink their beloved Holland gin (which is of course not gin at all) that somehow or other she managed to get from Holland.

More than once I visited this club during the war years. It was always filled with lean, hard-sinewed young men whose eyes still mirrored the horror they had seen. A great many of them were incorporated in the Dutch navy and in the Dutch air force still fighting on from Britain. When they raised their glasses, as often as not they would murmur, "To the queen," and some of the dark shadows would leave their eyes.

Once in London I called to see one of her ministers. I saw him at the queen's house. She was away inspecting air force units in the north of England. When our talk was over he showed me the queen's office. It was the office of a busy executive, but on the desk were two autographed pictures—only two. One was of King Leopold of Belgium and the other was of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Wilhelmina had just returned from her first trip to the United States. She had addressed a joint session of Congress, the first reigning queen to have that distinction, and while in Washington she had been a guest of the White House. She had always liked and admired Leopold; now she had come under the spell of the President's charm and personality.

"She talks about Roosevelt incessantly," the minister told me, smiling. "Oh, she admired him greatly, but there is one thing that puzzled her. She said they would talk seriously about the problems confronting the Allies in general and the Dutch in particular, and then he would suddenly stop and ask for his grandchild. The little boy would come in and climb all over the President and he would laugh and enjoy himself. The queen could not understand how a man who in effect was leading the whole war effort against Germany could suddenly break off and play with a five-year-old youngster."

Occasionally the queen, impressed by one of the resistance men who had escaped, would make him a member of her household. One of these she picked was Gerard Rutten, who in civilian life had been a writer and a photographer. I found Rutten living in the Het Gooi district, in quiet, charming Bussum, which is between *(Continued on page 54)*

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Continued from

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

BY

EDWIN LANHAM

She remained quite still, her eyes closed and her lips warm against mine. Then her hands held my arms; she turned away

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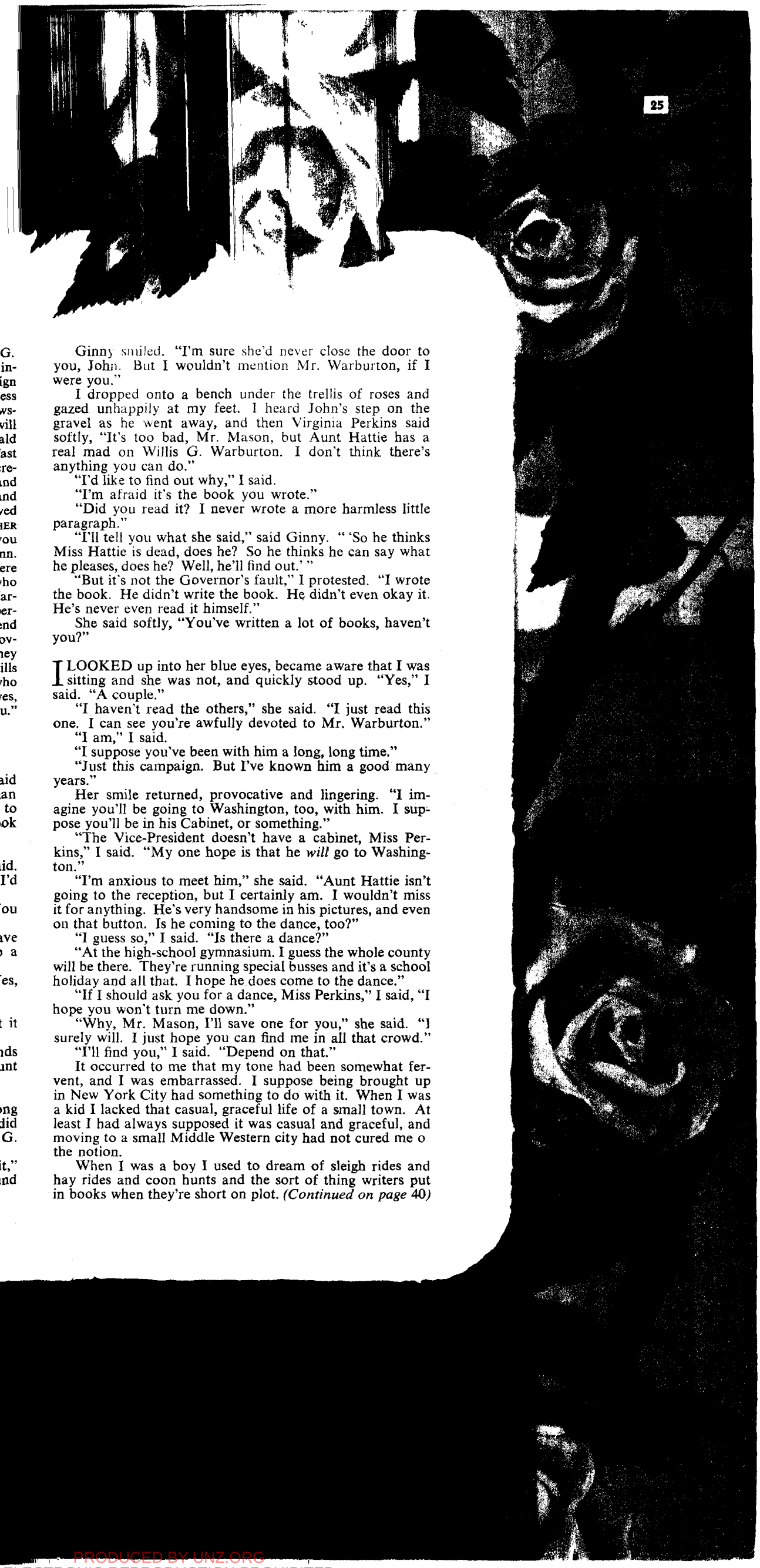

The Story: Candidate for Vice-President GOVERNOR WILLIS G. WARBURTON and his campaign biographer ROY MASON are involved in a game of penny ante aboard the Warburton campaign train when bad news comes. BILL EVERS, Warburton's press aide, announces that CLYDE MCDONALD, a Washington newspaper columnist with a reputation for stirring up trouble, will board their train at the next stop. Evers thinks that McDonald is after something. The next morning Roy Mason has breakfast with Clyde McDonald and LUCY STRAWN, the governor's secretary. McDonald turns out to be personally unpleasant and makes a date with Lucy for lunch, much to Roy's anger and disgust. Lucy finds out, however, that McDonald has received a telegram from an old enemy of Warburton's, MELVIN FISHER of Hydetown (the governor's boyhood home) that says: If you come to Hydetown I will give you a juicy item for your column. Roy Mason flies ahead of the campaign train to Hydetown. There he contacts JOHN MILLS, an old friend of the governor's, who tells him that the "dirt" might have something to do with Warburton's old schoolteacher, HATTIE PERKINS, who is the only person in Hydetown who has announced that she will not attend the giant Win With Warburton celebration in honor of the governor. When Mills takes Roy Mason to see Hattie Perkins, they meet a beautiful young girl, Hattie's grandniece GINNY. Mills introduces Roy to Ginny, and Ginny asks if he is the one who wrote the Warburton campaign biography. Roy tells her yes, and Ginny says, "Oh, then, I'm afraid Aunt Hattie won't see you."

II

"GINNY, that's just why we're here," John Mills said quickly. "Because of that button and the man whose picture you see on it. Mr. Mason wants to explain to Miss Hattie just how he came to write that book and why he wrote what he wrote in it."

"Does he?" said Ginny, giving me a steady look.

"I wish you'd ask Miss Perkins if she'll see me," I said. "I'm very sorry there's been a misunderstanding, and I'd like to apologize, and clear it up, if I can."

She looked at me doubtfully. "I'll see," she said. "You wait here with Mr. Mills and I'll talk to Aunt Hattie."

I watched her walk around the side of the house, gave my head a shake and said, "It's a surprise, turning up a beauty like her in a little town like this."

"Ginny?" John Mills said, with an air of surprise. "Yes, I guess she's pretty good-looking at that."

"I suppose you never noticed it before."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Everybody notices Ginny. But it seems just last week that she was rolling a hoop."

Ginny returned within a minute, spreading her hands gracefully and smiling at me. "I'm so sorry," she said. "Aunt Hattie says no, very emphatically no."

I frowned. "If I could only explain to her."

The girl shook her head, and her blond hair moved along her shoulders. "Aunt Hattie said, Mr. Mason, that she did not wish to see you, or any other emissary from Willis G. Warburton, now or at any time."

"If she said that, Mr. Mason, Miss Hattie means it," John Mills said, and shrugged. "All right if I walk around and say hello to her, Ginny?"

Ginny smiled. "I'm sure she'd never close the door to you, John. But I wouldn't mention Mr. Warburton, if I were you."

I dropped onto a bench under the trellis of roses and gazed unhappily at my feet. I heard John's step on the gravel as he went away, and then Virginia Perkins said softly, "It's too bad, Mr. Mason, but Aunt Hattie has a real mad on Willis G. Warburton. I don't think there's anything you can do."

"I'd like to find out why," I said.

"I'm afraid it's the book you wrote."

"Did you read it? I never wrote a more harmless little paragraph."

"I'll tell you what she said," said Ginny. "'So he thinks Miss Hattie is dead, does he? So he thinks he can say what he pleases, does he? Well, he'll find out.'"

"But it's not the Governor's fault," I protested. "I wrote the book. He didn't write the book. He didn't even okay it. He's never even read it himself."

She said softly, "You've written a lot of books, haven't you?"

I LOOKED up into her blue eyes, became aware that I was sitting and she was not, and quickly stood up. "Yes," I said. "A couple."

"I haven't read the others," she said. "I just read this one. I can see you're awfully devoted to Mr. Warburton."

"I am," I said.

"I suppose you've been with him a long, long time."

"Just this campaign. But I've known him a good many years."

Her smile returned, provocative and lingering. "I imagine you'll be going to Washington, too, with him. I suppose you'll be in his Cabinet, or something."

"The Vice-President doesn't have a cabinet, Miss Perkins," I said. "My one hope is that he *will* go to Washington."

"I'm anxious to meet him," she said. "Aunt Hattie isn't going to the reception, but I certainly am. I wouldn't miss it for anything. He's very handsome in his pictures, and even on that button. Is he coming to the dance, too?"

"I guess so," I said. "Is there a dance?"

"At the high-school gymnasium. I guess the whole county will be there. They're running special busses and it's a school holiday and all that. I hope he does come to the dance."

"If I should ask you for a dance, Miss Perkins," I said, "I hope you won't turn me down."

"Why, Mr. Mason, I'll save one for you," she said. "I surely will. I just hope you can find me in all that crowd."

"I'll find you," I said. "Depend on that."

It occurred to me that my tone had been somewhat fervent, and I was embarrassed. I suppose being brought up in New York City had something to do with it. When I was a kid I lacked that casual, graceful life of a small town. At least I had always supposed it was casual and graceful, and moving to a small Middle Western city had not cured me o the notion.

When I was a boy I used to dream of sleigh rides and hay rides and coon hunts and the sort of thing writers put in books when they're short on plot. *(Continued on page 40)*

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IS YOUR CHILD IN A CLASSROOM CRISIS?

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

BY HOYT AND

ALICE BARNETT

IF YOU are the parents of a youngster scheduled to enter first grade this fall, there is a serious question you should ask yourselves right now:

Is my child ready for school?

Not: Is he old enough, in chronological years? But: Has he developed the mental age, the physical co-ordination, and the social maturity to enable him to keep up with the work of his class?

This year that class will be larger, more overcrowded, than it has ever been before in the history of our school system. The children who will be in it were born during the war. Their early years were, in many cases, spent in child-care centers while their mothers worked and their fathers fought. After the shooting stopped, the turmoil of unadjusted homes, the shifting from place to place, lack of adequate living space, and the task of learning to share a mother with a long-absent father have produced children who need the very best of academic care. They have special need to feel secure, to feel accepted by and the equal of their group, if they are not to become delinquency problems.

The first-grade teacher, from Maine to California, will be faced this year with a class swollen to twice its normal size. She probably isn't going to have time to give extra help to those youngsters who are not ready to do first-grade work—which is, primarily, learning to read. Tests have proved that if the average age of that class is six and a half, approximately 50 per cent of the children will normally still lack the eye co-ordination necessary for reading. If your child is one of these, he will not be able to keep up with the class; he will feel more and more inadequate as the year goes on, and he may become a problem like Carl.

Carl entered first grade at the chronological age of six years six months. But—and this is normal for many young children—his muscular co-ordination and his mental and social maturity were not equally developed. Tests established the fact that his mental and social age was only a little over four.

Carl's parents were told that he should not start school for at least another year, and possibly two, since he could not yet focus his eyes on near-by objects and therefore could not learn to read. But the parents insisted that the school system accept their son.

Forced to study despite the inability of an immature child to focus his eyes on a book, Carl impaired his vision and had to start wearing glasses. Of course he failed to pass at the end of the year.

When he repeated the grade, he began developing many bad habits, including a sarcastic manner (which marks all insecure boys). He was too small, physically, to gain recognition by fighting, so he began to steal small articles from stores and give them to his classmates to gain their approval.

By the time Carl was ten, his eyes had matured and he did better work in school. But he was handicapped by the many bad habits and attitudes he had

Before being assigned to a classroom, this boy is having his physical and mental capabilities graded to assure him of a successful start in school

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Will your child be forced to meet unfair competition? That is what starts a child on the road to delinquency. And it's not the school which is to blame: It's the parents

acquired, primarily because he entered first grade before he had achieved "reading readiness."

Few parents have ever heard of "reading readiness," and it does have a rather academic sound. There's nothing "academic" about its meaning, however. It means the difference between a well-adjusted, successful child and a heartbreaking misfit. California schools have gone into the matter exhaustively. School authorities there say flatly that the entrance of children who have not matured to this point before starting first grade is one of the major causes for serious academic and social maladjustment.

Reading readiness can be determined scientifically. As youngsters approach the six- to eight-year period, changes take place in their bodies and nervous systems—affecting particularly their ability to focus eyes on near-by objects—that ready them for the task of learning to read. Some children reach this maturity at the age of five, others at seven or eight; but it is not directly measurable by chronological age.

Remember, all young children are growing in three ways—physically, mentally and socially, and at three differing rates of speed. By tests, 41 per cent of children between the *mental* age of six years and six years five months make satisfactory reading progress, while 87 per cent of those between seven years six months and seven years eleven months progress satisfactorily.

A child who has not yet reached reading readiness may be sent to kindergarten without danger, as he is not exposed there to competition he cannot meet. But often a child who enters kindergarten at the age of four years six months (minimum age requirement in many states) will not be ready for first-grade work a year later.

Many school systems now test all children about to enter first grade for reading readiness. But many more schools do not have the personnel necessary for giving an elaborate series of scientific tests such as the Stanford-Binet, the Kohs Block Design, the Detroit Word Recognition and the Vineland Social Maturity tests. To give these requires training which the average parent would not have, certainly. So the California Principals' Association, Bay Section, has designed a reading readiness test which any mother can give her child.

Designed especially to determine physical, mental, emotional and social maturity, it is authoritative when honestly given. And they warn that of the four, physical development *as it pertains to the eyes* is vital. No child should be asked to study until he is able to focus on near-by objects, such as objects pictured in a book held in the hand.

PHYSICAL MATURITY

1. Can he control his eye movements?
2. Can he see likenesses and differences, in simple diagram form?
3. Can he listen?
4. Can he distinguish similar sounds and classify them?
5. Can he sit still for short periods?
6. Can he speak plainly, or does he use many "baby talk" words?
7. Does he have sufficient control of his large muscles to use color crayons and keep reasonably close to the outlines of large figures?

MENTAL MATURITY

1. Can he relate events in sequence?
2. Can he stay on the subject, or does he wander to another in a very short time?
3. Can he memorize simple rhymes?
4. Can he remember directions?
5. Can he answer questions intelligently?
6. Can he anticipate events in stories?
7. Can he express his thoughts?
8. Can he give thoughtful attention?
9. Does he want to know the meaning of words?
10. Does he like to hear and tell stories?
11. Does he know about a good many common things?
12. Is he curious about new things?

EMOTIONAL MATURITY

1. Is he happy in a school environment?
2. Is he self-confident?
3. Does he talk freely?
4. Is he willing to take turns with others in the use of toys and playground equipment?
5. Is he courteous and thoughtful?

SOCIAL MATURITY

1. Does he assume his share of responsibility when he gets into trouble?
2. Is he friendly?
3. Is he co-operative?
4. Does he respect the rights of others?
5. Does he protect his rights by an appeal to fair play, by relying upon constituted authority for justice, or does he rely immediately upon his own force?

When your child can pass these tests he is ready to enter first grade—*and not before.*

In California, where intensive work has been done to establish the reading readiness of all first-graders, educators have found that their most difficult task is to educate the parents. Mothers who declare vehemently that they know their child much better than any teacher or psychologist possibly could, and that he is *much* brighter than the children he plays with, can make real trouble for a teacher.

If little Jane is two inches shorter than a girl of the same age down the street, parents think nothing of it. But let the teacher try to tell them that Jane isn't ready for first grade when her playmate is, and the teacher is called unfair and prejudiced. And as the teacher has a living to earn, she is often forced to accept a child against her trained judgment.

Too many parents are like Henry's mother. Henry's intelligence quotient of 103 was normal, his physical development was normal—except for his eye co-ordination. But to Henry's mother, Henry was not merely normal, he was a genius and must enter first grade rather than waste a year in kindergarten. The teacher did her best—but Henry entered first grade.

When the child found he could not meet the competition of his classmates, he became inattentive, critical and sarcastic. He couldn't achieve recognition for his work, so he picked fights on the playground to get the notice he craved.

Now, at the age of nine years six months—when he would ordinarily be in the third grade—Henry is one of the problem children in a "special" second grade. Especially trained teachers work with him, trying to break down the bad habits he developed while he was beyond his physical and mental depth in first grade. They may succeed, and they may not. It is very difficult to correct mental blocks and rejection of learning habits.

Dolly was another child whose mother insisted that she enter first grade, when tests showed her mental age was only five years six months. Faced with work beyond her physical, mental, emotional and social level, Dolly developed a mental block and for the next year and a half she did not speak one word in class. Her progress was seriously retarded by the severe strain placed on her nervous system by competitive conditions beyond her capacity.

Some mothers undoubtedly insist that their child enter the school system at the earliest legal age, no matter how immature he may be, because they are eager to gain a few free hours each day by shifting their responsibility to an overworked teacher. But many others, convinced their children are unusually bright, are sincere in rejecting school advice to keep an immature child in the safe atmosphere of home until he is ready to meet competition. These are the mothers who, when told their child has not passed first-grade work and should repeat the year, protest so vehemently that the teacher is forced to promote him. Whereupon the patterns of being inadequate, feeling stupid and outside the group become intensified as he vainly attempts second-grade work.

One solution of this problem would be, of course, to establish at least three first grades and the same number of second grades, so that children at the same stage of development could be grouped together. This experiment has been tried successfully in some California schools, but it met with tremendous opposition from parents who would not have their child placed with a "slow" group.

Where this system has been instituted and accepted by parents educated to realize that it is normal for reading readiness to vary, the dividends have been large. Children are kept in equivalent mental-age groups, and the teacher is able to make each child feel that he is part of the group.

You, as a parent, cannot do anything immediate about the overcrowding that will handicap your child during his first school years. But you can save him the strain of competition for which he is not ready. You can realize that a young child may have an intelligence quotient well above 100, and yet have a mental and social age less than his chronological number of years. If the only solution is to have a child already started in the school system repeat kindergarten or first grade, accept it. His failure to keep pace is less important than the damage that can result if your injured pride causes you to nag or otherwise punish him, for you may destroy his vital sense of security.

Should this occur, you have added to his defeat, since the broad-scale purpose of the first grade is to give a child a feeling of security in a scholastic environment. You can do much to save him from his classroom crisis by giving him a feeling of security and a sense of achievement. Otherwise, he is likely to become a problem in maladjustment. ★★★

Mrs. Alice Spurgin Barnett, coauthor of this article, has devoted most of the past two decades to education and research in social problems.

The most insidious difficulty the authors encountered in gathering material was fear—fear in the teachers that they would be penalized if they criticized the system.

"They felt, as I did too often in the ten years I taught, that silence was golden—especially at contract time," Mrs. Barnett said. "For this reason we have not quoted the many teachers, principals and superintendents we interviewed."

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

PART XV—RISING TIDE OF DISSENSION

At home, Roosevelt fights Dewey in the bitter fourth term "whispering campaign." Abroad, the Allies jockey desperately for the rail as the war sweeps into the homestretch

The 1944 Presidential campaign was bitter. F.D.R. was politically never wilier. A reference to his Scotty—Fala—gave him the opportunity to divert the popular attention. His supporters began calling it a contest between Dewey and Fala. Collier's presents the high lights of that campaign as they are recorded. And this, dear readers, is an entirely different campaign

ON JULY 4, 1944, Hopkins left the hospital in White Sulphur Springs and flew back to Washington to continue his convalescence in his new Georgetown home. During the next three weeks he went to the White House very occasionally to see the President, but he was incapable of doing much work.

On June 28th, the Republicans had nominated Thomas E. Dewey as their candidate for President. On July 11th, Roosevelt announced that he would run for a fourth term if nominated by the Democratic National Convention, which was to be held in Chicago during the week of July 19th. While the convention was in progress, Roosevelt traveled to San Diego and there embarked for Pearl Harbor to meet with Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur for the determining of future strategy in the war in the Pacific.

On July 19th, Churchill cabled Hopkins explaining his concern about the forthcoming southern France operation (ANVIL). Churchill was still arguing doggedly for the application of Anglo-American forces to the Balkans. At this late stage, the Prime Minister may have been concerned by the smashing Russian advances. The Russians had already entered Rumania and reached the eastern tip of Czechoslovakia and there appeared to be nothing that could stop them from pushing on to the borders of Greece and Turkey.

Churchill emphasized the need for another major conference.

Hopkins wrote to the President saying that his talks with Beaverbrook had "indicated to me how difficult it is to hold a formal economic conference with Great Britain on any single subject at this particular time. Max . . . claims he senses a good deal of hostility . . . One of our present difficulties is that everybody thinks the war is over. I hope if you decide to speak on the radio from Seattle, that you will scotch this . . ."

The "hostility" sensed by Beaverbrook was attributable to the sentiment, widely expressed in Washington at that time, that while the American forces in France were dashing ahead at devil-may-care speed and with thrilling success, the British under Field Marshal Montgomery on the Allied left flank seemed to be "dragging their feet." It was reported that Eisenhower was so annoyed and worried about this that he had even appealed to the Prime Minister to visit the 21st Army Group Headquarters near Caen in Normandy to try "to persuade Monty to get on his bicycle and start moving."

The Hopkins papers are very incomplete at this point for, although he was given access to all the cables that passed through the White House to and from the President on the Pacific trip, he no longer had any real responsibility for them.

Warns of Diplomatic Pitfalls

On June 26th, he cabled Roosevelt: "Having given considerable thought to the forthcoming conference, I feel that while it would have been advantageous for you to have gone almost anywhere for a meeting with Churchill and Uncle Joe together, it seems to me that . . . the world would construe a conference between you and Churchill somewhere in Europe or in England as a political meeting which had left Russia out in the cold. You may well want to take up various important matters with Churchill soon, in which case it would be much better to have him come to you instead of you going to him, and the sooner the better. As to Uncle Joe, he obviously wants to postpone his next meeting with you until after Germany collapses."

On August 6th, Churchill sent Hopkins a long cable in which he explained his grief, in the midst of victory, that there still should be differences of opinion between the Allies on strategy. This was barely a week before the embarkation of the troops for the landing in southern France,

Roosevelt, MacArthur and Nimitz meet at Pearl Harbor (July, 1944) to plan the next Pacific move. The Navy wanted ground forces landed on Formosa. MacArthur urged liberation of the Philippines. Roosevelt's ultimate decision in favor of the Philippines was criticized by enemies as being pre-election strategy

ACME

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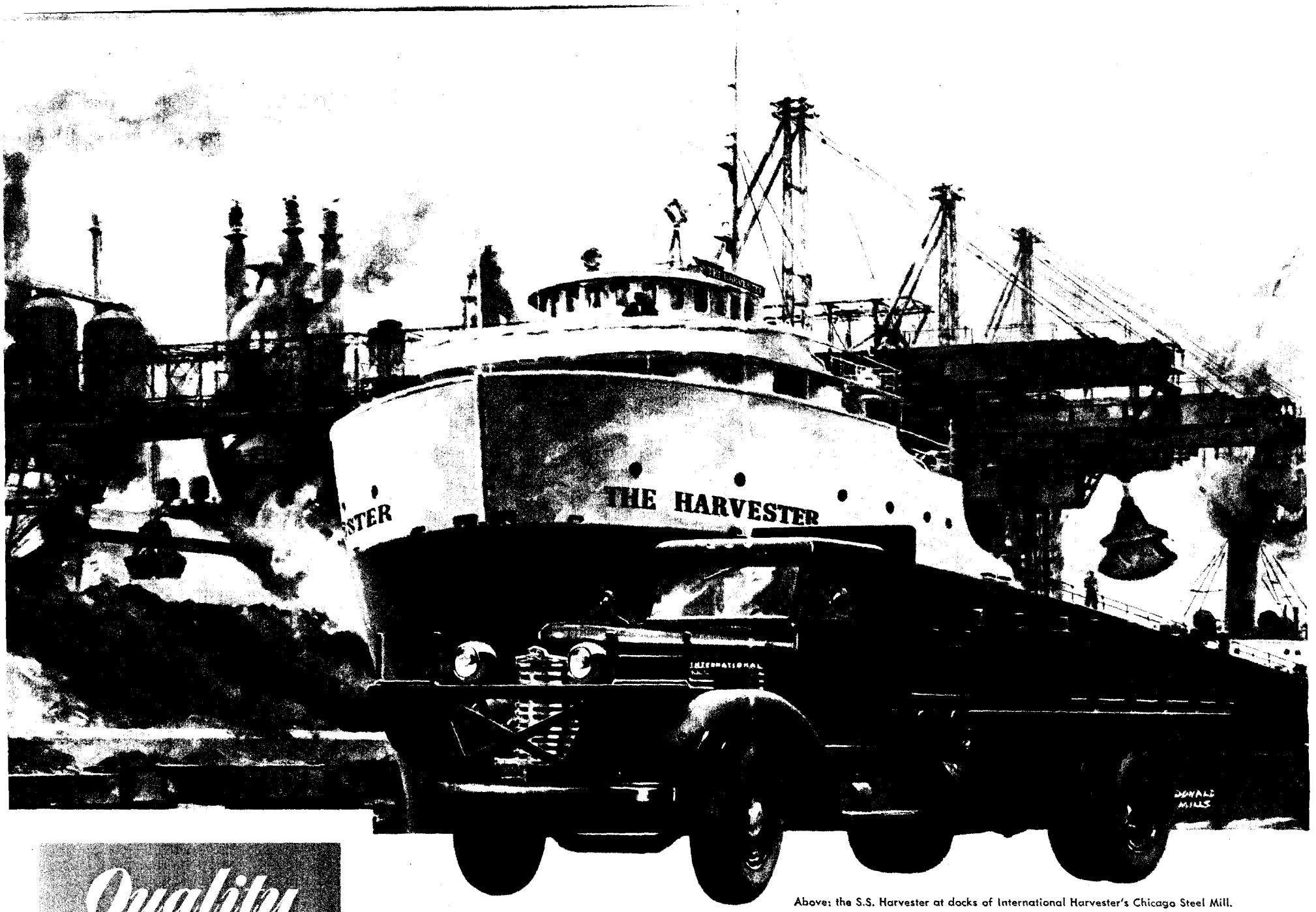

Above: the S.S. Harvester at docks of International Harvester's Chicago Steel Mill.

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but Churchill was still attempting to prevent this operation from taking place. This time, however, he did not urge that the ten divisions for ANVIL should be sent into the Balkans; he recommended strongly that they join with the OVERLORD forces in the region of Saint-Nazaire.

Hopkins replied to Churchill that while he had not heard from the President concerning the proposed change in ANVIL plans, he felt sure that the answer would be in the negative. He expressed his own view that "it would be a great mistake to change the strategy now; it would delay the sure liberation of France rather than aid it . . ."

Various communications passed between Hopkins and Churchill preparatory to the conference, to be held in Quebec in September. Through all these communications Hopkins spoke as one who would of course be present at the conference—as he had been present at every major conference thus far in the war—but on August 28th he sent the following cable:

"Dear Winston: Although I am now feeling much better I still must take things easy and I therefore feel that I should not run the risk of a setback in health by attempting to fight the battle of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham where better men than I have been killed."

Hopkins' excuse was hardly convincing, for if he had ever given any thought to his own survival, he would probably have spent the entire war in bed, subsisting on liver extract and amino-acid powder. The fact of the matter was—and this was later confirmed by Hopkins to Churchill directly—that a distinct change had come about in the character of his relationship with the President. Roosevelt's need for Hopkins' counsel and even more for his companionship was no longer so great that the President was willing to defy the criticism which invariably arose in the hostile press whenever Hopkins took Hull's place at an important conference.

Poor Health Too Great a Handicap

There was no open breach between them. There was simply an admission that while the friendship continued and Hopkins would still be useful in various ways, he was no longer physically fit to share the burden of responsibility for the big decisions of the war. The trouble was that he had been out of commission too long, and Roosevelt had of necessity lost confidence in his ability to stand up under the strain.

The physical setting of the second Quebec Conference was familiar, but the atmosphere was utterly new. There was, in short, a general belief among the higher authorities assembled there that German surrender could come within a matter of weeks or even days. The Allies were well prepared for war to the death in Europe, but they were very ill prepared for the cataclysm of sudden total victory.

It will be remembered that when the question of the future treatment of Germany had come up for discussion among the Big Three at Teheran, it had been decided to refer this explosive subject to the Russian-British-American Advisory Committee in London. There it had remained through many long months of inconclusive "exchanges of views" on all manner of subjects, beginning with the primary one as to which nation would occupy which zone.

It was felt that some specific directive must be issued to General Eisenhower and various proposals were made—the most famous or most notorious of them being "the Morgenthau Plan." There is no doubt that Hopkins, as a member of the President's Special Cabinet Committee, joined with Hull and Stimson in opposition to the plan, and I can confirm from my personal knowledge Stimson's statement that Roosevelt subsequently made no secret of his regret that he had ever agreed to initial the proposal.

Indeed, on October 20th, six weeks after the Quebec Conference, Roosevelt gave demonstration of his reaction to the episode by dismissing *all* specific planning for the treatment of Germany; he said, in a memorandum to Hull, "I dislike making detailed plans for a country which we do not yet occupy," adding that the details were "dependent on what we and the Allies find when we get into Germany—and we are not there yet."

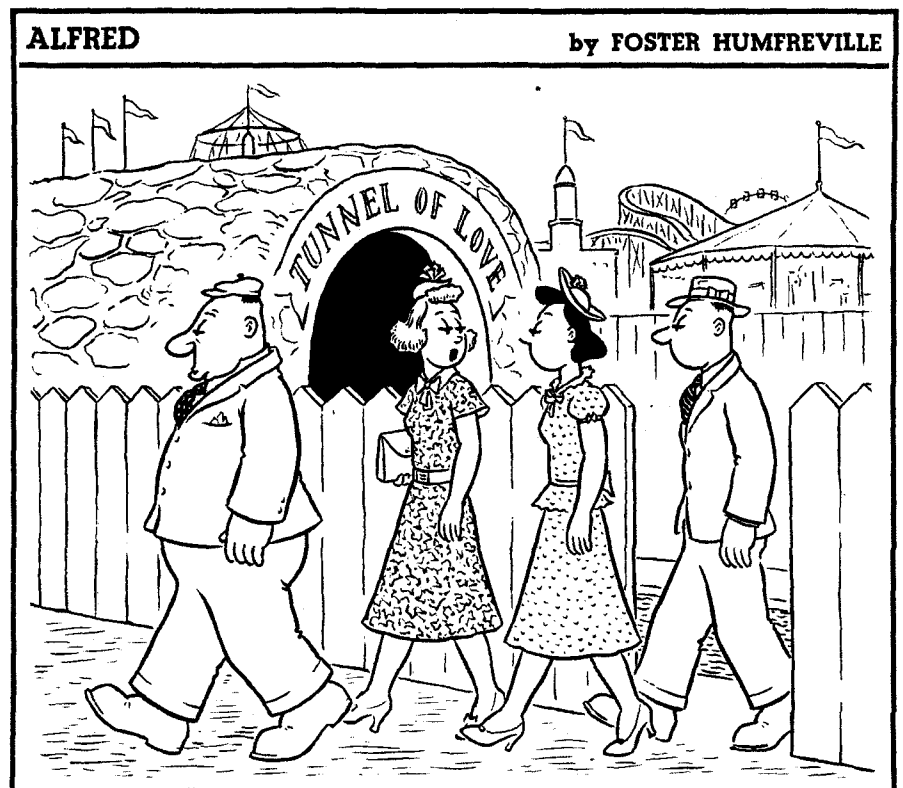
Roosevelt gave evidence of the extent to which Hopkins' position had changed at that time. In a memorandum, also addressed to Hull, on the progress of the Quebec Conference, he wrote: "We have discussed the question of the scope and scale of mutual Lend-Lease aid between the United States and the British Empire after the defeat of Germany and during the war with Japan. We have agreed that a temporary joint committee shall be set up to consider this question. Among American membership would be Stettinius, Morgenthau and Crowley."

In neglecting to appoint Hopkins even to membership in a committee for consideration of the subject which, for more than three and a half years, had been Hopkins' particular province, Roosevelt was undoubtedly influenced by political considerations. Unpleasant suggestions had reached the President's ears that Hopkins was too thoroughly under the domination of the British, or of the Russians or the Chinese, to be a reliable representative of American interests in these important negotiations relative to postwar material and economic aid. Of course, similarly dark intimations about Hopkins had been reaching Roosevelt ever since the earliest days of the feud with Harold Ickes in 1933, and Roosevelt had paid no heed to them; but he paid heed to them now.

I had been overseas in the European and Mediterranean Theaters since early in February, 1944, so I knew very little directly of what was going on in the White House. On September 12th, Hopkins sent me a message saying that the President wanted me to come back. On arrival, I learned from Hopkins, Rosenman, Pa Watson and Steve Early that there was some cause for alarm about the forthcoming political campaign. There appeared to be a considerable amount of lethargy among the voters which could result in a small registration and an even smaller turnout on Election Day.

It was obvious that if large masses of people were so sure the President could not lose they would feel no need to register and vote, the President could be defeated. Dewey was traveling up and down the country making carefully planned speeches which were well calculated to mobilize the maximum Republican vote but at the same time to create no particular excitement. He did not attack the conduct of the war. He did not attack Roosevelt's social objectives. He repeatedly described the present Administration as a group of "tired old men," and this was not easily refuted, for those in highest authority were unquestionably tired and were getting no younger day by day.

Dewey also referred repeatedly to the recurrent and unseemly cat-and-dog fights that broke into the public prints with disagreeable frequency. Here again he was on sure ground: There had been another final bust-up in the War Production Board which resulted in the resigna-



"Alfred thinks the management should be informed of the poor lighting conditions in there"

tion of Charles E. Wilson due to a series of press attacks which, he said, had been instigated by Donald Nelson (Roosevelt sent Nelson to China on an apparently meaningless mission and appointed Julius Krug as Acting Chairman of WPB).

Later, during October, the long-suppressed enmities between Stilwell and Chiang Kai-shek and Chennault burst out in violent explosion and Roosevelt was compelled to issue orders for the recall of Stilwell who had become, and deservedly, a popular hero to the American people.

There was a great deal of extremely ugly whispering about the state of Roosevelt's health. When he had made his acceptance speech from a cabin on a cruiser just before his departure for the Pacific tour in July, a photograph had been taken in which he appeared haggard, glassy-eyed and querulous—and this photograph had been given very wide advertisement in the pamphlets with which the Republicans were flooding the country.

On his return from the Pacific trip, Roosevelt had made a nation-wide broadcast from the Bremerton Navy Yard at Seattle; when he delivered this speech he wore his leg braces for, I believe, the first time since he had returned from Cairo and Teheran and he was in such pain that he had to support himself by holding on to the lectern with all the tremendous strength of his arms and hands, which made it extremely difficult for him to turn the pages of his reading copy and made the speech sound faltering and uncertain to listeners accustomed to the calm, confident and cheerful assurance that he always conveyed.

It was a significant fact that, after this speech, the public opinion polls indicated a sudden and ominous slump for Roosevelt and a consequent rise in Dewey's stock.

When I first went in to see the President after my return from Europe, I was shocked by his appearance. I had heard that he had lost a lot of weight, but I was unprepared for the almost ravaged appearance of his face. He had his coat off and his shirt collar seemed several sizes too large for his emaciated neck. But he seemed to be more full of good humor and of fight than ever. He asked me if I had listened to any of Dewey's speeches and when I said I had not yet had the pleasure, he said, "You ought to hear him. He plays the part of the heroic racket-buster in one of those gangster movies. He talks to the people as if they were the jury and I were the villain on trial for his life."

Fala Figures in Campaign Speech

Then Roosevelt said, "I'm going to give a speech to Dan Tobin's boys next Saturday night and I expect to have a lot of fun with that one." He handed me a sheet of paper, saying it was a paragraph he had dictated for use in this speech.

It read as follows: "The Republican leaders have not been content to make personal attacks upon me—or my wife—or my sons—they now include my little dog, Fala. Unlike the members of my family, Fala resents this. When he learned that the Republican fiction writers had concocted a story that I had left him behind on an Aleutian Island and had sent a destroyer back to find him—at a cost to the taxpayer of two or three or twenty million dollars—his Scotch soul was furious. He has not been the same dog since. I am accustomed to hearing malicious falsehoods about myself but I think I have a right to object to libelous statements about my dog."

This paragraph may be said to have set the very keynote for the 1944 campaign; as someone observed at the time, "From now on the American people will consider this as a contest of Dewey versus Fala."

The Teamsters speech—or "that speech about Fala," as it was sometimes known—accomplished its objectives; it put the needed excitement into the campaign, it stimulated the overconfident Democrats with a will to rush forth and register and vote, and above all it disrupted Dewey's carefully cultivated self-assurance and caused him to start swinging wildly against the most artful dodger of them all.

More and more Dewey felt impelled to appeal to the prejudices of his immediate audiences in order to get applause. He seemed to forget that these audiences were recruited by the local Republican machine and were composed largely of people who would still have been grimly determined to vote against Roosevelt even if the Republican candidate had been named Tommy Manville instead of Tom Dewey.

In bidding for their cheers, and for their hoots and catcalls whenever Hopkins or Ickes or Frances Perkins were mentioned, Dewey ignored the great mass of undecided voters who were listening over the radio and who, while they might be tired of the Roosevelt Administration and ready to concede that it was "time for a change," did not want that change to involve a recession to the kind of "normalcy" which followed the first World War.

During the latter part of October, Hop-

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Get all "DINNER-QUALITY" meat every time!

Swift's Premium Franks

in the flavor-protecting package

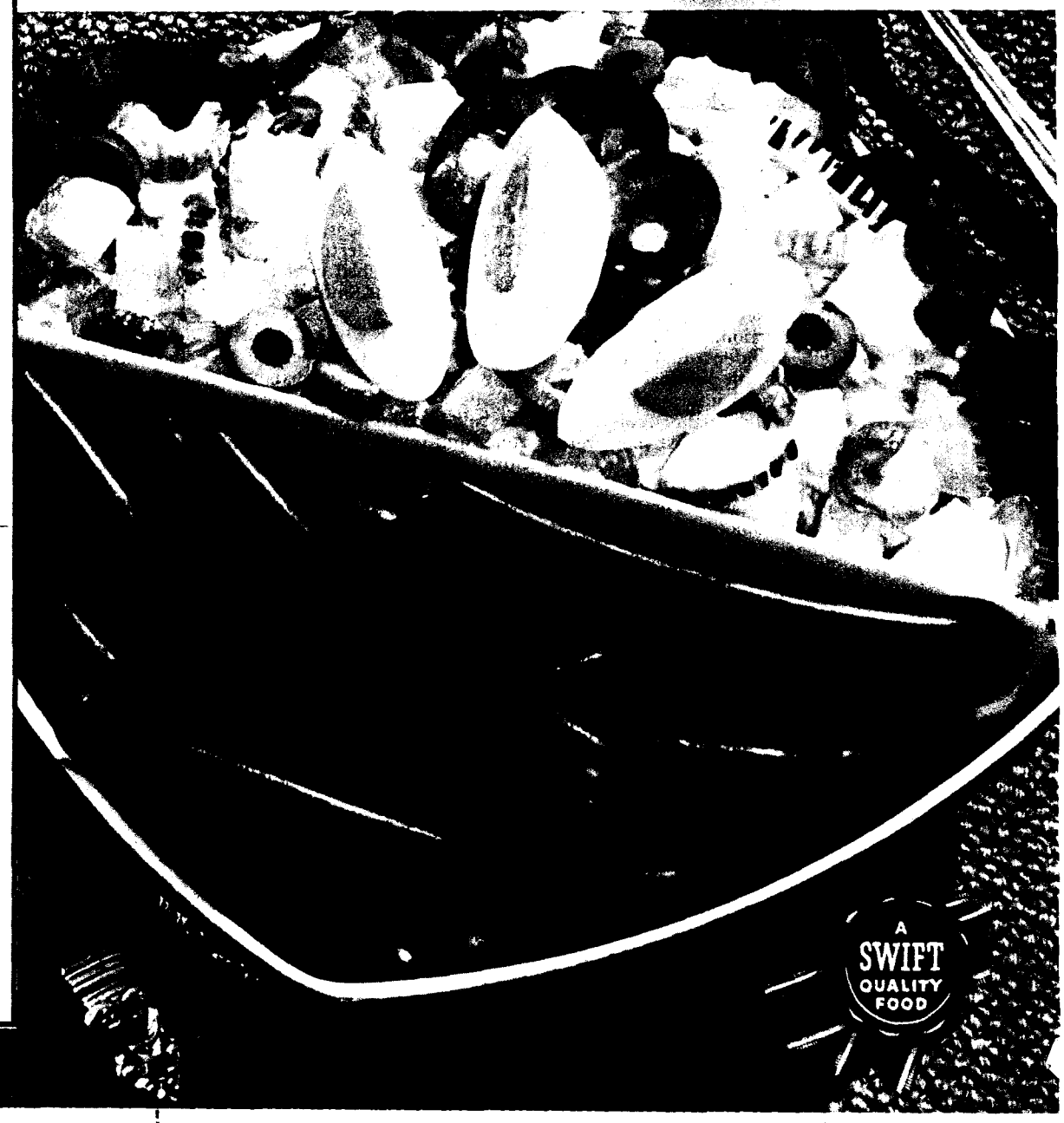
Every luscious link in this sealed, cellophane package is all *nourishment*. For SWIFT'S PREMIUM FRANKS are all "Dinner-Quality" meat. Tender beef and juicy pork! Rich in those high-quality proteins required to keep the legs of "small fry" twinkling. Or the family's "bread-winner" full of zip. Here's an *economical* as well as tasty way to feed your family energy. And packed 8 to 10 to the pound, Swift's plump, tender links are **MADE FRESH DAILY FROM COAST TO COAST.**

Bright idea for a budget-minded belle!

FRANKS AND POTATO SALAD

—Simmer Swift's Premium Franks in water for about 7 minutes; drain, serve with potato salad made like this: to 5 cups cubed, cooked potatoes (8 or 9 med. size) add 1 tsp. salt, ½ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. minced onion, ½ cup chopped cucumber, ¼ cup sliced pimiento olives, 2 chopped hard cooked eggs, 1 tbsp. minced parsley and 1 cup salad dressing. Toss together with a fork and serve in a bed of crisp salad greens.

LISTEN TO ARCHIE ANDREWS ON NBC,
SATURDAYS, 10:30 A.M., NEW YORK TIME



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Smart choice for hearty "he-man" breakfasts and budget-wise dinners. Famous for its "just-right" seasoning. In links or meat for patties.

DELICIOUS BOLOGNA LIKE ALL

SWIFT'S PREMIUM Table-Ready MEATS

is sure to make a hit in lunch-box sandwiches, after-school snacks and late-evening spreads. It's tasty and economical —always keep some on hand!

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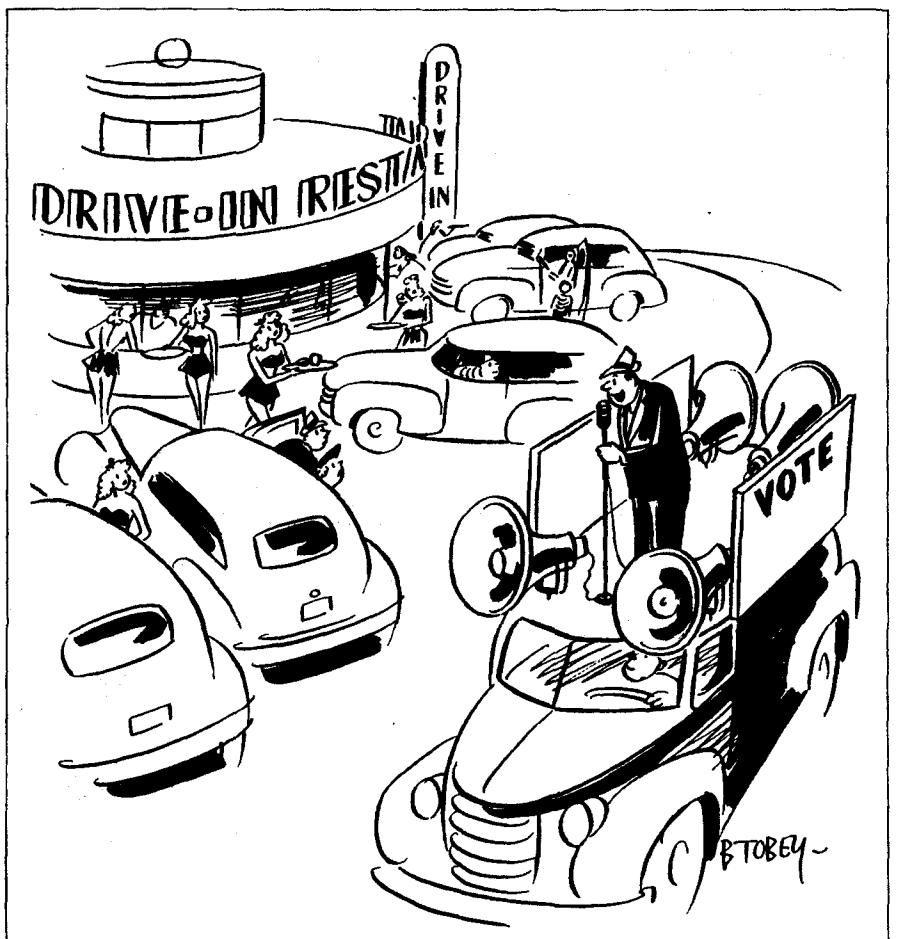

COLLIER'S "Couple of hamburgers and coffee!" BARNEY TOBEY

kins heard from General Marshall the amazing story of how someone, apparently in the armed services, had imparted to Dewey the fact that the United States had broken the Japanese codes before Pearl Harbor, and of Marshall's urgent message to Dewey that the revelation of this fact would be calamitous. Hopkins later wrote of this:

Later that day I repeated this conversation to the President. The President was surprised at the action Marshall had taken but expressed no criticism of that action. He merely stated that he felt confident that Governor Dewey would not, for political purposes, give secret and vital information to the enemy. His only further comments were: "My opponent must be pretty desperate if he is even thinking of using material like this which would be bound to react against him." The President wondered what officer or government official had been so faithless to his country as to give Governor Dewey the information. To the best of my knowledge the government never discovered who gave Governor Dewey this military information.

Rosenman and I had some talks with various Democratic political leaders, who seemed to be greatly alarmed that Dewey was making dangerous progress in his campaign to hang the Communist label on the Roosevelt Administration. There were charges that Roosevelt had secretly begun to sell out to Uncle Joe Stalin at Teheran and that after the war he would complete the process of delivering the American free enterprise system over to Communist control. When we reported these conversations to the President he did not seem greatly disturbed.

He said in his Boston speech: "When any political candidate stands up and says, solemnly, that there is danger that the government of the United States—your government—could be sold out to the Communists—then I say that candidate reveals a shocking lack of trust in America. He reveals a shocking lack of faith in Democracy—in the spiritual strength of our people."

Roosevelt himself was at his most unsolemn in this speech. He poured his own brand of ridicule on his opponent. He said, "Everybody knows that I was reluctant to run for the Presidency again this year. But since the campaign has developed I tell you frankly that I have become most anxious to win." Merriman Smith, the United Press White House correspondent, has written that Roosevelt's attitude toward Dewey was one of "unvarnished contempt"—and I can only add that Smith is a notoriously accurate reporter.

Hopkins later wrote: "The President told me he meant it when he said that this was the meanest campaign of his life. He said he thought they hit him below the belt several times and that it was done quite deliberately and very viciously. He was particularly resentful about the whispering campaign which he believes was a highly organized affair."

Beginnings of Dissension

It is not improbable that one of the factors in restoring Hopkins to his former position with Roosevelt was the Morgenthau Plan episode. Hopkins would have been quick to detect the dangerous implications in the Morgenthau Plan, and Roosevelt realized this and was sorry that he had not taken Hopkins with him to Quebec.

Of far greater importance, however, was an incident early in October in connection with a cable to Churchill which had consequences of very considerable importance. The background of this was as follows:

By October 1st, the Russians had reached the frontiers of Greece and Turkey. British forces had landed in Greece. The question of control over southeastern Europe now presented a problem of pressing urgency and Churchill was naturally so concerned about it that he felt that another Big Three conference must be held without a moment's delay.

Obviously, it was difficult for Roosevelt to embark on a long journey in the midst of a political campaign, but Churchill took the unassailable position that the advancing Russians were not going to wait until the returns were in from South Dakota and Oregon, and he suggested that he and Eden should proceed to Moscow immediately and try to arrive at an understanding in respect to "spheres of influence" in the Balkan area. Hopkins believed that if such a conference were to be held with no American representative present, it would be generally assumed that Churchill had been authorized to speak for Roosevelt.

While Hopkins well knew that there was nothing Roosevelt could do to prevent Churchill and Stalin from discussing any subjects that they pleased, he believed it to be of utmost importance that Roosevelt should make it entirely clear that no decision they might reach would be considered as valid by the United States until these matters could be discussed and settled by the three nations in conference together.

On October 3d Hopkins learned that Roosevelt was dispatching a cable to Churchill with the implication that he was content to let the Prime Minister speak for the United States. The cable was already going out over the wires of the Map Room. Hopkins thereupon took one of the quick and arbitrary actions, far beyond the scope of his own authority, which had gained for him the admiration and affection of Roosevelt ever since the beginnings of the New Deal: He gave orders to the officers on duty in the Map Room that transmission of the President's message to Churchill was to be stopped.

He then went straight to Roosevelt's bedroom—the President was shaving at the time—and told what he had done and the reasons why he had done it. Roosevelt had been thinking about other matters when that cable was drafted, and had been persuaded that the safest course for him to take was to avoid all semblance of American participation or even interest in the Moscow meetings by sending vague messages to Churchill and to Stalin as well. He now listened very attentively to Hopkins and came to the conclusion that a serious mistake had almost been made. He and Hopkins drafted a cable to Harriman instructing him to deliver the following message to Marshal Stalin immediately:

"It had been my hope that no important meeting would be held until you and Mr. Churchill and I could get together but I understand the Prime Minister's wish to confer with you now. There is in this global war literally no question, either military or political, in which the United States is not interested. It is my firm conviction that the solution to still unsolved questions can be found only by the three of us together. Therefore, while I appreciate the necessity for the present meeting, I choose to consider your forthcoming talks with Mr. Churchill merely as preliminary to a conference of the three of us which can take place, so far as I am concerned, any time after our national election.

"Therefore, I am suggesting that Mr. Harriman be present at your forthcoming meetings with Mr. Churchill as an observer for me, if you and Mr. Churchill approve. Of course Mr. Harriman could not commit this government relative to any important matters which, very naturally, may be discussed by you and the Prime Minister . . ."

Roosevelt then instructed Harriman to bear in mind the important fact that there could be *"no subjects that I can anticipate that might be discussed between Stalin and the Prime Minister in which I will not be greatly concerned. It is important that I retain complete freedom of action after this conference is over."* (The italics are mine.) Roosevelt further instructed Harriman to keep Hull and himself informed throughout the conversations and to come home immediately after them to make a full report.

From Installment XVI of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: At the formal dinner after the opening of the Yalta Conference, when the subject of American public opinion came up, Vishinsky remarked to Bohlen (U.S. State Dept.) that "the American people should learn to obey their leaders." Bohlen suggested that Vishinsky visit the U.S. and try to tell that to the people. Vishinsky remarked that "he would be glad to do so."

A False Impression Is Corrected

Stalin expressed his appreciation of the President's message, saying that he had previously been under the impression that Churchill would be authorized to speak for Roosevelt as well as for himself.

Two days before this cable was sent, Cordell Hull left his office in the State Department for the last time. Hull was a very sick man and his life depended on the relinquishing of all the responsibilities of his office. Roosevelt had persuaded him to postpone announcement of his resignation until after Election Day, for obvious reasons, and Hull did so. The question as to who should succeed him was a matter for long and prayerful consideration in the White House.

When it was finally decided that Stettinius should be promoted from Undersecretary to the senior Cabinet post there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Hopkins was largely responsible. As the well-informed Marquis Childs wrote, "Those of his enemies who took satisfaction in counting Hopkins out at the time of his illness after the Teheran Conference will have to guess again. His influence in the Administration is perhaps greater than it ever was."

One of the first public actions taken by Stettinius incurred the furious and vehemently expressed wrath of Winston Churchill. During November there were political crises in three countries, Belgium, Italy and Greece, in all of which the Allied military forces were predominantly British. It seemed that Britain was backing the more conservative elements in these countries as opposed to the liberals or leftists who had been the most aggressive in resistance to the Nazis and Fascists. It appeared that Churchill's well-known predilection for constitutional monarchy was dictating policies which were against the people's will.

In Greece, from which the Germans had been ejected only within the past few weeks, it was the belief of American observers that there was little popular enthusiasm for the return of King George. The situation in all three countries was immeasurably complicated by the fact that battle fronts existed in each (in the case of Belgium, they were just beyond her frontiers) so that all were military zones of communication where law and order must be enforced by whatever instruments were at hand for the purpose; but American liberal opinion had already heard too much of this explanation in connection with the various "temporary expediency" arrangements.

When Stettinius announced his first appointments on the Assistant Secretary level, anguished cries were raised that the State Department had been shaken up only to emerge more reactionary than ever. Hopkins was given a large share of responsibility for the new appointments and suddenly found himself in the unaccustomed position of being criticized as a convert to Toryism.

At this same time, in late November, the crisis became acute in Italy. In the attempt to form a new Cabinet, Count Carlo Sforza was a leading spokesman

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"Hm-m-m... so

Mrs. Blandings Builds a Dream Kitchen...eh?"

Hm-m-m. After learning the hard way how to build a house, I'm glad Mrs. Blandings took over the job of planning the kitchen. Let's see how she made out...

Cary Grant and Myrna Loy as Mr. and Mrs. Blandings in R.K.O.'s Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—*a Selznick release*

1. **Mr. Blandings**: Hello, Dear, what are you dreaming up for dinner in this bright little workshop?

Mrs. Blandings: See for yourself, Nosey. But the best part of the dream is the way my *"Unseen Friend"* lends a hand.

Mr. B: Your *"Unseen Friend?"* Who do you mean ... anybody *I* know?

Mrs. B: Of course it is. Our *"Unseen Friend"* is *Nickel*—the wonderful metal that's in these shining Stainless Steel pots and pans... and in the Inconel cooking surfaces of the electric range.

Mr. B: Well, "live and learn," I always say... Will wonders never cease?

Mrs. B: Not with our *"Unseen Friend"* around.

2. **Mr. Blandings**: Well, tell me where your metallic *Friend* is in *this* contraption?

Mrs. Blandings: That's not a contraption, Stupid... that's a clothes washer. It will keep your precious shirts so white they'll make *you* look like you've been under a sun lamp! And no rust stains.

Mr. B: But *where* does our *"Friend"* come in?

Mrs. B: The Nickel is in the basement... in the Monel water heater tank. Monel is rust-proof, you know... keeps the water so clean and free of rust you can drink it.

Mr. B: By all means let's drink a glass to your invisible crony!

3. **Mr. Blandings**: Now don't tell me... I suppose your little pal is lurking in this gadget too? By the way, Dear, what is it... a spare bathtub?

Mrs. Blandings: Don't be silly... that's the electric dishwasher... and will *you* be glad next time I want you to dry the dishes! Because, after they're washed clean with really hot water, they *dry themselves*... while *you* read your paper.

Mr. B: And I suppose our *"Unseen Friend"* Nickel is ready to leap into action at the drop of a plate. But, say, tell me one thing. Why do they call it *"Your Unseen Friend"?*

Mrs. B: Because it lends a friendly hand in so many things we use every day.

INCO: *Thats' right, Mr. Blandings, over a hundred things right here in your own kitchen! But the Nickel is usually combined with other metals, so you very seldom really see it...*

Mr. and Mrs. B. together: And *that's* why Nickel is called *"Your Unseen Friend"!*

The interesting story of Nickel, from ancient discovery to modern-day use, is told in an illustrated 60-page booklet, "The Romance of Nickel." Write for your free copy today. Address Dept. 202X.

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EMBLEM OF SERVICE
INCO TRADE MARK
Nickel
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of the parties to the left. Sforza was well known and greatly respected in the United States, where he had spent many years of exile, as an unflagging enemy of Fascism. He had strongly opposed the retention of the House of Savoy in the new Italy and had criticized State Department policy on numerous occasions.

(The State Department's memorandum on the proposed plan for Allied military government in Italy had provided that "Italian political leaders in exile should have no part in the operations or administration." This dictum, which would seem to have applied primarily to Sforza, was amended by Roosevelt and Hopkins to provide that such exiled leaders should have no part in the operation "in its initial stages," with the rest of the remarks struck out.)

The British embassy in Rome intervened in the Cabinet crisis to the extent of letting it be known that His Majesty's government would not give its approval to any Italian Cabinet in which Sforza held a prominent post. With this, the American liberal hue and cry became really intense and it was assumed that the British government was making these antidemocratic moves with the blessings of the United States government. Stettinius was now beginning to realize how Hull had felt under comparable fire. Roosevelt was away in Warm Springs for a rest and was not, I believe, paying a great deal of attention to the situation.

Outlining U.S. Policy for Italy

On December 5th, Stettinius issued a public statement saying:

The position of this government has consistently been that the composition of the Italian government is purely an Italian affair except in the case of appointments where important military factors are concerned. This government has not in any way intimated to the Italian government that there would be any opposition on its part to Count Sforza. Since Italy is an area of combined responsibility, we have reaffirmed to both the British and Italian governments that we expected the Italians to work out their problems of government along democratic lines without influence from outside.

He added, "This policy would apply in an even more pronounced degree with regard to governments of the United Nations in their liberated territories." This last was sharply aggravating to Churchill, for it applied obviously to Belgium and even more so to Greece, which was by now becoming the hottest spot of all. The embattled Prime Minister thereupon dispatched a cable to Roosevelt which may well have been the most violent outburst of rage in all of their historic correspondence. Churchill said he would undoubtedly have to make a statement to the House of Commons in view of the Stettinius statement and he would try to keep his remarks free from the "acerbity" that the new Secretary of State had displayed in his public language.

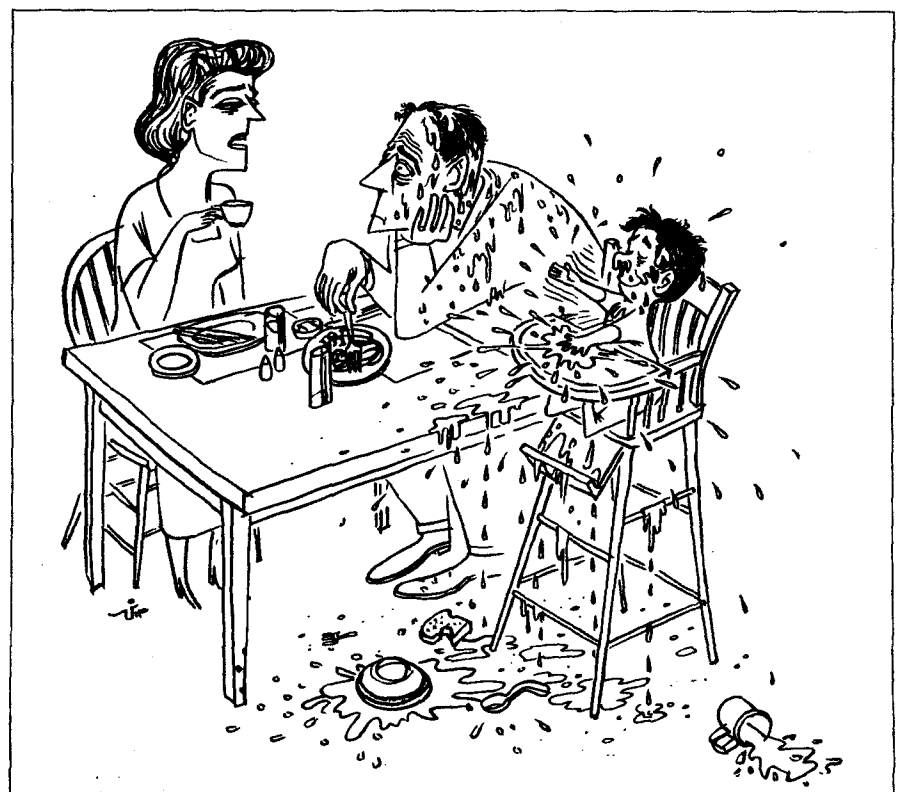
It is quite possible that Churchill would have been compelled to discuss these subjects before the House even if Stettinius had said nothing, for a debate was precipitated by an amendment regretting British intervention in Greece and in other parts of liberated Europe. During this debate, Churchill made several references directly and indirectly to American opinion. He said:

"Poor old England! We have to assume the burden of the most thankless tasks, and in undertaking them to be scoffed at, criticized and opposed from every quarter; but at least we know where we are making for, know the end of the road, know what is our objective . . .

"We have not attempted to put our veto on the appointment of Count Sforza. If tomorrow the Italians were to make him Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary, we have no power to stop it, except with the agreement of the Allies. All that we should have to say about it is that we do not trust the man, we do not think he is a true and trustworthy man, nor do we put the slightest confidence in any government of which he is a dominating member. I think we should have to put a great deal of responsibility for what might happen on those who called him to power."

The situation in Greece was indeed ugly. American public opinion was not too well informed as to the merits of this complicated situation; all that was apparent on the surface was that British troops, engaged in the task of "liberation," were killing Greek patriots who had fought the Nazis, and it was even possible that the British were using American Lend-Lease weapons for this purpose.

Although there were no American troops involved, units of the Mediterranean Fleet of the U.S. Navy had been operating under British command, aiding in the transport service to Greece. This led to an incident which Hopkins described as follows:



COLLIER'S "George, you've hardly touched your food" VIRGIL PARTCH

On Saturday night, December 9, 1944, at about 7 P.M. the White House operator told me that "John Martin" was calling me on the overseas phone. This is the name the Prime Minister uses in his telephone calls.

The connection was very bad and I could not, therefore, know what the Prime Minister was talking about. He sounded as though he were very angry and stirred up about something and wanted me to do something about it. I got the words "Greece" and "Halifax" . . .

I then tried to get Halifax on the phone but could not reach him.

On Sunday morning I went to the Map Room and saw in the morning news summary a sentence that Admiral King had ordered Admiral Hewitt, our American commander of the Mediterranean Fleet, not to permit any American LSTs to be used to transfer supplies to Greece. King's actual cable was not available.

I went to see Admiral Leahy about this and told him that I thought . . . King was getting into the political arena and that we would undoubtedly hear from the British about it. I told him, furthermore, that I felt that, while we should keep our troops out of Greece and let the British do the policing, withdrawing the LSTs was like walking out on a member of your family who is in trouble . . . I told him I thought Admiral King should withdraw his order and, if Admiral King or the Joint Chiefs of Staff thought that such an order should be issued, the recommendation should be made to the President and that he should make the decision because it was in the political sphere . . .

While I was with Leahy he telephoned Admiral King and . . . suggested . . . that he withdraw the order. King readily agreed and did so.

Churchill expressed his warm appreciation of Hopkins' timely and effective action and said that he had canceled the message that he had prepared for dispatch to the President.

A Typical Churchill Gesture

It remained for Churchill to take the one dramatic and thoroughly characteristic action which could convert criticism into applause. With fine contempt for his advanced age (he had now passed his seventieth birthday) and for the risks both political and physical that were involved, he suddenly boarded an airplane and flew to Athens on Christmas Day, taking Eden with him. He thereby brought an end to hostilities and established a temporary regency under Archbishop Damaskinos, obtaining from King George the assurance that he would not attempt to return to the country "unless summoned by a free and fair expression of the national will." That ended the Greek crisis for the time being.

Hopkins wrote the following on the genesis of the Yalta Conference:

As early as the middle of September, 1944, the President was contemplating a second conference with Stalin and Churchill . . .

By this time we had agreed upon our full-out and final assault on the German citadel and yet there were no firm agreements as to what was to be done with Germany once she was defeated . . .

On the political side there was no agreement as to reparations against Germany . . . there was no agreement as to zones; nothing as to whether or not we were going to encourage or discourage a central German government or, indeed in what way the Allies were going to utilize German machinery . . . The earmarks of trouble in Poland were already obvious . . . Our whole policy toward the Far East needed a thoroughgoing understanding, particularly so far as the Soviet Union was concerned . . . France wanted to have a full part in world affairs and the decision on this point, if not made at an early date, would cause endless troubles.

Furthermore, there was the hangover of the Dumbarton Oaks United Nations Conference. The voting procedure had not been settled . . . I told the President . . . that there was not a chance of getting Stalin out of Russia . . . in the light of the military situation on Germany's eastern front and that if he did not look out we would wind up with a lot of . . . irritating cables back and forth getting exactly nowhere and that we might as well make up our minds first as last to go to some convenient point in Russia—preferably in the Crimea . . .

As soon as the election had taken place I saw Gromyko, the Russian ambassador, and told him that we wanted to arrange the conference. Gromyko said that he knew Stalin was prepared for the conference but that he doubted that he could leave Russia . . . I asked Gromyko whether there was any place in the Crimea at which it was fit to hold a conference and he said he was sure there was. A couple of weeks later the President got a message from Stalin saying he understood the President was willing to go to the Crimea and suggesting Yalta as a desirable place.

All of the President's close advisers were opposed to his going to Russia; most did not like or trust the Russians anyway and could not understand why the President of the United States should cart himself all over the world to meet Stalin. This argument carried no weight with me. The all-important thing was to get the meeting . . .

On Sunday, January 21st, Hopkins took off for London in The Sacred Cow. It had been decided that he should spend two or three days with Churchill in an attempt to promote a more amiable mood prior to the gathering at Yalta.

Hopkins wrote no notes during his short stay in London, but he reported later that his host was no less "volcanic" than he had expected.

Hopkins was joined in Naples by Stettinius and they flew together to Malta to await the President's arrival. Hopkins by now was quite ill.

Chiefs of Staff in Hot Dispute

The Combined Chiefs of Staff had been meeting at Malta—and had been engaged in the most violent disputes of the entire war. The point at issue was the selection of a strategic plan for the final knockout blow against Germany. One plan was advanced by the British Chiefs, another by Eisenhower; the latter was not present, but he was vehemently represented by Walter Bedell Smith.

The arguments reached such a point that Marshall, ordinarily one of the most restrained and soft-spoken of men, announced that if the British plan were approved by the Prime Minister and President, he would recommend to Eisenhower that he had no choice but to ask to be relieved of his command. The issue was settled by the Combined Chiefs in Eisenhower's favor without need for reference to higher authority, and the plan was followed which ended three months later in junction with the Russians and Germany's surrender.

On February 2d, Roosevelt arrived in the Grand Harbor of Valletta on the Quincy.

The night of February 2d–3d was a busy one at the Luqa airfield at Malta, which had been for so many years a prime target for German and Italian bombs. Transport planes were taking off at ten-minute intervals from 11:30 P.M. to dawn to carry some 700 people, including the President and the Prime Minister, 1400 miles across the Aegean and Anatolia and the Black Sea to Saki airfield in the Crimea.

(Next week: The "secret agreements" made at Yalta.)

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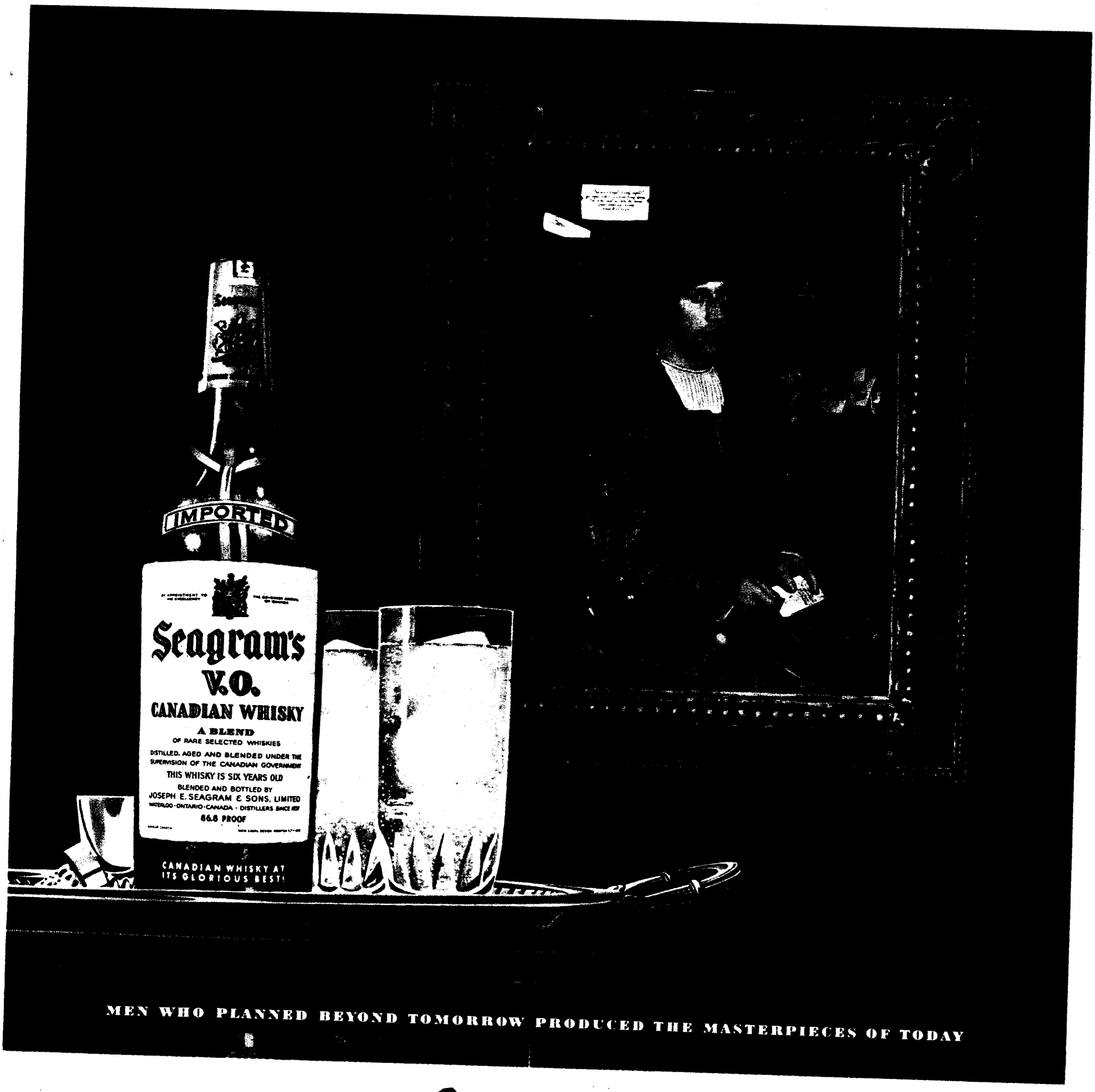
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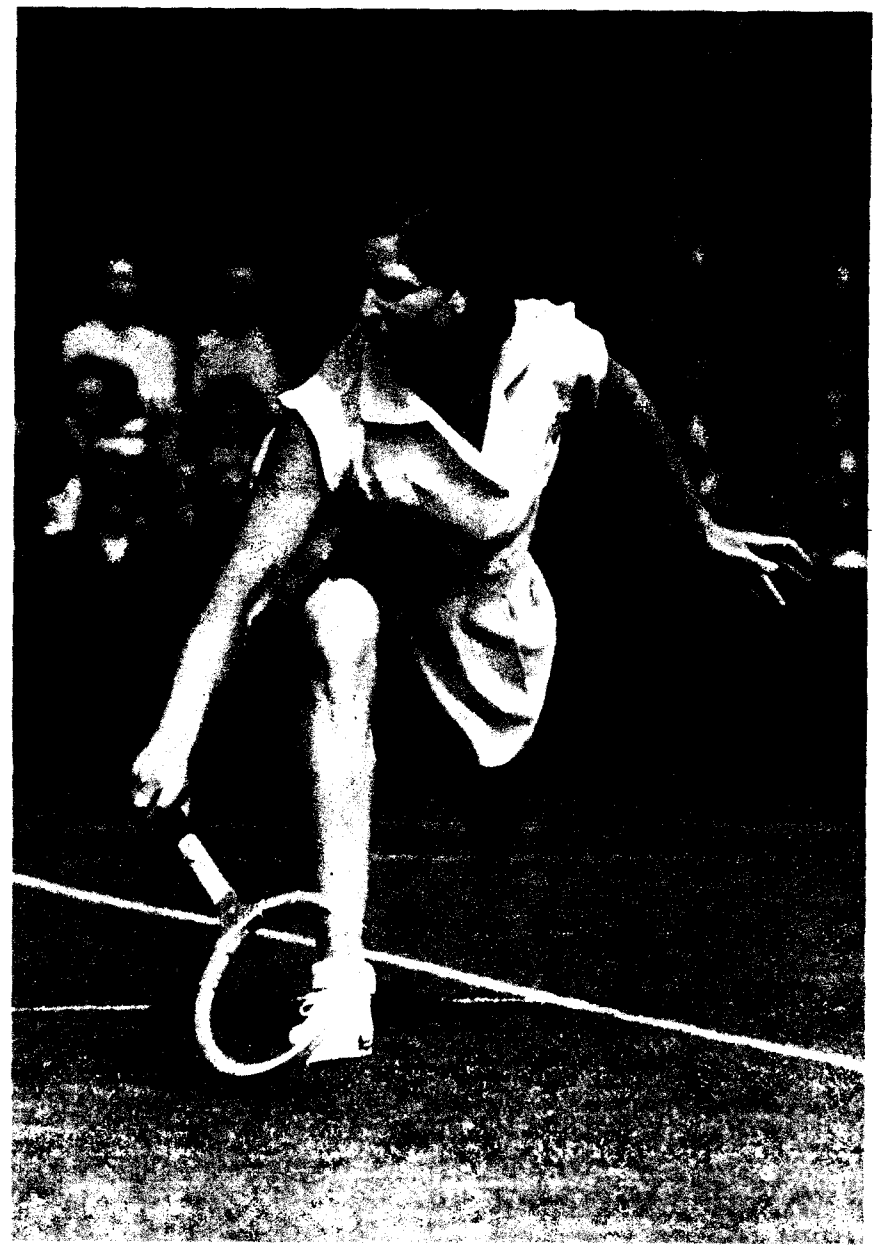

ACME

The friendship of Louise Brough and Margaret Osborne DuPont is almost unprecedented for women tennis rivals. They are companions off the court and have dominated the women's doubles since 1942. These pictures show Louise, left, and Margaret, right, at Wimbledon, where Louise won the women's singles

THE RACKET SISTERS

BY BILL FAY

DARKNESS halted the semi-final match between Louise Brough and Nancye Bolton of Australia at Forest Hills last September. The replay of the incomplete third set was scheduled for the following morning—with the winner to meet Margaret Osborne DuPont for the national championship in the afternoon.

The decision produced a laundry crisis. When Louise awoke next morning, she discovered her tennis wardrobe had dwindled to two dresses—both of them wrinkled and unpressed. "I'll be darned if I feel like starting the day over a hot ironing board," Louise complained.

"Take a shower," roommate Margaret Osborne DuPont ordered. "I'll run an iron over them. It'll even things up for this afternoon."

So Margaret pressed Louise's dresses, and Louise beat Nancye Bolton, and then Louise beat Margaret for the title. Louise also ate most of Margaret's raisins (tucked away in a small bag beneath the umpire's chair), but Louise didn't say a word to Margaret all afternoon—not even thanks for the raisins.

"We never speak on court," Louise explains, "and we were so tired after the last point we just shook hands—didn't have a chance to talk things over until we went back to the room for a shower before dinner."

Louise and Margaret started taking in each other's washing and ironing, and winning tennis titles, in 1942 when Sarah Cooke (Margaret's partner) retired temporarily. They've dominated women's doubles ever since while battling for the big prize—the world's No. 1 singles ranking. This year, Louise came through, winning the women's singles at Wimbledon. Then she and Margaret took the women's doubles. Oddly enough, despite their competition in the singles, they've remained friends—an almost unprecedented accomplishment for feminine tennis rivals. In a similar situation, Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs got along like Westbrook Pegler and Henry Wallace.

"For one thing," Margaret says, "we never practice together. That restricts our competition to tournaments and we've just about broken even in 30 matches over six years. If we played two or three times a week, we might get on each other's nerves. Another thing, we both concentrate well, which means, in a sense, that we play the ball rather than each other."

"That's right," Louise agrees. "When I'm hitting well, I'm concentrating on the ball—how it's spinning and what angle it's coming from—not on who's hitting it. Our singles matches are almost impersonal. The doubles are something else. We often talk things over and give ourselves pep talks on big points."

The friendship carries over to their families. Margaret lived in San Francisco and spent many winter week ends with the Brough family in Beverly Hills. When Louise and Margaret battled last September, Louise's mother and grandmother followed the match on the radio.

During the decisive third set, a neighbor who stopped by suggested:

"Maybe we ought to say a little prayer for Louise."

"We will not," Grandmother Brough declared. "When Margaret plays Louise, we're neutral."

BASEBALL'S PREP SCHOOL

The first American Legion baseball tournament—held during the 1926 convention at Philadelphia—was almost the last. The final-round opponents, from Springfield, Ohio; El Dorado, Kansas; Pocatello, Idaho; and Yonkers, New York, could not find hotel space. Finally, tournament chairman Dan Sowers lodged the youngsters in Marine barracks.

Yonkers won the title before 90,000 empty seats in Municipal Stadium. "If we ever hold another tournament," Sowers declared, "the finals won't be a part of the convention. The dele-

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gates don't seem to be baseball-minded."

Tom Shibe, then president of the Athletics, gave a dinner for the winning team. Commissioner Landis attended. So did John Heydler, president of the National League. Sowers cornered them and said, "This could be a great tournament for the kids and for baseball, but we need help. How about it?"

Nothing happened. There was no tournament in 1927. Finally, late in December, Sowers received a telegram from Landis: PLEASE ATTEND MAJOR LEAGUE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL MEETING FEB. 14TH.

At the meeting, Sowers outlined the Legion program in a five-minute chat with Landis, Heydler, Ernest Barnard and Leslie O'Connor. When Dan finished, Barnard said, "Mr. Commissioner, I move we underwrite this program for this year to the extent of $50,000."

Heydler said, "Mr. Commissioner, I second the motion."

Landis said, "In all of which the commissioner concurs."

That's all there was to it. That $50,000 was the best investment major-league baseball ever made. Sowers estimates more than 1,000,000 youngsters tried out for the 13,000 teams which competed in the 1948 tournament. "That means," Dan says, "that more youngsters in the 12- to 17-year age bracket are playing ball every year. It's reflected in major-league box scores. We had 113 Legion graduates in the American League last year and 91 in the National. Pretty soon, 90 per cent of your big leaguers will be Legion graduates."

The list of major-league legionnaires reads like Baseball's Who's Who: Ted Williams, Hal Newhouser, Bob Feller, Pee Wee Reese, Dom DiMaggio, Lou Boudreau, Joe Gordon, Ferris Fain, Buddy Rosar, Bob Dillinger, George Kell, Harry Brecheen, Warren Spahn, Johnny VanderMeer, Phil Cavarretta, Bobby Doerr, Wally Westlake, Harry Walker, Ralph Kiner.

Judge Landis really started something with seven words: "In all of which the commissioner concurs."

CHESTY PEPPER

Pepper Martin, the old St. Louis Cardinal who played third base with his chest, joined the faculty of Branch Rickey's Brooklyn baseball college at Vero Beach, Florida, last spring. Pepper's roommate was Carl Voyles, coach of Rickey's pro football team in the All America Conference.

"We've got a couple hundred kids down here," Voyles told Pepper. "Some of them will never make the grade in baseball, but they've played college football. I'm going to look them over—might be able to use them in the fall."

"Count me in," Pepper declared. "I used to play some football."

Carl thought the 44-year-old Martin was joking, but Pepper was serious. During the touch scrimmage after batting practice, Pepper grabbed a pass and ran away from the 20-year-old safety man.

"Where did you play football?" Voyles asked.

"Carver Chiropractic College," Pepper replied. "It was in Oklahoma City. You didn't have to go there to play on the team. I didn't go there."

"Any other experience?"

"A season at halfback for Hominy, Oklahoma, an all-Indian team. Course, I wasn't no Indian."

Next morning, Voyles tested Pepper's place-kicking on the local high-school field. Pepper booted 14 straight—moving back gradually from the 10-yard line and didn't miss until he was on the 35.

Impressed, Voyles went to Rickey and said, "I'd like to put Pepper on the football team—just to kick extra points."

"You can have him," Rickey said, "but keep him out of the scrimmages. Somebody might run into his chest and get hurt."

Rickey was thinking back to the days when Pepper was the roughest and toughest of the Cardinals' Gashouse Gang. Nobody ever broke up more double plays with less finesse than Pepper. He just knocked down the shortstop or the second baseman—whichever was unlucky enough to be making the pivot throw.

"So that was it," Rickey mused. "All the years I was general manager at St. Louis I wondered where Pepper learned that battering-ram base-running technique. I checked his record all the way back to Greenville in the East Texas League and never found out. And all the time Pepper was practicing the downfield blocking he learned at dear old Carver Chiropractic."

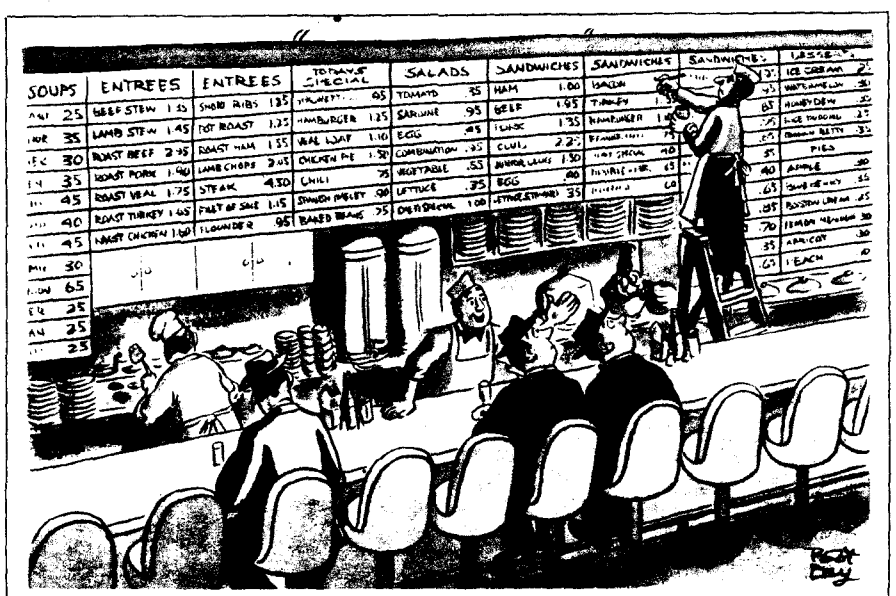
THIRD-HOLE ASSIST

Fred Daly of Council Bluffs got off to a spectacular start in the recent Iowa amateur golf tournament. Fred's tee shot on the 188-yard third hole at Okoboji stopped 18 inches from the pin. As Fred walked toward the green, a wild slice from the fifth fairway landed on his ball—and sent it rolling into the cup for a hole in one!

THERE'S GOLD IN THAT LEAD

The 2,000 trapshooters who compete in the Grand American at Vandalia fire approximately 1,500,000 shells. The 1⅛ ounces of lead in each shot scatter from 100 to 300 yards in front of the traps. It is mined and sold for 20 cents a pound—approximately $15,000 annually.

THE END



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

vacation and out doing the hot spots in his admiring father's high-powered car, with his pal and a couple of girls and three beers each under the belts.

R. H. POWEL, Vancouver, B. C.

. . . I nominate elderly drivers. To narrow it down to The Most Dangerous I nominate any elderly woman driver.

C. R. EVANS, Hollywood, Cal.

. . . I would like to nominate the person who goes to sleep while driving a car.

MRS. W. H. POYSER, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . So long as any dummy can get a driver's license, all of the undertakers will continue to get rich. Gasoline simply does not come with intelligence and character distilled into it.

GALEN STARR ROSS, Pres. Capitol College, Columbus, Ohio

KINGS—OR BETTER

GENTLEMEN: It was with pain and shock that I read Igor Cassini's Royalty under Wraps (July 24th).

Mr. Cassini obviously suffers from an inadequate comprehension of the figures, facts and fancies which have so gloriously perpetuated the institution of monarchy throughout the world, through centuries of storm and strife.

A loyal subject to the crown,

JAMES VON REINHOLD JAMESSON, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

. . . Glad to see the system of royalty decay. I'm all for removing the kings and queens from playing-card decks and substituting Mr. & Mrs. Commoner. . . .

FRED BRADY, Utica, N. Y.

. . . I wish the out-of-work kings and queens would come to this country and open schools to train servants and teach manners to boorish Americans. . . .

JACK VAN NURK, Boston, Mass.

. . . Kings out of work? When did they ever? GEORGE RADE, Stamford, Conn.

THE SIN IN SYNTAX

DEAR SIR: Mr. James C. Prindiville, Salem, Oregon, is irked because, he says, of a "grammatical error." (The Week's Mail, July 24th.) May I inquire since when has an error in grammar become grammatical?

DONALD DAVIS, Washington, D. C.

Did Reader Prindiville mean an ungrammatical accuracy?

CLAMOCRACY

EDITOR COLLIER'S: The editorial We Need Labor Statesmen (July 17th) offers an attractive idea but it is much like wishing for dry water or cool heat.

The labor leader, like Ol' Man River, plants no taters; he has only discontent to sell, can follow but one course. Ultimately, the labor leader will find his ignoble end in the wreckage of the American system.

There is no longer anyone in our government with the guts to say no to a powerful labor leader.

If we ever were a democracy that day is past. Clamocracy is a better word; the louder and more obnoxious the clamor set up by a self-serving group the greater is the certainty it will be given what it demands. This extends beyond the labor group to include farmers, veterans and others.

G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

COMES THE REVOLUTION

GENTLEMEN: We are in grave danger of an outright dictatorship under a Lewis, a Tobin, a Murray, a Green, or whoever. Labor has the strength. Pogroms of the old world were child's play compared to what we are in for, once the pent-up hatreds are unleashed, in this land "where it couldn't happen."

G. P. STOKES, Corona, Cal.

HOPKINS

DEAR EDITOR: We happen to read so many accusations, unfounded ones, against that dead man in Hyde Park that we sometimes wonder the sunspots are not called his fault. When reading The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins in Collier's I have a feeling that they are a good antidote for those accusations.

DR. JULIUS HEINE, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MAN'S BUGS!

DEAR SIRS: I pasted a copy of Ted Shane's advice on summer pests, etc. (Inhuman Nature, July 10th) in my valise before going on vacation and submit my report. On arrival at Lake Wogapotapeechie I sprayed DDT on the window screens as directed. The mosquitoes were so big they swarmed in and ate out the screens, drank up all the DDT and read the article to see what to look out for. The DDT began to take effect, and the next thing I knew they had found my stock of fly swatters and chased me out of the place with them. . . .

Shane's poison-ivy remedies sounded like so much hogwash (which I have also tried for ivy without result) so I took my hikes on stilts for the entire two weeks. Luckily the vacation ended just in time. Ivy was climbing up the stilts, on which termites were working too. They'd have gotten me in a day or two.

One day a flock of chiggers drove me back to my room to read the article's advice about them. The mosquitoes had finished the article. I draw no conclusions but the next day there were a lot of dead mosquitoes around the room.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, New York, N. Y.

MALE FANCY

DEAR EDITOR: My husband thinks people who write letters to the editor are "crackpots."

ROSEMARY DAVIS, San Bruno, Cal.

Ah! A weak male, eh?

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

DEAR SIR: I wish to corroborate what Ashton Reid (Hero on Horseback, July 24th) has to say about children using Roy Rogers as an example.

Last week, our neighborhood children, 12 in all, age range from 3 to 12, put on their annual back-yard show. Their stellar attraction—Roy Rogers and Trigger. The show was a big success. The children raised $4.00, which they donated to the Crusade for Children.

I'm enclosing a snapshot of their star. What a contrast to your picture illustrating the article in your magazine!

MRS. ESTHER G. SANDERS, Fresno, Cal.

Cast: Ty Jacobson, 10, as Roy; Susan and Robert Hurley, Jr, 8 and 9, as Trigger.

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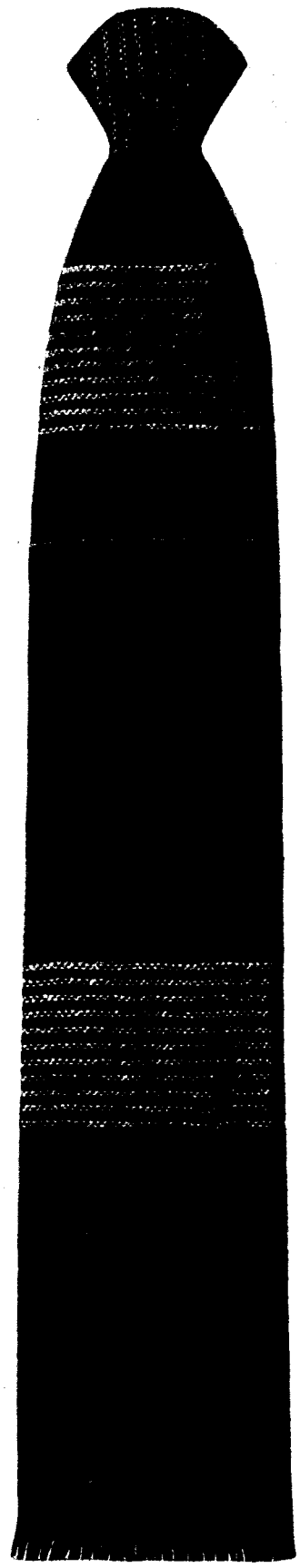

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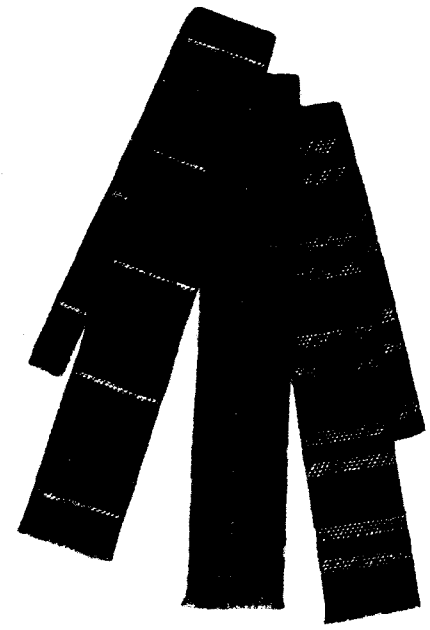

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Wears... and Wears ...and Wears

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SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

Continued from page 25

I had always felt that I was missing something you couldn't find on the IRT or the el or at the local Loew's. I had always thought that there was something rather special about small-town life and small-town girls.

"I'm sorry you're unwelcome to Aunt Hattie," the girl said. "I just don't dare ask you to lunch. But, anyhow, I'll be seeing you at the dance."

John Mills returned then. He met my eyes, shrugged. "No use, Mr. Mason. She just won't talk to you."

"There are ways to get around Aunt Hattie," Ginny Perkins said. "You can't just meet her head on. The thing to do is to meet her casually, when she doesn't know who you are, and then work into it."

"Sure," said John Mills. "But where is he going to meet her casually?"

"Oh, anyplace," said Ginny. "In church, or at the drugstore, or maybe at the bingo game at the firehouse tonight. Aunt Hattie and I are going."

I looked into her blue eyes. "Bingo?" I said. "That's for me. I'll be there."

"But remember," she said, "if you do come, don't wear that button."

I walked to the car with John Mills, and as we drove away Ginny Perkins was standing by the garden gate.

"Well," said John Mills. "I couldn't get anywhere with Miss Hattie myself."

"That's too bad," I said. "But there's no juicy item in Miss Hattie."

"I'm not so sure," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I couldn't get anything out of her," he said. "But I did make mention of the big blowout Wednesday. You know, this town is going to be crowded, Mr. Mason. The chamber of commerce has asked the homeowners to let out their spare rooms, and most of 'em are doing it, even Miss Hattie. You know who came around to see her about taking somebody in?"

"Who?"

"Melvin Fisher," John Mills said, and pressed his lips together. "And you know who that somebody is?"

I groaned. "You don't mean Clyde McDonald?"

"That's right," he said. "Clyde McDonald."

AS I set off to the bingo game at the firehouse that night to worm myself into Miss Harriet Perkins' good graces, there was a telegram in my pocket from Bill Evers that said: Awaiting word. I had not answered it, for how could I?

There was no mistaking the firehouse. It was on a side street, opening off the highway, and floodlights shone on the red apparatus drawn up outside the door, polished bright for the occasion. A big sign said: Bingo Tonight. Benefit Hydetown Vol. F.D.

Ginny had left her handbag on the wooden bench beside her to hold a seat. I approached and said, "Excuse me, miss. Is this seat taken?"

"Yes," a voice said quickly. "You can see it's taken."

It was my first sight of Harriet Perkins, and I was surprised by what I saw. I had expected a tiny, brittle woman, but Miss Hattie was quite fat, with that shapeless, voluminous obesity which disguises almost all trace of the human figure. Her face was thinner than would be expected, and her nose sharp.

"Aunt Hattie, I doubt if Mr. Mills is coming," Ginny Perkins said, and picked up her handbag. She said to me, "We were saving this seat for a friend, but you may as well sit here until he comes."

I said, "Thank you, miss," and stepped over the bench to sit beside her. A fireman appeared at my elbow and said, "How many? Dime apiece. Three for a quarter."

"I'll take three," I said. I pulled out a handful of change, paid him a quarter, and dropped the change in a pile on the table.

"I hope I have some luck tonight," Miss Hattie's thin voice said, in a whispering tone that excluded me. "Every time they have something I want I don't have any luck."

"You'll have luck, Aunt Hattie," the girl said. "I just know you'll win that reading lamp."

On a table against the wall the prizes were arrayed, in different categories. If you won a game of bingo you received a ticket. Some prizes were awarded for one ticket, but others required two, and even three. I spotted the reading lamp in the three-ticket category.

The wheel was spinning, and I dropped a kidney bean on two of my cards on the first number called. Miss Hattie's fingers

kept rolling a bean over and over and she stared fixedly at her card. I said conversationally, "Pretty good crowd tonight."

"Sh," said Miss Hattie, and Ginny's elbow nudged my ribs.

I sat silent, trying to think of a conversational gambit and keep track of my three cards at the same time, and suddenly Ginny called out, "Bingo!"

Miss Hattie turned her head quickly and said, "Oh, fine."

"Not me," said Ginny. "Him."

I looked at my card and saw I had bingo. A fireman attendant took the card, called the numbers aloud for checking, and gave me a winner's ticket.

"I only had two numbers covered," Miss Hattie said. "That's lucky, winning the first time."

"I guess this is my lucky night," I said. "I was taking a walk and saw the firehouse all lighted up, so I stopped in. Glad I did."

"Visiting our town?" Miss Hattie asked.

"Just passing through," I said. "It's a nice town."

"Selling?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, indeed."

Miss Hattie nodded, as if she had me pigeonholed in a commonplace corner, then she said quickly, "Sh. Here we go again."

We all bent to our cards as a fireman spun the wheel and called the numbers. This time I kept careful track and the same card won a second time. I shouted, "Bingo!"

Miss Hattie turned her head, and the lines around her eyes had tightened up. She shifted her bulk on the hard bench and said, "My goodness."

The fireman checked the card, gave me another ticket.

"I never saw such luck," said Miss Hattie, wooden-faced. "I was about to go bingo myself."

"You were awfully close," Ginny said.

"I must have the lucky card," I said. "I won each time with the same card." I dropped it in front of Miss Hattie. "Want to trade?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that."

"Go ahead," I said. "I've won twice already. That's enough for me."

Miss Hattie passed her card over and took mine, saying, "Well, that's mighty nice of you. It is, indeed. You know what I'm going to do, Ginny? I'm going to make a little mark on the back of this one, so we can find it next time."

She marked an X on the back of the card and reversed it hastily when the man began calling numbers again. She immediately snatched a bean and whispered excitedly, "I've got that number!"

"That *is* the lucky card, Aunt Hattie," Ginny said.

"In the N," the fireman called. "Number 37."

Miss Hattie squealed. "N-37. I have that, too."

I also had the number, and put down a bean.

"In the N," the fireman called. "Number 96."

"N-96," Miss Hattie cried. "I've got N-96!" She gave me a quick smile.

The next number was G-24, which I had, then I-9, and I also had that one. Two more numbers were called before Miss Hattie put another bean on her card. She was exultant; she needed only one number to win.

The next number was B-8. I put a bean on the number and saw I had a line of beans across the top of the card. I had bingo. I sat looking at the row of beans as the next number was called, then a friendly voice said over my shoulder. "Say, you've got bingo. Speak up."

I looked up into the eyes of the fireman, sighed, and called out, "Bingo!"

Miss Hattie let a bean fall from her hand, and I actually heard the sound when it struck the tabletop. It was her card I had won with, the card I had traded her. I was unable to meet her eyes.

"Well," Miss Hattie said in a strained tone. "That's remarkable. I never heard of anybody winning three times."

"It was your card," I said. "You won it, really. Won't you take the ticket?"

"Certainly not," she said firmly.

"I feel awful about this," I said. "I had already won twice. Please take it."

"No, I couldn't," Miss Hattie said.

THERE was a dead silence, during which the attendant collected for the next game. Miss Hattie sat stiffly, looking at her card, and I knew how she felt, like a man at the track who had been touted off the favorite and watched his first choice win going away.

The first number called appeared on two of my cards, but I did not cover the spaces with beans; I was afraid I might win again. When someone on the far side of the firehouse had bingo, I picked up my three tickets, went to the prize table, and claimed the reading lamp.

Miss Hattie was watching me. When I turned, with the lamp in my hands, I saw her drop her eyes swiftly to her bingo card. I went back to my seat and waited until the end of the game, then I cleared my throat and said, "There's not a thing over there I can put in my suitcase, and I'm leaving town in the morning. It would be a great favor to me, ma'am, if you would allow me to make you a present of this lamp."

Miss Hattie gave me a pale, reluctant smile. "That's very kind of you, but I couldn't take it. I really couldn't."

"I won't be able to get a good night's sleep if you don't," I said.

"No, really," Miss Hattie said, with diminished emphasis.

"Why don't you take it, Aunty?" Ginny said.

I set the lamp on the table in front of Miss Hattie. "I'm just going to walk away and leave it there if you don't," I said.

She still hesitated, but she was beaming. "All right, but I'm going to pay you for it. You played three times, didn't you, and three cards each time. That's seventy-five cents."

"Now, please," I said. "I had seventy-five cents' worth of fun out of it."

But she fished in her handbag and brought out a half dollar and a quarter. She held the coins out to me, but I shook my head.

"But I insist this time," Miss Hattie said. Her smile was warm. "I absolutely insist." She reached over and dropped the coins on the table with my pile of

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change, then she suddenly picked them up again and put them in her handbag. She snapped the bag shut and it closed no tighter than her lips.

"I see," she said. "You're that Mr. Mason, aren't you? Come on, Ginny, we're going home."

"Now wait a minute, Miss Perkins," I said.

"You *are* Mr. Mason, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But—"

"Ginny," said Miss Hattie, "I'm ashamed of you. Come on."

"Now please, Miss Perkins," I said. "Let me explain."

"I have nothing against you," Miss Hattie said stiffly. "You're paid to do what you do, I suppose. But I have nothing to say to any representative of Willie Warburton."

GINNY PERKINS looked at me, moved her shoulders in a shrug, and took her great-aunt's arm. A fireman said, "Good night, Miss Hattie," and a chain reaction of "good nights" followed Miss Hattie and Ginny to the door.

I watched them walk out of the firehouse, and it was not until I turned to retrieve the lamp and my change that I saw why it was. There among the nickels and dimes was the Win With Warburton campaign button.

I carried the lamp out to the street, under the floodlights. Ginny and Miss Hattie were getting in a car, and as I stood watching, Ginny glanced over her shoulder and made a slight beckoning gesture with one hand.

I set off after the car, carrying the lamp. By the time I reached the corner of the street they lived on, the lights had gone on in the white cottage. I walked along by the picket fence to the gate, slipped through into the garden and sat down on the bench under the trellis. After about five minutes a light went on in an upstairs bedroom, and a moment later the front door was opened cautiously and Ginny appeared. I went to meet her and she whispered, shaking her head, "I warned you about that button."

"I know," I said. "Look, will you take this lamp, anyhow, and put it on a table somewhere. I'll leave a note with it."

"All right. But it won't do any good."

We sat together on the bench under the trellis, and by the faint light from the upstairs window I scribbled on the back of an envelope: *A peace offering from an incurable bungler. Please accept my apologies on all counts, but fix the blame where it belongs, on me, and not on Governor Warburton.*

I gave it to Ginny and she said, "All right, I'll put it with the lamp. But I'm afraid it won't do any good, Mr. Mason. I think she's made up her mind to tell."

"In Heaven's name!" I said. "*What* does she know?"

"If she won't talk to you about it, certainly I can't," Ginny said.

"You know what it is, then?"

"I'm her grandniece," Ginny said. "We're pretty close, Mr. Mason."

At last, I thought, we had got to the bottom of it. Hattie Perkins was the custodian of the Governor's skeleton, and she was planning to rattle its bones on Warburton Day. I said quietly, "Ginny, if your great-aunt plans to tell it eventually, whatever it is, why can't you tell me now? Can't you give me a break?"

Her fingers lightly touched my hand. "Now you know I'd love to give you a break, Mr. Mason, but you know I can't."

In the starlight I could see the oval of her face, and there was a glint of light on her blond hair from the window overhead. She removed her hand quickly, as if just realizing it was resting on mine, and I heard her vibrant laugh. "Goodness," she said. "I think I'd better go in."

"Not yet," I said, and took her hand, as she was about to rise. She sat down again and whispered, "Aunt Hattie might look out and see us."

"It's dark out here," I said. "She couldn't see."

She raised her face and light from the window illuminated it. Her lips were parted slightly as she gazed up at the stars, and they were parted in a little gasp when I kissed her. But she remained quite still, her eyes closed and her lips warm against mine. Then her hands came up from her lap and held my arms, and she turned her head away.

"Ginny," I whispered, "you're beautiful."

"My goodness," Ginny said. "Mr. Mason, I only met you this afternoon."

"You were beautiful this afternoon, too," I said.

"Now, Mr. Mason," her soft voice said. "Just because I'm a girl from a quiet little town, and you've been around everywhere and all that, don't think I haven't been to the movies, at least. I know all about city slickers."

"I've always had a yen for small-town girls," I said. "I've always had a yen to live in a small town myself."

"You'd find it pretty dull," she said. "There's nothing to do. Take tonight. Bingo! My gosh, what an exciting evening."

"I thought it was fun," I said.

She shrugged. "And the biggest thing since I can remember will be Warburton Day."

My worries returned. "Ginny, if we only knew what to expect, so that we could be prepared. Can't you give me a hint what your aunt has on her mind."

"So that's it," Ginny said.

"That's what?"

"A kiss in the starlight, under the rose trellis," Ginny said. "Small-town girl melts and tells all. Was that it, Mr. Mason?"

"Definitely not," I said, and tried to kiss her.

But she drew away, saying, "But I'm not telling all. I'm not telling anything."

"Ginny," I said, "that wasn't why I kissed you. It never entered my head. Believe me." I took one of her hands. "The starlight and the roses are pretty powerful, but I'm the one who melted." I got my arm around her and this time she did not resist. What I had said was not far from the truth; I was pretty well melted. It was a long, exciting moment under the rose trellis, and was interrupted when the light in the upstairs bedroom went off and Ginny jumped to her feet and moved quickly away, toward the door. I followed.

Under the overhang of the eaves she turned and whispered, "If she looked out the window she could see us there."

"But she can't see us here."

"Now that's enough," Ginny whispered. "There are lots of stars and lots of roses and I might melt after all. Good night, Mr. Mason."

"Wait," I said.

But she had opened the door and light came brightly through. "Are you really leaving in the morning?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But you're coming back Wednesday, aren't you?"

"I'll see you at the dance."

I saw a faint smile on her lips. "Do you know Clyde McDonald?"

"Yes."

"He's going to stay with us Wednesday night," she said.

"Ginny," I said, "what are you getting at?"

"Getting at?" Her blue eyes opened wide. "What do you mean?"

"Clyde McDonald as a topic of conversation simply isn't on the agenda for tonight," I said.

"I was only curious," she said. "After all, he's staying here Wednesday night. Is he good-looking?"

I shrugged. "They say he goes for blondes."

Ginny laughed, said, "Good night, Mr. Mason," and closed the door.

I stood a moment in the darkness, looking at the closed door, then I walked slowly back to the hotel. I thought that Ginny Perkins was a little arch, and that possibly she worked overtime at being girlish, but these were the sort of critical reservations a man makes when he is interested in a girl; they were faults that would change with time. . . .

The plane came in low, cleared a roof just west of the administration building of the Municipal Airport, and braked on the runway in late morning sunlight. It had been another night with practically no sleep, another night of taxi rides and waits and plane changes that had brought me to Jackson, Mississippi, where Governor Warburton's campaign train was due at half past ten.

I had checked the Governor's schedule the night before in Hydetown and decided to meet the train in Jackson and give a full report, and I was weary and depressed as I took a taxi from the airport to the Union Station. The clock hands in the station stood at well past eleven o'clock when I arrived, and the lack of crowd showed that Governor Warburton must already have come through, but I went into the station to investigate.

The special train had not yet been shunted to a siding. I walked back to the Governor's private car and swung aboard. I found no one there, and went on to the work car ahead, where I heard the clatter of typewriters and the thumping noise of the mimeographing machine. As I entered the car a sprightly voice said, "Well, Kit Carson, what's doing up ahead? Any Indian signs?" Lucy Strawn sat at her desk by the window, with sunlight on her warm brown hair.

"There haven't been any Indian signs since the invention of indoor plumbing," I said. "Where's everybody?"

"Everybody's at the hotel," Lucy said. "But here's anybody. What did you find out?"

I leaned against her desk. "Nothing."

"Nothing at all?" Lucy frowned. "Look, Roy, this is serious."

"I took it seriously," I said. "What I mean is I didn't find anything that made any sense, only that the Governor's old schoolteacher has graded him pretty low. She's not coming to the reception."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not. Bill over at the hotel, too?"

"Yes."

"I think I'd better go over," I said. "Where's the hotel?"

"I'll show you," Lucy said. "I want to be in on this."

THE hotel was on Capitol Street, only a short distance away. As we walked there Lucy said, "Mr. McDonald has been very much with us. It's been gay. Oh, so gay. Lunch, dinner, breakfast. I've been getting quite a rush from the fat boy."

"He's a lonely man," I said. "It must be pretty lonely to be a man nobody trusts."

She gave me a quick look. "Roy—" she began.

"Yes?"

"Never mind."

"Never mind what?"

"Nothing," Lucy said. "Except I'm kind of cute. Do you think I appeal only to lonely men?"

"I didn't mean anything like that," I said. "Don't go feminine on me, please. Did you get anything out of McDonald?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "Lunch, dinner, Manhattans, Daiquiris, sidecars, pousse-cafés, an earful of petty bias and a tummyful of Clyde McDonald."

We had reached the hotel, and Lucy led the way to the elevators. The Governor's suite was high up in the hotel, and the windows overlooked the town and the Capitol. It was a clean, tidy town, as shiny as a Sunday morning.

Governor Warburton was relaxed in an easy chair, reading a newspaper, and Bill Evers was on the telephone. When I entered with Lucy, the Governor put down his newspaper and Bill dropped the telephone on its cradle in the middle of a sentence and shouted, "Damn it, where

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have you been? Why didn't you answer my wire?"

"I'm answering it in person," I said.

"Roy, have you seen the papers?" the Governor said. "That New Orleans speech last night went over big."

I pulled up a chair. "Governor, what do you remember about an old lady named Harriet Perkins?"

"Miss Hattie?" the Governor said. "Why, she taught school. Why?"

"It's all over town that she's not coming to your reception," I said, and hesitated an instant. "I'm afraid it's my fault."

BILL EVERS jerked his head nervously, and excitement made him stutter. "Wh-what in hell have you done now, Roy?"

"It's your fault, too," I said.

"M-my fault? I don't know the lady. What are you talking about?"

"You helped me with that part of the book," I said.

"The book?" Bill Evers groaned. "That damned book again."

"There's something in it that offended her, Governor," I said.

"Where is it," the Governor broke in. "Bill, let me see one of those books."

"Page 76," I said dismally.

"Let me see it," Governor Warburton said, and took the book from Bill's hands. Bill had opened it to page 76, and read the paragraph over the Governor's shoulder. Bill finished first, and gave me a blank look. "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"Neither do I," I said.

But Governor Warburton's eyes had widened. "Dammit, I never got the highest marks in my class. I never walked two miles to school and back every day. And when she kept me after school—Oh, my God!"

We all stared at the Governor. He dropped the book to his lap and said, "That sheepskin coat!"

"Governor," Bill said, "what's a sheepskin coat got to do with it?"

"That must be it," the Governor said, and picked up the book from his lap.

"Let's have it, Governor," Bill said.

The Governor looked at him and understood, as I did, that Bill's worry and his affection for the Governor had brought the harsh tone into his voice. The Governor smiled and said, "It's nothing very damning, Bill, but I imagine it could be made to look so by a man like Clyde McDonald. You see, when I was a boy I wanted a sheepskin coat and I saved up the money to buy it from the mail-order house. It cost fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents, postpaid, and it was a beauty. I couldn't wait to go coon hunting in that sheepskin coat, and I was down at the post office every day, asking if it had come yet. I carried the money around in my pocket, tied up with cotton string and weighted to my jackknife."

Governor Warburton leaned back in his chair. "I was going to school with Miss Hattie in those days, and we had a little fund, our school did. It was Miss Hattie's idea that the best way to keep us out of trouble on Halloween was to have a party at the school, and she got the parents and the kids to kick in a fund for the expenses. She made me treasurer, and I had charge of the money—"

"Governor," Bill broke in.

"Just be patient," the Governor said. "I'll give you the whole story, as it happened, and let me say I was acutely aware of my responsibility for that school fund. I kept it in a cigar box, and I kept the box under my mattress, and not a day went by that I didn't look in it to see if the money was safe. But, you see, they had a county fair about that time and—did I ever tell you this, Bill? I used to ride a little when I was a kid. Racing quarter horses was the sport back in Hyde County."

"You mean you rode in *races,* Governor?" Bill said hollowly.

"Well—uh—can you fold a letter, put it in an envelope, seal the envelope, stamp it—that sort of thing . . . ?"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"All us kids rode in those days, Bill," the Governor went on. "At the Hyde County Fair, I was up on a paint horse named Spot, and he was fast. He was very fast. I had ridden Spot before, and I didn't think there was a horse in the county that could beat him at a quarter of a mile. Of course a difference of opinion makes a horse race, and you know how it is at a county fair. It's a pretty exciting thing, and when a kid is mingling with adults, and talking horses with them on equal terms, it goes to his head. Well, I imagine you've guessed what happened. I bet fifteen dollars on Spot to win the race. Fifteen against ten."

"The school money, Governor?" Bill asked weakly.

"Not the school money," the Governor said. "The sheepskin coat money, Bill."

Lucy Strawn sighed and murmured, "Poor old Spot, he didn't come through."

"He cast a shoe," the Governor said. "He would have won, but he cast a shoe and Johnny Mills beat me out. So I went home with ninety-five cents in my pocket and my father was waiting for me with a big grin on his face and he said, 'Willie, I've got a surprise for you. Here's your sheepskin coat.' It was a surprise, all right. He had been down to the post office and the package was there, C.O.D., and he had paid the money and brought the coat home. He gave it to me and he said, "You owe me fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents, Willie."

"Lucy," Bill Evers said. "Pour me a drink. There's a bottle in the bathroom."

"Since you and Roy worked up that book, you know something about my father," the Governor said. "He was a very strict man, and I didn't have the courage to tell him what had happened. I went up to my room and got out the cigar box. I took out fifteen dollars and added it to the ninety-five cents I had left and gave it to my father, and I thought I could work like the devil and fill that box up again before Halloween. I had ten days to do it. I sawed wood and I did every kind of job a boy is capable of, but I couldn't get enough work. I sold the coat to Meathead Fisher, and he beat me down to six dollars for it, but Halloween got closer and closer and I was still short, so I went to Miss Hattie and told her the story."

Lucy Strawn brought Bill Evers his drink, and he took two prodigious gulps. Lucy said softly, "Gee, Governor, you were only a kid. You got caught in the middle. What's wrong with that? You paid the money back, didn't you?"

"Yes," the Governor said. "I brought the box to Miss Hattie, and she made up the difference, and for a couple of months I stayed after school every day and carried wood and ashes and washed blackboards and cleaned erasers and did every other job Miss Hattie could think of, and she had imagination. I worked the money out, and she never said anything about it to anybody. It was just between Miss Hattie and myself."

"But now," I said miserably. "Now she's threatening to tell."

"Roy," the Governor said, "it's not your fault, but you couldn't have chosen worse words to put in that book if you'd been Clyde McDonald himself. In the first place, my marks were poor. In the second place, what she kept me after school for was not, in her view, a 'minor juvenile misdemeanor,' as you called it. In the third place, she never predicted great things for me. She predicted that I'd end up in reform school."

"So she's planning to tell the story when it will hurt the most," Bill said. "How the candidate for Vice-President of the United States, the sound businessman, the sober budget balancer, the honest administrator, dipped into funds entrusted to his care and bet it on a horse race.

"Now, Bill," the Governor broke in. "It wasn't that way. It—"

"It will be that way to Clyde McDonald," Bill Evers said. "That's what I'm thinking of. It will be a field day for him. Governor Willis G. (The Great Hippologist) Warburton's boyhood schoolteacher refuses to come to the reception for the Governor because she thinks he's crooked and a liar to boot."

THE Governor winced, but did not protest, and an uneasy silence descended on the room. Bill finished his drink and said, "The worst thing that ever happened to us was when Roy Mason learned to read and write."

"Now that's enough," Governor Warburton said sharply. "It's not Roy's fault. The fault is all mine. I should have read the book."

"Okay," Bill Evers said. "Sorry, Roy."

"What's done is done," the Governor said. "Between us, Roy and I have created a nasty little situation. The question is, what can be done about it?"

Bill looked up. "You got anything on *her,* Governor?"

"On Miss Hattie?" The Governor smiled. "Of course not."

"We've got to dig something up," Bill said. "There must be some dirt somewhere."

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The Governor shook his head. "You're not busting a newspaper libel suit now, Bill. We're dealing with a fine old lady."

"All right," Bill said. "But we've got to get to her somehow. We've *got* to, Governor."

"One thing I recall about Miss Hattie," the Governor said. "She's a very determined woman. If she makes up her mind, there's nothing much we can do."

"There must be some way to get to her," Bill said, and looked at me. "How about it, Roy?"

"Well," I said. "She's got a grandniece she's pretty fond of. That's the only avenue I see."

"Yeah?" Bill was interested. "What age?"

"Young," I said. "And pretty."

"Look at him," said Lucy Strawn. "He's blushing."

WHETHER I had blushed before, I was not sure, but certainly her remark reddened my ears. I felt self-conscious and Bill Evers did not help. He snapped his fingers and said, "If it's that way, let's put Roy to work on the grandniece." He looked hard at me. "Don't you ever shave?"

"When I get a chance. I've been up two nights running."

"Well, get shaved and get a clean shirt and get back to Hydetown," Bill said. "Get that grandniece."

"That's no use, either," I said. "I tried that. I'm afraid she won't co-operate."

"So you tried that," Lucy said.

I looked at her, and said, "I had a job to do."

"Well," said Lucy, "any time I can help you in your work, please let me know."

"Your own job keeps you pretty busy, doesn't it?" I said. "And by the way, where is Clyde today?"

"I'm seeing him at lunch," she said smugly.

Governor Warburton asked quietly, "Bill, what's on the schedule today?"

"An easy day, Governor. Lunch with the Governor of Mississippi, over at the Governor's mansion. Nonpolitical. Couple of conferences in the afternoon. No speeches."

"And tomorrow?" the Governor asked.

"Mostly a train ride, then the Birmingham speech tomorrow night. Next stop, Hydetown."

"That's what I'm thinking," said the Governor. "Next stop, Hydetown." He glanced at me. "Roy, how was the plane service to Hydetown?"

"Not good, Governor."

"Plane crowded?"

"Not very."

"Then I suppose we could get accommodations without too much trouble?"

"We?" said Bill.

"I was thinking I might make a quick trip to Hydetown and talk to Miss Hattie," the Governor said.

"You mean leave the *train?*" Bill demanded.

"Why not?" the Governor said mildly. "There's nothing on the schedule tomorrow but a train ride. I'll be in Birmingham for my speech tomorrow night, Bill."

"And how do you think you're going to get to Birmingham, Governor?"

"Fly."

"No," Bill said. "Positively no. You'd be recognized on the plane. It would start a raft of rumors."

"I'll take that chance," the Governor said. "I have to." He looked at his watch. "It's about time to call on the Governor of Mississippi. Bill, you work out the details. Get the plane tickets. Roy, you'll come with me."

"If anybody goes, I'm going," Bill said.

"You'll be needed on the train."

"But, Governor, how about your Birmingham speech? You haven't prepared your Birmingham speech."

The Governor hesitated a moment. "I'll take Lucy along," he said. "I'll dictate it to her on the plane."

"Not Lucy," Bill said. "McDonald will wonder what happened to her. She can't go."

"Then I'll speak off the cuff in Birmingham," the Governor said. "I've done it before. Now look, here, Bill, get John Mills on the telephone and ask him to meet us at the airport and drive us to Miss Hattie's house."

"Governor," Bill began. "You can't—"

"Those are orders, Bill," the Governor broke in. "Get busy on it."

Bill scowled, and pressed his lips together, and blew out a hissing breath of protest, but he was on the telephone calling the airport when I left the Governor's suite. I had a good lunch at a café on Capitol Street and walked to the train. I was tired, and was on my way to my drawing room when I met Clyde McDonald in the aisle. His eyes opened wide.

"Say," he said, "I thought you were in Hydetown."

COLLIER'S "Now right in here . . . Are you familiar with those air jets in the fun houses of amusement parks?" HANK KETCHAM

"I just got back," I said wearily, and it was an instant before I realized what his words meant. I looked at him sharply and said, "What gave you the idea I was in Hydetown?"

A grin spread on Clyde McDonald's fat, malicious face. "Grapevine," he said.

I frowned. It was not like Lucy Strawn to be indiscreet, and I was choosing the words I would say to her as McDonald pushed on past me. I hesitated a moment, then followed and saw him getting his suitcase out of his drawing room.

"Going somewhere?" I asked.

"I'm dropping off here in Jackson," he said.

"Back to Washington?" I asked.

"Maybe."

"We thought you'd be staying with us until we got to Hydetown," I said.

"Nope."

"I'm sorry if we've bored you," I said. "I'm afraid there's not much news in this campaign. Your kind of news I mean."

"I don't wait for news to come to me," Clyde said, and gave me a one-sided grin. "I go after my news."

"Have a good trip," I said, and turned into my own drawing room. I waited there, watching out the window, until I saw him get off the train, suitcase in hand, then I went down to the platform and followed him. He went into the station, bought a ticket, and moved toward a gate. A chalked notice stated the train would leave at two eighteen. I looked up the two eighteen in the timetable. It was not a Washington train. I was sure then where Clyde McDonald was bound. He was going to Hydetown, and he had undoubtedly received a telegram from Melvin Fisher. That was how he knew I had been to Hydetown.

I telephoned the Governor's suite at the hotel, and Lucy Strawn answered. She told me that Bill and the Governor had gone on to the Governor's mansion for lunch, and I said, "How about your luncheon date?"

"I'm waiting," she said. "Why?"

"It will be a long wait," I said. "Clyde just got on a train for Hydetown."

"He did?" Lucy cried. "That's swell. Then I can go with you and the Governor, after all."

"No. Bill told you—"

"Bill told me to keep an eye on Clyde McDonald, didn't he?" She laughed.

"It's up to the Governor," I said. "If he wants you, okay. But listen, Clyde is on his way, and we'd better get there first."

"Roy," Lucy said, "the plane leaves at seven o'clock, and I'm planning to get three tickets."

"All right," I said. "Wake me in time, if you can."

LUCY STRAWN awakened me. She pushed the door of my drawing room open an inch or so and I heard her urgent whisper, "Snap out of it, Roy. It's late."

My window curtain was nearly closed, but through the gap at the bottom I could see that it was dusk outside.

"Plane leaves in half an hour," Lucy whispered.

I dressed and packed my suitcase, but did not take time to shave. I lugged the suitcase to the Governor's car, and found Lucy waiting with a portable typewriter, a small overnight case and a Gladstone bag belonging to the Governor.

"Where's the Governor?" I asked.

"Come on," said Lucy, and picked up her overnight case. I grunted and reached for the portable and the Governor's bag. She led the way to the station platform and I followed her in silence through the waiting room to a cab. Once inside it I said, "Don't be so damned conspiratorial. Where's the Governor?"

"We're picking him up," Lucy said. "Just relax, Roy."

The cab moved along Capitol Street and I heard sirens, saw a car go by under

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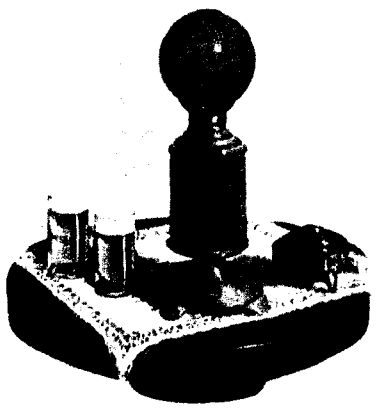

Enjoying Life . . .

IN THOSE DAYS TOO!

The living room has always been the center for friendly family gatherings. In the modern living room the gramophone, stereoscope and pianola of other days have been replaced by home movies, television, radio-phonographs . . . Yes, times have changed but the preference for Miller High Life by those who know fine beer continues . . . Now as then—Enjoy Life with Miller High Life.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Miller's

HIGH LIFE

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY THE MILLER BREWING COMPANY MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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police escort. I said, "That must be the Governor now."

"That's his car," Lucy said. "He's not in it. Around back, driver."

There was a parking lot at the rear of the hotel, and a car entrance from the hotel that led to it. The cab pulled up to the rear door and instantly a big man, bundled in a topcoat, hurried out and got in the cab with us. I said, "You'll have to give the password."

Governor Warburton chuckled and said, "Meathead."

"The airport, driver," Lucy said.

The Governor turned down the collar of his topcoat and breathed a deep, relaxed sigh. "I feel like a free man, not a politician," he said. "Ah, breathe that air! Look at those stars! Roy, it's a long time since I played hooky."

"Roy, this is the pitch," Lucy told me. "We're traveling separately. That is, you and I are together and the Governor is solo. No one would expect Willis G. Warburton to be flying around the country alone, you see."

"Once you get out of Jackson, I think we'll be all right," the Governor said. "Trouble is, people know I'm here in town. What I'm afraid of is someone might recognize me at the airport."

I recalled the layout of the airport and said, "I think we can work that. It's dark now. They have an observation nook at each end of the administration building. You can get in one of those, in the dark, and you won't be seen."

THE taxi turned onto a bare stretch of road leading to the airport. I told the driver to stop in the parking area, away from the lighted entrance. The Governor slipped out and walked along a path beside the building to the observation area. We watched his solid figure move off into the darkness, then I took Lucy's arm and we went into the building and through the waiting room to a lunchroom at the east end. I ordered a sandwich and coffee.

Lucy got up and put a nickel in the juke box, then returned to sit by me.

"I feel mysterious," said Lucy. "And you! You look like a guy on the lam. Why didn't you shave?"

"Why didn't you call me in time to shave?" I swallowed the last of my sandwich. "And eat, too."

A loud-speaker was announcing our flight. Lucy said, "Come on."

I gulped my coffee, paid, and followed her out. Under the floodlights on the apron I glanced around, but saw no sign of Governor Warburton; it was quite dark in the observation area. I went on up the steps with Lucy and we found seats together.

I saw the Governor's bulky form moving rapidly across the concrete toward the plane. His collar was up and his hat-brim was down and I might not have recognized him myself had I not known who was coming aboard. He hurried up the steps and moved up front, and a moment later the door was shut and the plane taxied to the runway.

There were only a half-dozen passengers aboard. Lucy looked at me, smiled, and settled back. "That's over," she said.

"It's just begun, Lucy," I told her. "And we've got a heavy responsibility."

"I know," she said. "But at least I'm not responsible for as much as you are, Roy." She smiled teasingly.

"I'll never write another book," I said.

She put her hand on mine. "I'm sorry I said that, Roy. I was just kidding. Of course you're going to write another book. You're going to write lots and lots of books, just as good as the others."

"How do you know? You never read any of them."

"On the contrary," she said quietly. "I read them all."

I was pleased and surprised, but said, "I didn't think they were your type."

"Just what do you think *is* my type?"

I grinned and said, "Havelock Ellis, maybe, but not biographies."

GEORGE PRICE

Five firemen dressed in tuxedos, patent-leather pumps, boiled shirts and black ties responded to an alarm.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Mrs. Osgood N. Fletch,
17 Russell Street,
Ardmore, Okla.

My dear Mrs. Fletch:

I want to offer my sincerest apologies for the way we fellows busted in on your formal dinner party last Tuesday evening. As I said to Ralph if you never ask us out to your place again it's our own fault.

Fred is ashamed of himself for breaking down the front door with an ax instead of ringing the bell and waiting for the butler, but Fred gets excited and impatient whenever he smells smoke. He didn't even wait to scrape the mud off his boots, and, to make matters worse, he rushed into the dining room without even saying good evening and started playing that soda-acid extinguisher all around as if he owned the place.

I really laced into Carl—he's the one with the dirty fingernails—for the way he slung that lovely girl in the low-cut evening dress over his shoulder as if she had been a bag of cement. I made it clear to him that a gentleman always offers a lady his arm. Not when her dress is on fire, he said. That was bad enough, but when he got her outside he didn't even offer her a chair or a cigarette. He just dumped her plop on the lawn and turned the hose on her. I'm afraid Carl just has no manners.

Jim Osborn says if he embarrassed you by calling your attention to the hot sparks in your bureau drawer he's terribly sorry. Also, he's no end upset because he entered your bedroom window without knocking. He says he would have removed his helmet but some pretty heavy pieces of plaster were falling from the ceiling. However, I did take him to task for flicking cigarette ashes on your living-room carpet.

I hope you will excuse me for the rude manner in which I ducked out early through a side window. I screamed good night to you but I doubt if you were able to hear me over the shouts of the men, the breaking of glass and the splash of the hose. I looked so darn' shabby alongside of the other guests in my red shirt, old sweater, rubber boots and raincoat that I decided to go home, shave, wash up and get into my tux. When I returned I found that the party had broken up, so I just left my card and some flowers on that charred mahogany table in the front yard, nibbled on some hot hors d'oeuvres I found in the flower bed next to the front porch and departed.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett, Engine Co. 385

"Havelock Ellis?" said Lucy. "That has-been!"

I gave her a look, and she grinned and turned to the window. The plane was taking off. It cleared a blinking light and began a slow, banking turn. The lights of Jackson appeared to our left.

The plane droned on northeastward. I dozed a while, and did not come awake until the lights of Atlanta showed below. The plane landed at the airport and we waited in our seats. Two passengers left the plane, and several more came aboard.

In the air again, I promptly fell asleep, and when I awakened, my head was on Lucy's shoulder. I sat up and she gave me the wise smile a sleeper on a public conveyance usually receives from his companion on awakening, the sort of smile that makes him wonder what he has said in his sleep.

Lucy asked, "What color is her hair?"

"Whose hair?"

"Don't blush again."

"I never blushed in my life," I said.

"Or shaved, either," said Lucy. "And incidentally, you snore. I suppose she's a blonde."

"As a matter of fact, she is," I said. "Her name is Ginny Perkins and she's a pretty sweet, natural kid. So don't make any cracks to her."

Lucy quite needlessly smoothed a seam in her gray tailored skirt; her fingers plucked at a thread I could not see. "You know, Roy," she said, "we kid around a lot, and all that, but sometimes you disturb me. You say things that make me wonder."

"Wonder what?"

"What you really think of me."

I was surprised and said, "I didn't think my opinion would carry any weight with you, one way or the other. But, as a matter of fact, I think you're pretty fine."

"Well, thanks," said Lucy.

"You know your job, and you can do it without asking a lot of questions," I said. "That's a pretty rare quality."

"At least I got my bait back," Lucy said wryly. "But I think I'd prefer my qualities well-done, not rare. How about my legs? They're done to a turn, aren't they?"

"They are," I said.

"And my hair is nice," she said.

"It's plenty nice," I said.

"Well?" said Lucy.

"Well what?"

"Well and good," she said. "Well and good. And the hell with you, anyhow."

THE plane was banking, and I saw the lights of an airport down below. The hostess passed smiling along the aisle, reminding us to buckle our safety belts.

"Lucy," I said, "you're a very handsome girl, but I didn't think it was necessary for me to tell you that. You're pretty well aware of it already. It shows in everything you do."

"It does?" she said tightly. "How?"

"Well, in the way you walk," I said. "That little wiggle."

"I don't wiggle!"

"Yes," I said. "You wiggle. And it shows in that smile of yours. It's sort of contented. When you smile at a guy you make him think he's just a mirror reflecting it back at you."

"You heel," said Lucy.

"And it shows in the way you pat your hair and look at your nails and lift your right shoulder," I went on. "It shows all over you."

"Mr. Mason," she said. "You say the nicest things."

"You asked me," I said. "I wasn't criticizing. It's usually that way with your type. Girls who have been around are always pretty sure of themselves."

"Been—around?" Lucy said.

"You know what I mean," I said. "Sophisticated. You're not denying you're sophisticated, are you?"

"I have an overlay of sophistication," Lucy said. "But it's wearing pretty thin right now. In just about a minute it will

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crack and the primitive woman will break through and gouge out your eyes."

She was actually, and quite inexplicably, angry. I suppose few people are interested in a frank appraisal of their personalities, but there had been plenty of give-and-take between Lucy and myself. Her reaction puzzled me.

The plane bumped on the runway, and Lucy, somewhat flushed, unbuckled her belt in silence. The plane taxied up to the apron, and as soon as the door was opened Lucy went ahead of me down the steps. I followed her into the administration building, without a backward glance for Governor Warburton.

In the waiting room, smoking a cigar, was John Mills. He moved his head slightly, a nod toward the door, and Lucy and I went on out and waited to claim the luggage. A moment later Governor Warburton came through the door and moved on past us into the darkness.

By the time we had retrieved our luggage, John Mills had come out and we saw his solid figure at the edge of the circle of light. We took our bags and Lucy's portable and followed him into the parking area.

WE WERE on a three-lane highway, driving very fast through the night. John Mills said, "It was a surprise when I got that phone call to meet you here, Willie. At first I thought it was a gag. What's the trouble, anyhow?"

"I guess you're the cause of all the trouble, John."

"Me?"

"When you beat me in a horse race," the Governor said. "That time Spot cast a shoe. Remember?"

"Do I remember!" cried John Mills. "It was the only time I ever did take a race off you."

Governor Warburton began explaining to his friend just what the situation was, and I leaned back on the seat beside Lucy and lighted cigarettes for each of us. She took hers without a word.

"We'll be about an hour on the road," I said. "Lucy, you and I always ride each other. I never guessed you were sensitive."

"I'm not sensitive," she said. "No more than anybody." She took a deep drag of the cigarette. "But, Roy, enough is enough. You'd praise a cook for dishing a good dinner. You'd compliment a bootblack for a high shine. Sometimes you ought to praise a girl for—for—"

"For what?"

"For being a girl," said Lucy. "Isn't that enough?"

"It is," I said. "You bet it is." I squeezed her hand. "And you're plenty of girl, Lucy."

The Governor turned his head. "Roy, John and I have been talking it over. Now, it's pretty late. It will be touching midnight when we get to Hydetown."

"Ginny Perkins," John Mills said. "She's our problem."

"We don't want the word to get out that I paid a midnight call on Miss Hattie," the Governor said. He grinned at me. "You and the girl got along pretty well, didn't you, Roy?"

"Passably," I said.

"Roy," the Governor said. "What do you think? Think you can get her out of the house?"

"You can use this car," John Mills said. "There's a roadhouse out on the highway, the Route One Casino."

"I'll try, Governor," I said.

The headlights picked up a sign that said: HYDETOWN: *Rotary Meets Wednesday*. John Mills said, "I'll stop a way down the street, and we'll get out there. Then you drive on up to the house, Mr. Mason."

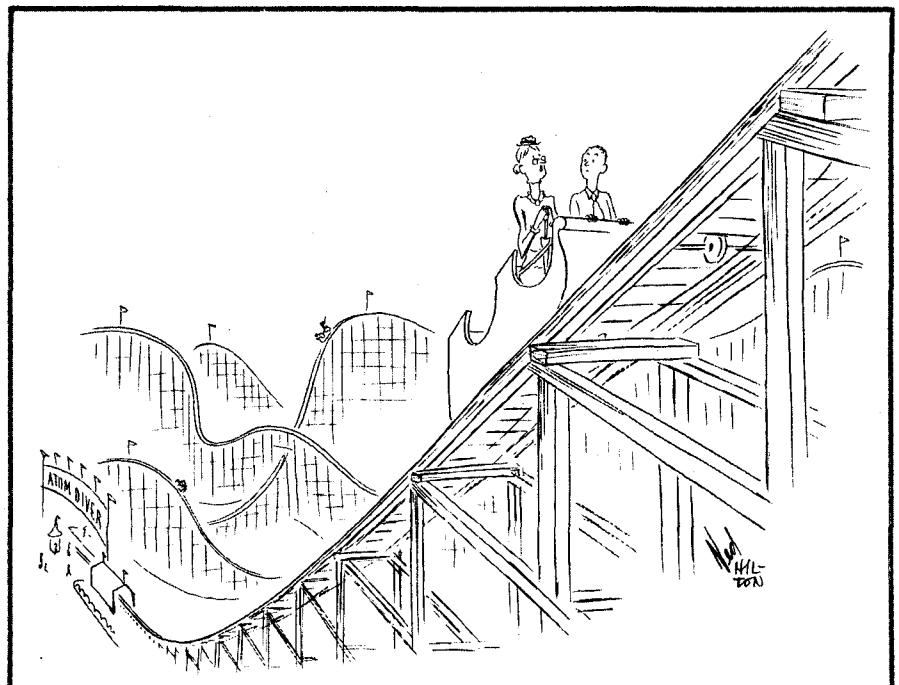
He turned the car to the curb and stopped by a sycamore tree. "We'll wait here," he said. "You take the car, Mr. Mason, and as soon as we see you drive away with Ginny, we'll hustle up there."

"One more thing, Roy," the Governor said. "Bill Evers and I mapped this thing out. If we *are* seen here, we call up the hotel. There's a photographer there from Ego Magazine, to make a big layout on Warburton Day. If we're seen we call him and pretend it was a prearranged stunt, a sentimental call on my old schoolma'am."

"Okay," I said, and got in behind the wheel. I drove away, leaving them grouped under the sycamore tree, and stopped in front of Miss Hattie's white cottage a hundred yards farther on. A porch light was burning, and most of the downstairs lights were on. I went through the gate in the picket fence and up to the door.

I knocked, and heard slow steps approaching. The door came open a few inches and I stood facing Miss Harriet Perkins. The lines around her eyes tightened and she said stiffly, "So it's you. I suppose you've come for your reading lamp?"

"The lamp was a present for you."



COLLIER'S "Well, what's so exciting about this?" NED HILTON

"I don't accept bribes, young man," Miss Hattie said crisply. "Come in and get it."

The lamp was on a hall table, the cord wrapped around its stem. Miss Hattie picked it up and held it out to me.

"Just take it along, young man," she said, in a tone of dismissal.

"Of course," I said. "But now that I'm here, may I speak to Ginny a moment?"

"Virginia's not here," Miss Hattie said.

"Do you know where I can find her?"

"At the depot," Miss Hattie said, with a shrug of her vast shoulders. "She went down to the depot. Good night, Mr. Mason."

I BACKED away from her and she closed the door firmly in my face. I ran quickly down to the sidewalk, and in the light of a corner street lamp, made a beckoning gesture. I saw the three of them hurrying toward me.

"Ginny's not here," I said. "She's down at the depot."

"That's bad," said Governor Warburton. "We'll have to work fast. John, what time does that train get in?"

"What train?"

"I don't know what train, except Clyde McDonald will be on it, coming here from Mississippi."

"I see," John Mills said. "I guess that would be the 12:02." He looked at his watch. "It's one minute to midnight now."

"Then let's go," the Governor said, and moved along the walk to the cottage. He knocked hard at the door.

A voice inside said, "I said *good night*, Mr. Mason."

"Miss Hattie, this isn't Mr. Mason," the Governor said. "Get out your peachtree switch. This is Willie Warburton."

There was silence, then the Governor went on, "You always used to listen to my side of the story, Miss Hattie. I hope you'll listen now."

Slowly the door was opened and we saw Miss Hattie's pale eyes, opened very wide. "So it's you, Willie," she said.

"I made a long trip here to talk to you," the Governor said. "Miss Hattie, it's like the old days. Here I am in trouble again, and nobody's fault but my own." His smile was rueful, and all the frank Warburton charm was in it. "May I come in?"

"I'm surprised at myself," Miss Hattie said. "But, yes, I'll let you come in. Come in, Willie."

"This is my secretary, Miss Strawn," the Governor said. "And my assistant, Mr. Mason."

"I know Mr. Mason," Miss Hattie said.

She moved ahead of us into the living room and lowered her shapeless bulk into a chair. I noticed a footstool and moved it toward her.

"Miss Hattie," the Governor's gentle voice said, "I came to ask you to listen to my speech in Hydetown Wednesday." He held up his hand. "Now wait a minute. First, I want you to know what I'm going to say in that speech. I want you up on that platform with me when I say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is my old schoolteacher, Miss Hattie Perkins. I guess I was the worst boy in her class. My marks were as bad as anybody's and I was a lazy, shiftless kid before Miss Hattie got hold of me.'"

"Willie, you weren't as bad as that," Miss Hattie said. "I've had worse boys than you."

"I was bad enough," the Governor said. "And let me tell you this, old dear. Mr. Mason put that paragraph in his book without consulting me. I never read the book. I never knew what he said. Bad as I was as a boy, Miss Hattie, I think you'll believe me when I say I wouldn't have made any false claims for myself."

"That's true," Miss Hattie conceded.

"I hope I never will," the Governor went on. "Miss Hattie, it hurt me deep when I heard you weren't turning out on Wednesday. I couldn't understand it then, because I hadn't read that book. But when I get up on that platform I'll tell the facts, and if you say so, I'll tell the story of that sheepskin coat."

"What sheepskin coat?" Miss Hattie asked. Then she nodded. "Oh, you mean—"

"Yes," the Governor said. "I mean the horse race at the Hyde County Fair. The time I was short in the school funds."

"No, Willie," said Miss Hattie. "I wouldn't want you to do anything so foolish as that."

"Is it foolish?" The Governor gave his head a thoughtful shake. "I wonder. Because if I tell that story I can tell how much you did for me, Miss Hattie. I can tell how much your kindness and fair treatment meant to me."

"Thank you, Willie," Miss Hattie said, and I saw moisture in her eyes. "To tell you the truth, I was real hurt when I read that book of Mr. Mason's."

"I don't blame you," the Governor said. "You had a right to be." He moved nearer to her, put his hand on the back of her chair. "Miss Hattie, I hope you're going to change your mind. I hope you're coming to the big meeting Wednesday and sit there on my right hand, the way Johnny Mills and I had planned it."

Miss Hattie sighed. "All right, Willie," she said. "I'll be there."

"You'll hear me make a little correction for the record," the Governor said, and grinned back at her. "You know, I'd hate to be the kind of boy who had the highest marks in his class, anyhow."

JOHN MILLS spoke for the first time. "It was Melvin Fisher had the highest marks," he said.

"That's right," the Governor said. "It was Meathead."

Miss Hattie chuckled. "I never set great store by high marks myself," she said.

"Miss Hattie, there's one thing more." Governor Warburton reached down and took her plump hand, "I wouldn't want it known that I dropped in on you here in the middle of the night. I wouldn't want Mr. McDonald to know that."

"Yes," Miss Hattie said. "I understand, Willie."

"And of course you know why he's here," the Governor said.

Miss Hattie looked up at him. "Why, Mel Fisher asked me to put him up."

"So he could get the story from you," the Governor said. "The story of the horse race and the Halloween fund. You're not going to tell him that story, are you, Miss Hattie?"

Her eyes opened wide. "My goodness, no," she said. "I wouldn't mention that to anyone, Willie."

The Governor looked at me. I looked at John Mills. The Governor cleared his throat and said, "Miss Hattie, we were given to understand that you were so angry at me you were going to tell the story."

Miss Hattie smiled. "I was angry, all right, Willie, and I believe I did say I had half a mind to tell something on you. I said something like that, but of course it was just a pet. I never would have told."

"Of course not," the Governor said, and his face twisted wryly.

I could not help grinning. The Governor had taken a big chance, dropping off his campaign train and flying secretly to plead with Miss Hattie, and all the time there had been no real danger. But suddenly I knew there *was* a danger. I had noticed a beam of light outside on the street, and had paid no attention, but all at once I realized a car had stopped at the curb. I looked through the pane and saw three figures on the walk, almost at the door.

"Outside, Governor!" I cried. "Out the back way!"

I whirled and ran to the front door. I threw my shoulder against it just as it was being pushed open. It slammed shut and a startled voice said, "Hey!"

"Excuse me," I said, and glanced over my shoulder. I saw a door at the back swinging to. Lucy and the Governor were gone.

There was pressure again on the door, and I stepped back. It flew open and I looked into Melvin Fisher's sour, suspicious eyes. A step behind him was Clyde

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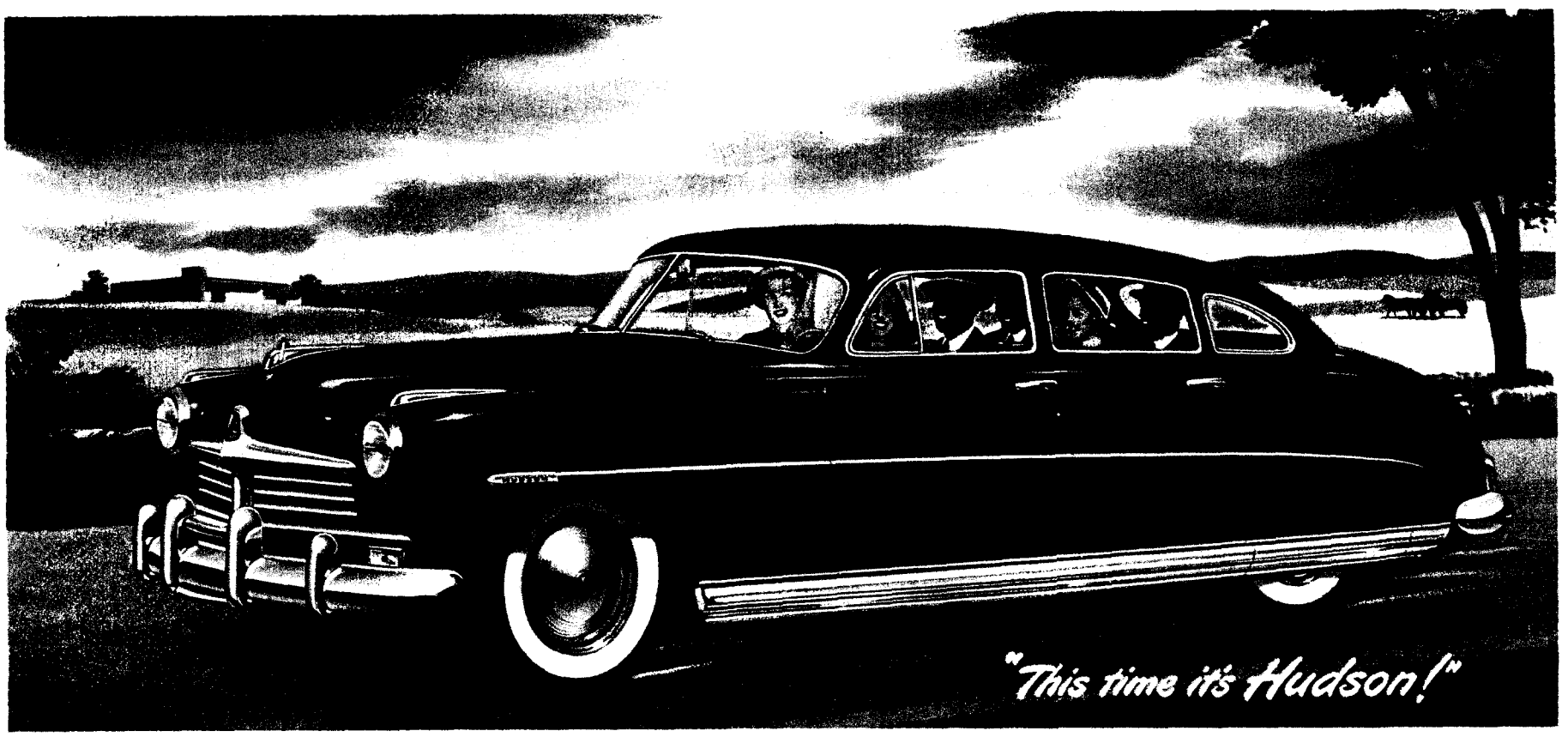
Low, Wide and Handsome!



Hudson's new "step down" principle — one of the great forward moves in automobile design — brings you beauty, roominess, comfort, riding qualities and safety obtainable in no other motor car!

GREAT advances don't come often in the automobile world, but when they do, it is certainly to your advantage to investigate!

As all America knows, there's a distinguished air of streamlined beauty about the New Hudson. This graceful flow of low-built line is instantly recognizable because it comes not through compromise, but develops *naturally* out of a recessed floor which is the key to a basically new and exclusive design principle.

With this new design principle, space under the floor between frame members that is usually wasted is brought into the car and made available for passenger use. The New Hudson is the only car you step down into. This use of a "step-down" zone in an exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame* permits Hudson to build the *lowest car on the highway* — only five feet from ground to top — while maintaining more than adequate interior head room!

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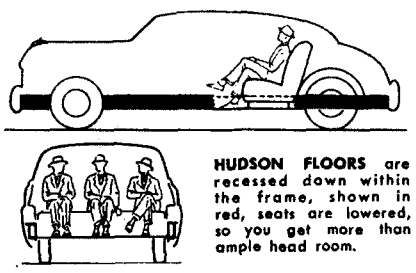
For example, Hudson has a hug-the-road way of going in cross-winds and on every conceivable kind of highway. When you see how this car takes even the sharpest curves, it will spoil you for any other type of automobile! This remarkable ride is largely due to the fact that Hudson's new design provides the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car — yet road clearance is ample!

You sense this delightful conformity to the road the minute you begin to ride; and this stability, plus the protection of riding encircled by a sturdy box-section steel frame, gives you a grand feeling of safe well-being!

Many other important advantages stem from Hudson's new design. Among them is an abundance of usable space — not only *more* head room, but *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced car built today! This is because you "step down" onto floors that are recessed down within the frame — seats can thus be lowered and brought into proper relationship with the new, lower top.

We cordially invite you to investigate and drive this remarkable car. The nearest Hudson dealer will show it to you; and in addition, he will supply you with a complimentary copy of a new booklet, "The Importance of Stepping Down," which explains the many sensational advantages of Hudson's new design principle. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

*Trade-mark and patents pending



HUDSON FLOORS are recessed down within the frame, shown in red, seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room.

YOU RIDE DOWN within a base frame (shown in red above) and rear seats are positioned ahead of the rear wheels so that full body width becomes available for wonderfully roomy seats—four inches wider than the car is high! Box-section steel girders encircle and protect the passenger compartment.

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Eight body styles in Super and Commodore Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations — white sidewall tires — at extra cost.

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McDonald, carrying a suitcase. He saw me and put it down with a thump.

"Where in hell did *you* come from?" he said, his surprise so real that he forgot to slide the words out of the corner of his mouth in his customary tough-guy enunciation.

A soft voice said, "Why, Mr. Mason!" and I met Ginny's bright blue eyes.

"Hello," I said, and added unconvincingly. "I came to get this." I held up my hands. All the time I had been clutching the reading lamp I had won at the bingo game in the firehouse.

"At midnight?" Ginny said.

"Ginny, I came to see you," I said. "I was in town unexpectedly, and Mr. Mills drove me over."

"Unexpectedly is right," Clyde said.

"I'd ask you to come in, Mr. Mason," said Ginny. "But you're already in, aren't you? Does Aunt Hattie know that?"

"Of course I know it," Miss Hattie said sharply, and rose from her chair. "Mr. Mason, if your offer still holds good, I'd love to keep that lamp."

"I'd love for you to keep it," I said.

MELVIN FISHER stepped forward. "Miss Hattie, I want to introduce your house guest, Mr. Clyde McDonald, of Washington, D.C."

Clyde produced a big grin and approached her, holding out his hand. Miss Hattie took it, murmuring, "I'll show you to your room. Please come upstairs with me."

She went on to the staircase and Clyde McDonald said to me, over his shoulder, "You get around, Roy."

"And you're a long way from Washington," I said.

"I guess for the same reason," said Clyde. "From all I hear."

I could not help grinning. "My reason was this reading lamp," I said.

"You'll find your room at the head of the stairs, Mr. McDonald," Miss Hattie said. "First door on your left."

"Yes," he said, and picked up his suitcase. "I'm coming."

Melvin Fisher had stood by with a puzzled air, and John Mills had said nothing. The two men eyed each other, and Fisher commented, "Up late, ain't you, John?"

"That I am," John said. "I wouldn't want to close my eyes, a night like this."

Melvin Fisher grunted, and gave Ginny Perkins a meaning look. "I'll be going now," he said. "See you in the morning."

"Yes," she said, "in the morning."

"I'll give you a lift, Roy," John Mills said. "If you're ready to go."

"Coming," I said.

"Aunt Hattie's getting your money, Mr. Mason," Ginny said. "You really must take it."

"I'll be waiting in the car," John Mills said, and went quickly out. I saw that he wanted to keep an eye on Melvin Fisher, and he was curious, as I was, about the Governor and Lucy Strawn.

Miss Hattie called from upstairs, "Ginny, will you take this, please."

Ginny went up to meet her great-aunt, and returned with the seventy-five cents. She said as she gave it to me, "What strange alchemy did you use to win Miss Hattie over?"

"Someday I'll tell you the whole story." I said. "I can't now." I edged toward the door, and she followed me.

"Yes," she said, "you're unpredictable. Barging in at midnight to claim your reading lamp."

"Ginny, you know the lamp was an excuse," I said. "I barged in to see *you*."

"I wonder," she said.

I looked into her bright, observant eyes. We were standing close together and I smelled her perfume. Her blond hair brushed against my cheek. I caught her suddenly and kissed her hard.

She moved back, whispered, "Good night."

"Good night, honey," I said. I heaved a great sigh, and went down to the car.

"Now what?" said John Mills.

"Drive around the block," I suggested. "Stop under that same sycamore tree."

We went around the block and he stopped the car under the sycamore and turned off the lights. An instant later two dark figures emerged from the bushes. I had the door open, and Lucy and the Governor jumped in. The Governor said tensely, "Get going, Johnny."

No one spoke again until we were two blocks away, then the Governor sighed mightily and said, "Well, we're out of that. Let's head for the airport."

John Mills turned onto the highway and the car moved swiftly westward. A low cloudbank hid the stars, and lightning flashed up ahead. John Mills said casually, "Looks like we might have rain. We need rain around here."

"I don't recall a year when this country didn't need rain," the Governor said. "It's as dry as my throat."

John grinned. "Got a little something there in the glove compartment. Want to get it out, Roy?"

It was a pint of excellent rye. I passed it back to the Governor and he drank, sighed, and returned the bottle to me. "Roy, pass the bottle to poor old John."

"Not now," John said. Lightning lighted his face as he spoke, and there was a tremendous clap of thunder.

"It will be a storm, all right," John said. "Hope it's all clear on Wednesday, Willie."

"If I bring a little rain to Hyde County," the Governor said, "that's better than a speech, isn't it?"

A few miles later the storm struck, and we were startled by the violence of it. Rain splattered on the highway in driving salvos, and John Mills slowed the car and bent his head nearer the windshield. The rain drummed on the top of the car. John drove still more slowly; he looked worried.

We approached the lights of the city, filmed by rain, and John turned off onto a black-top road to the airport. The storm was at its height when he drove up to the administration building and stopped.

"You people wait here," he said, "I'll go in and take a look."

WE SAT silent in the rain. I had been thinking, and I said over my shoulder, "I guess we can depend on Ginny to keep her mouth shut. We don't have to worry about her."

"What's that again?" the Governor's sharp voice cried.

Lucy Strawn drew in a deep breath. "Oh, Lord," she said. "Roy, do you mean to say that blond you-all knows?"

"Yes, I guess she knows," I said. "But she wouldn't tell, Lucy."

"Oh, wouldn't she!" Lucy cried.

"No," I said lamely. "She told me she wouldn't tell if Miss Hattie didn't, and we know Miss Hattie won't."

John Mills threw the car door open and leaned in. Rain dripped from the brim of his hat and his weary eyes looked like hollows in his head.

"No flights tonight, Willie," he said.

Lucy Strawn said, "Oh, Governor," in a helpless, sympathetic tone, and Governor Warburton hunched his big shoulders and stared glumly at the driving rain.

"So here we are, Willie," John Mills said. "Looks like the best way to get you there is under sail."

I said to John Mills, "How long do you suppose it will last?"

John moved his solid shoulders expressively. "You've got to wait for this kind of thing to blow itself out of wind, Roy. You're looking at a gale, I'd say."

"Then how about trains?"

"I don't like to take a train," Governor Warburton said. "Somebody might spot me on a long train trip."

John Mills shrugged again. "I'm afraid

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you'll have to take Mr. Hobson's horse, Governor, the one nearest the door. That's the only choice you've got. Just old Hobson's choice."

He started the car and drove away from the airport, steering cautiously through the gale. We could see only a few feet ahead in the stormy night, and rain splashed mightily against the windshield.

"Governor," I said, "you'll get there all right. Don't worry about it."

"Sure," John Mills said. "We'll get you there, Willie."

He parked the car at the station and I went with him to inquire about trains. The bulletin board showed that nearly every train was marked late.

John Mills returned with a timetable. "I see there's a train at eight in the morning to Atlanta, and he can change there to a Birmingham train. Let's see, gets to Atlanta at 4:00 P.M., if it's on time." He moved his finger back along the column of type. "Yep, that's the best he can do. Then he can get a train out of there and, let's see—he can make Birmingham at 8:25. Roy, what time is the speech?"

"Eight o'clock," I said dismally.

John Mills stuffed the timetable in his pocket and walked in silence across the waiting room. Back in the car he said quietly, "Willie, it's Mr. Hobson's slowest horse, I'm afraid. You can get to Birmingham about half past eight tonight, if the trains run on time, that is."

The Governor put his nose close to the glass, looking at the storm. I switched on the radio and tuned in a news program. We heard a voice saying: "The Weather Bureau sees no immediate letup in the storm which is lashing the East Coast with full gale force from Hatteras south to Jacksonville. At Charleston the wind velocity was clocked at 73 miles per hour, just short of hurricane force . . ."

"Willie," John Mills said, "I think what we all need is a little sleep. Maybe I'd better run you all back to my house and we'll wait out the storm."

The Governor shook his head. "I think I ought to stick close to the airport, John, and wait for a break."

"Maybe so," John said. "Well, suppose we see if we can stay at the hotel."

"No hotel," the Governor said. "Night clerks have sharp eyes."

John shrugged and rested his elbows on the steering wheel. "Then I reckon here we sit."

For a time we sat, and no one spoke. We listened to the whistle of the wind and the driving splatter of the rain. At last Lucy said softly, "On the way in, I noticed an auto court."

The Governor swung around. "Why, yes. John, don't you think we could make it in one of those places without being recognized?"

"In this storm, I believe we could," John said. "Not much to offer here in the way of tourist camps, though. We're off the main highway south, Willie."

"Let's see what we can do, anyhow."

"Okay." John started the car again, and back to the street. He knew where to go. On the highway just outside town, in a grove of trees, was a cluster of green and white cabins, linked by a circular dirt road. The office was part of a small general store facing on the highway, and there were no lights. I got out in the rain and knocked, while John sounded the horn.

AT LAST a light went on upstairs. An old man came to view, wearing a tattered bathrobe. He peered at me through the glass, then opened the door a little.

"Got any cabins?" I asked.

"How many?"

"Three men and a young lady. We'll need two cabins."

"Okay. I got two. That will come to three dollars apiece."

I opened my wallet and brought out a ten-dollar bill and a five. He took the bills and said, "Three bucks more."

"You said three dollars apiece. That makes twelve dollars."

"Six beds," he said. "I charge by the beds. If you don't want the cabins, say so."

I paid him three dollars more. He gave me two keys and said, "Nine and ten. Drive on back."

I hurried back to the car and told John the numbers of the cabins. The headlights picked up number nine first, and I got out and opened the door of a garage shed adjoining the cabin. John drove in, and we entered the cabin through a door opening from the garage.

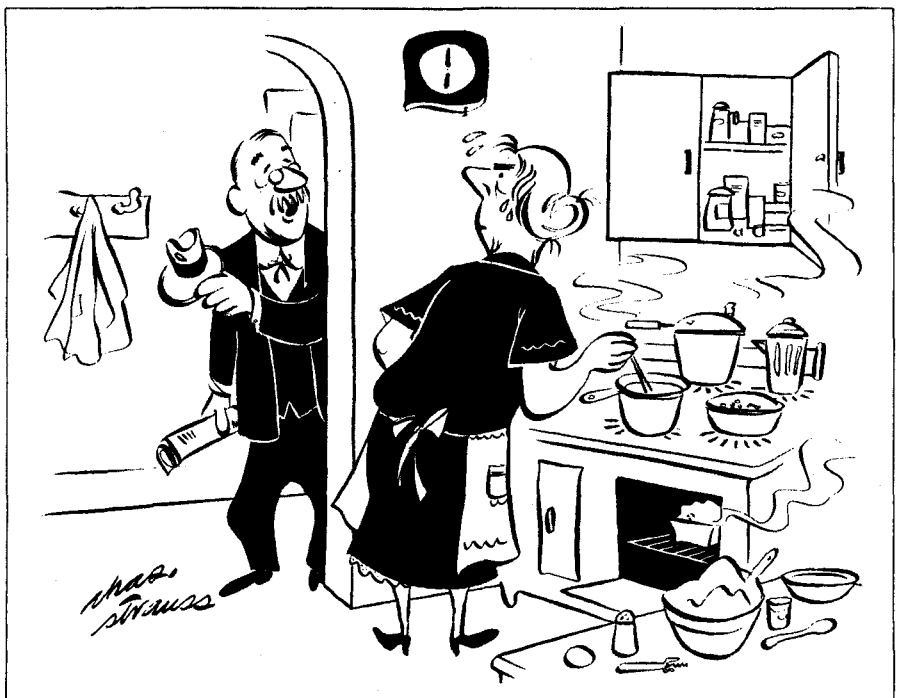
Governor Warburton produced a big grin, like a man without a care. "Fit for a Cabinet meeting," he said, and looked at the three iron beds, the washbasin with its rivulets of rust.

"At least," said John Mills, "nobody would look for you in a joint like this, Willie."

Lucy said, "Got a match, Roy?"

I found a match and offered her a cigarette, but she shook her head and knelt by the gas stove. She struck the match and turned on the gas, and we watched the match burn slowly out. Lucy looked up unhappily at me and said, "No gas!"

I brought out the bottle and there was a stiff drink apiece. I found two smoky-



"Just a little snack for me, please—I had an unusually big lunch in town today"

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looking tumblers above the washbasin and poured the first two drinks for Lucy and the Governor.

"This will warm you up, Lucy," he said. "Drink it down."

I pulled on my coat and hat. The Governor asked, "What's on your mind, Roy?"

"He stuck us eighteen dollars for these two cabins," I said. "I'm going to see to it we get some heat."

I went out by the garage and splashed through the puddles to the office. I knocked hard, and at last the old man came groping down the stairs.

"You again?" he said.

"We need heat," I said. "The gas doesn't turn on."

He rubbed his chin and said, "Sorry, we're out of gas. Feller was going to come out and fill my tank today, but he didn't show up."

I looked into his pale, crafty eyes, and shrugged. We could not go to a hotel, but not for the reason he thought. As I started out again, I noticed a wall telephone, and made a mental note of the number.

I WENT to the garage and tried the radio again. The report was the same; no indication of diminution of the gale. A freighter was in trouble off Charleston and tides were doing damage along the coast.

Back in the cabin, I gave the news with a shake of my head and said, "Governor, I think we'd better send Bill Evers a telegram."

"Saying what, Roy?"

"Telling him to telephone us here," I said. "There's a telephone out front and I took the number. I'll wire him to call that number and ask for the man in cabin nine."

"That's cryptic enough to give poor Bill the blind staggers," the Governor said, and gave me a keen glance. "You don't think we're going to make the grade, do you, Roy?"

"I was just out in that storm, Governor," I said. "No, I don't."

"Western Union is at the station," John said. "Take the car, Roy."

"All right."

Lucy looked up. "I'm going, too," she said. "There's a heater in that car."

She snuggled up beside me on the front seat, and wrapped the blanket she had brought with her around her legs. The storm had not abated in the least and I drove cautiously to the station and sent the telegram to Bill Evers. On the way back to the tourist court Lucy said, "Roy, there's a dog wagon. How about some coffee?"

I stopped the car and we dashed through the rain. It was steamy and warm in the diner. Lucy slid onto a stool, rubbed her hands briskly and said, "Ask the man if the coffee's hot."

"Hot coffee," the counterman said. "Yes, ma'am."

When the counterman had moved away Lucy said, "We're finished, Roy. The Governor is cooked. How can we explain a thing like this?"

"We can pull that one about a sentimental visit to his old schoolteacher," I said.

"Oh, no we can't," said Lucy. "Not with Clyde McDonald on the job, we can't."

"The storm will break," I said.

"You know damned well it won't," Lucy said. The warmth in the diner, and the hot coffee had done her good. Her eyes had brightened and the familiar starchiness had returned to her manner. "Come on, let's take the Governor some coffee."

Carrying the sandwiches and two quart containers of coffee, I led her in a race to the car. We drove back through the storm and I berthed the car in the garage. As we entered the cabin John Mills asked, "Get it off, all right?"

"Yes," I said. "I sent it to Meridian. The train isn't due there until nine in the morning, so we won't hear from Bill until after nine."

Governor Warburton said without much conviction, "By nine we'll be out of here. We'll be on the way. How does the storm look?"

"How does it sound, Governor?" I said.

He listened to the roar of the wind, shook his head. He ate his sandwich in silence, and for the first time the strain began to show on his face.

Dawn unveiled herself like a reluctant woman in a frigid bathroom, and was showered by the tempest. We saw the branches of trees lashed about and the great sheets of gale-blown rain. The Governor went to a window and stood looking for a long time at the storm.

"Then you can make your speech from Hydetown, Willie."

"Yes," the Governor said. "But what's the explanation?"

"The hell with an explanation," said John Mills.

"There has to be an explanation that will satisfy Clyde McDonald," the Governor said. "That's as tough as explaining a night out to your wife."

I sat up straight. "Governor, where *is* your wife?"

He looked surprised. "Why, Roy, she stopped off for a rest. You know that."

"Yes, but where is she?"

"She's due in Hydetown a day ahead of Warburton Day."

I jumped to my feet. "I've got it, Governor, I've got it!"

They both looked at me, without much

"Do you think it's fair to ask me to wait, Emily? . . . That means four years of medical school, one year as an intern, two years' postgraduate work in surgery . . . and maybe another year before you get your license to practice"

COLLIER'S — MARTHA BLANCHARD

"I don't know what to do," the Governor said. "I don't see how I'm going to explain my presence here in a third-class tourist court when I ought to be in Birmingham." He shrugged. "Roy, when Bill calls I guess we'd better have him issue a story that I'm deathly ill, or something like that. That I'm aboard the train, too ill to see anyone."

"That means no speech," I said. "That means no Hydetown reception. But I guess it's the only way out, Governor."

"Willie, why don't you come back with me to Hydetown?" John Mills suggested. "Put out a story that you dropped into the old home town as a surprise, a day ahead of schedule."

"And passed up my Birmingham speech for that?" the Governor said, and shook his head. "That won't hold water, John."

"Can't the local radio station pipe your speech to Birmingham, Willie? You got radio time anyhow, haven't you?"

The Governor groaned. "National radio time! Eight to eight thirty."

hope. I said, "John, you know a doctor you can trust?"

"Sure," John said. "Doc Arnold."

"Then he's our man," I said.

"Our man for what, Roy?" the Governor asked.

Our voices had risen, and Lucy Strawn was awake. She sat up and pushed the blanket back.

"John and I will meet Ruth when she gets off that train," I said. "She was exposed in the gale. She's got double pneumonia. We rush her to John's house and call Dr. Arnold in. We stick her in an oxygen tent. We tip off the reporters that you're rushing across country to her bedside, then John drives over here and picks you up and you dash to the hushed house, give the boys a pale, tired smile, and hurry in to stand by your stricken spouse."

Governor Warburton inhaled audibly, looked at John Mills, and said softly, "That might do."

"It's a wonderful idea," Lucy said.

"Then we can arrange for you to make that Birmingham speech by radio from John's house," I said. "It will be heart interest stuff, too. The Governor leaves his wife's bedside to meet his campaign obligations."

"Set the microphones up right in the house!" Lucy cried.

"It might do," the Governor said. "Roy, I think it will have to do. I can't say I like it. I'll feel like a charlatan, but I don't see any other avenue. Yes, that's our program. We'll do it."

I looked at my watch; it was past seven o'clock. "Take us a long time to get there in this storm," I said. "John, we'd better start."

"Okay, Roy," John said. "Willie, you stick tight here. Don't even put your nose out."

"How about that telephone call from Bill?" the Governor asked. "Someone will have to take that call, and I'll be the only man in cabin nine."

"I'll send Bill another telegram," I said. "I'll have him call John's house in Hydetown."

"Yes, good," the Governor said.

"So we're set," I said. "Except for one thing. Except Ruth had better be on that train!"

"She'll be on it," said John Mills. "There's a women's committee to meet her at the depot. My wife is chairman of it."

I groaned. "She'll probably get off looking healthy as a horse."

John frowned. "That's a fact. See here, Roy, I could put you aboard that train next stop up the line. If we hurry we can make it. But we've sure got to hurry. It's thirty miles beyond Hydetown."

We started for the door, but Lucy Strawn cried, "Hey, you can't leave me here. You can't leave the Governor checked in at an auto court with a girl, even if she is his secretary." She grinned at Governor Warburton. "Particularly if she's his secretary, I guess."

The Governor nodded. "That's right, Lucy, you'd better go along. I'll sit it out here." He put out his hand. "Roy, that was quick thinking. Good work and good luck."

WE GOT in the car and backed out of the garage, leaving Governor Willis G. Warburton, candidate for Vice-President of the United States, wrapped up in a blanket on a sagging iron bed in a battered cabin of a godforsaken tourist camp on the outskirts of nowhere. We all said a silent prayer.

In that gale John Mills could not drive faster than thirty miles an hour. I computed the distance. Forty miles to Hydetown, another thirty miles to the town where I was to board the train. Seventy miles at thirty miles an hour was well over two hours, and it was already nearly eight o'clock. The train was due at that town at 9:25, according to John's recollection. That left us considerably less than two hours for the trip.

"John, we'll never make it at this rate," I said.

"Can't go any faster, Roy. Can't see."

"Maybe Roy had better drive," Lucy suggested.

John pulled to the side of the road and I took the wheel. I was as cautious a man as he, but I was younger and my reflexes were more elastic, so that I pushed the car up to forty-five and was probably averaging forty. It was a strain, trying to see the road through the rain, and to hold the car on it against the mighty wind.

As we entered Hydetown, John pulled out his watch and said, "Five to nine, Roy."

"That leaves us thirty minutes," I said. "And thirty miles to go."

"We won't make it," John said glumly.

I put on the brakes and made an abrupt, skidding turn. "I'll drop you off here at the station, John, and you can wait. Lucy and I will go on."

(To be continued next week)

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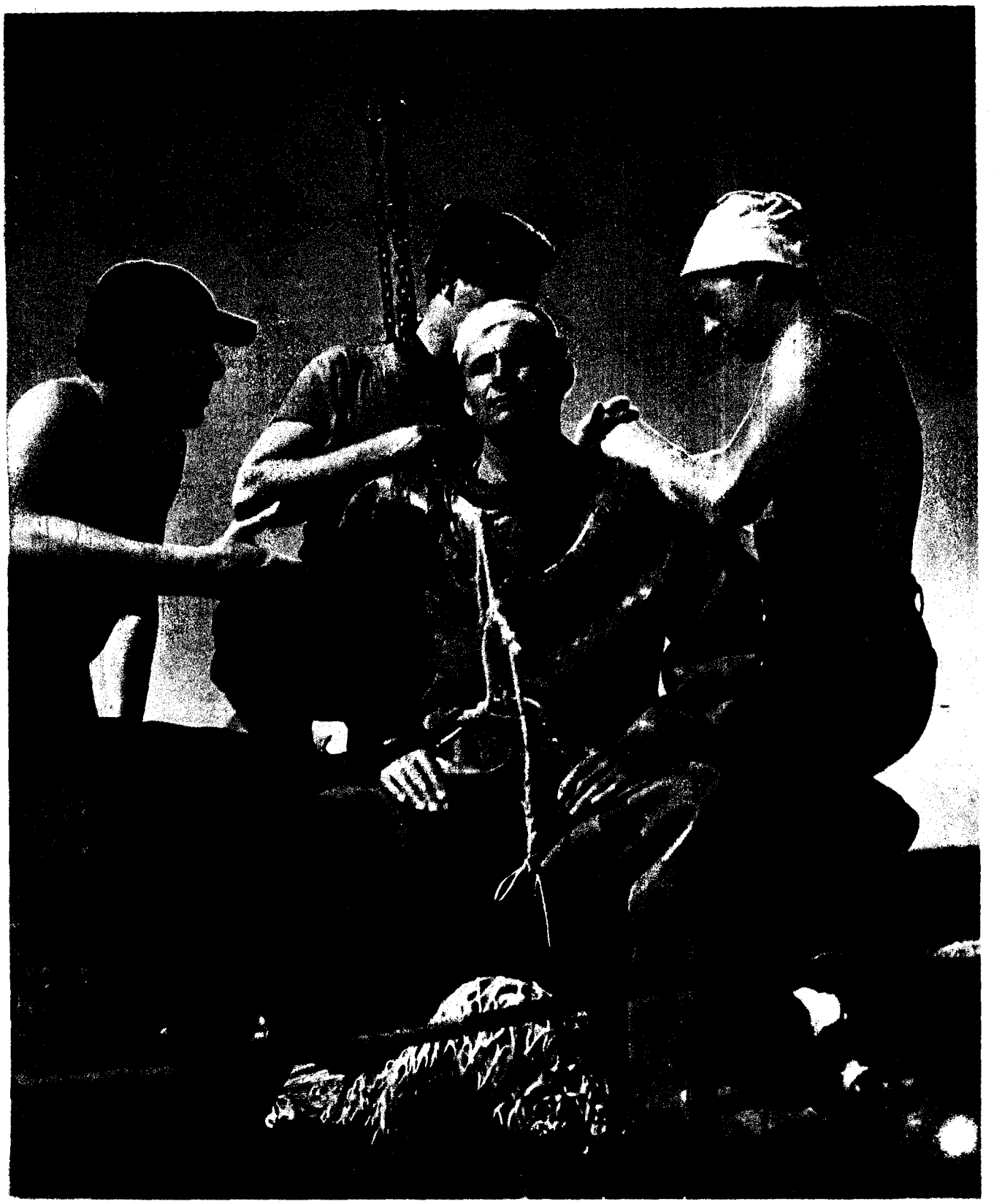

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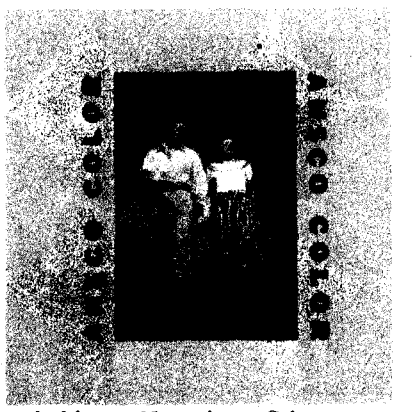

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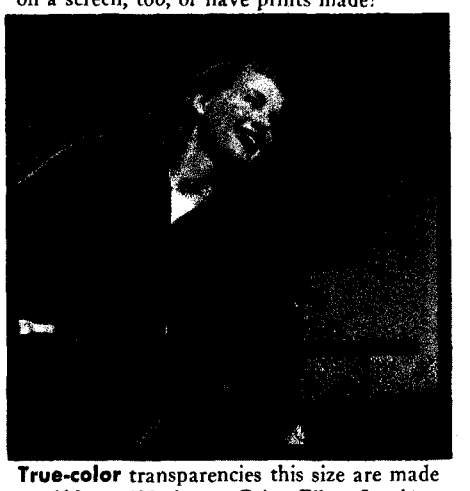

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Blackie:

"Get away from the mirror, Whitey—someone might think we're conceited."

Whitey:

"Well, Blackie—a bit of conceit on our part may be pardonable, considering our popularity."

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VERY TIRED LADY

Continued from page 23

Amsterdam and Utrecht. Bright rambler roses climbed up the brown brick house, meeting the red tiles of the roof. It was a peaceful setting in which to find one of Holland's renowned resistance fighters. We drank tea (tea, more than gin or beer, seems to be the national drink in Holland) and Rutten stretched out his long legs and talked of his queen.

"None of us will ever forget her concern for us in London," he said thoughtfully. "You know, we had always respected the queen, but now there was a new warmth about her, and we found that usually she knew more about what was going on in Holland than we did. We found too that she was living on the same rations the Germans forced us to live on in Holland."

She made Rutten one of her aides. He accompanied her on her return to Holland in March, 1945. Three quarters of the country was still occupied by the Germans, but she insisted upon returning for a short visit. She went to the completely destroyed village of Eede-Aardenburg and immediately began to discuss the rebuilding of Holland with the small group of ministers who had come with her. She remained on Dutch soil ten days and then went back to London to complete plans for the rehabilitation of her country.

Seeking a Vote of Confidence

She returned again on May third of the same year (one day before the Germans capitulated) and she has been in active charge of rehabilitation ever since. The first thing she did was to ask parliament to consider the decrees she had issued during the war and to ratify those it approved of. In effect, she was asking the people for a vote of confidence. Had she by act or spirit violated the constitution during those years when circumstances made her rule alone, without parliament? This is what she was asking the people.

The parliament ratified every one of her decrees. Then she got down to the serious business of rebuilding stricken, ravished Holland.

"I would go on tours of inspection with her," Rutten said, smiling. "Believe me, these were not routine affairs. In one village the *Bürgermeister* showed the queen how the damaged church was being rebuilt. He was very proud of that until the queen asked him sharply what he had done about rebuilding the damaged homes. 'Nothing,' the *Bürgermeister* said in amazement. 'We thought it necessary first to rebuild the church.' The queen looked at him and said, 'Homes are more important than churches at the moment.'"

For 50 years she had spent most of her time at The Hague. The housing problem in Holland was acute; so acute that virtually every family that owned a house had to take another family in to share it. Wilhelmina owned two palaces in The Hague but she refused to live in either. She moved to an unpretentious eight-room house on the Nieuwe Parklaan (New Park Lane), half a mile from the traditional palace of the House of Orange. As always, she would share the discomforts of her people.

It took weeks for her ministers to convince her that this was an unpractical solution to the housing problem. The little red brick house bulged under the presence of ministers, visitors and secretaries (she staggered her secretaries in ten-hour shifts). Finally an ingenious minister told her that although the people could not occupy her palace they could occupy the house on Nieuwe Parklaan and that she would actually help the housing shortage if she moved back to one of the palaces. Reluctantly she did so.

During her long reign Wilhelmina had never spent more than one month a year in Amsterdam. Now she took an absorbing interest in the big city, the commercial and cultural center of Holland. She began to spend four months there each year. She developed a habit of almost daily walks, which presented a bit of a problem to Holland's police force. Amsterdam is the only city in Holland where the Communists are strong, and the police were understandably apprehensive for her safety.

For 20 years she had always been accompanied on trips around the country by Sergeant Johannes Krabber of the Amsterdam police force. She would allow him to accompany her on her walks around Amsterdam; no one else. She stipulated that Sergeant Krabber wear plain clothes. Soon the dowdily dressed queen (Hollanders actually boast, "Our queen is the worst-dressed woman in Europe") and the broad-shouldered 240-pound, six-foot, seven-inch policeman became familiar figures on the streets of Amsterdam.

"Worried about her safety?" Huge Sergeant Krabber blinked his pale blue eyes in astonishment when I asked him. "Of course not. No one in Holland could possibly wish harm to Her Majesty. We went everywhere and never was even an unkind look given her. She was always stopping to talk to people. She purposely went to the poorer sections to ask the people if the meat and bread rationing was sufficient for them and their children.

"Sometimes she would go to the Volkstoneel, a theater which puts on old, old plays the people like. She didn't watch the actors; she watched the audience. Always she was interested in her people. Only a few weeks ago we took her grandchildren to the circus. The children loved it and the queen loved their enjoyment of it. The queen never misses

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

GARDEN PARTY

Dear Nature Lover, when you're through
With weeding fork and hedge shears too,
Don't straighten out your kinks, and yawn
And leave your tools upon the lawn
Where some investigating tot
May put a crony on the spot.
Be neither casual nor fickle
In storing hoe or rake or sickle;
For youngsters don't know how to grow
An extra finger, eye or toe.

—Margaret Fishback

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anything. Never. She always knows what is going on.

"But," Sergeant Krabber said anxiously, "I am talking too much. I am only a policeman but I have a great admiration for her. I have no right," he added miserably, "to talk so much. She always calls me Mr. Krabber." He smiled proudly and happily at that, and the fingers of his right hand reached instinctively for the small silver ribbon that was pinned on his chest—the order of the House of Orange.

Holland lost virtually all the revenue from her eastern colonies. Indonesia actually became a republic and the public groaned, but Wilhelmina gave no sign that this was an economic blow from which it would be difficult to recover.

When the Clergy Came to Tea

She made a habit of asking political groups, antagonistic to the conservative Protestant parties she favored, to tea, and she urged them to present their views.

One day she exploded an ecclesiastical as well as political bombshell by asking twenty Catholic priests and twenty Calvinist ministers to have tea with her. In Holland most clergymen are unabashedly avowed politicians. The Catholic party, for instance, is the most powerful party in parliament—31 per cent of the parliament are Catholic party representatives.

The priests and the ministers glared at one another—and an hour later were trying to outdo one another with constructive suggestions designed to pull Holland out of the economic and political chaos into which the war had plunged her.

Nor was Wilhelmina afraid of the word "Communist." There was a left-wing group of artists and writers in Amsterdam and she asked them to tea one day.

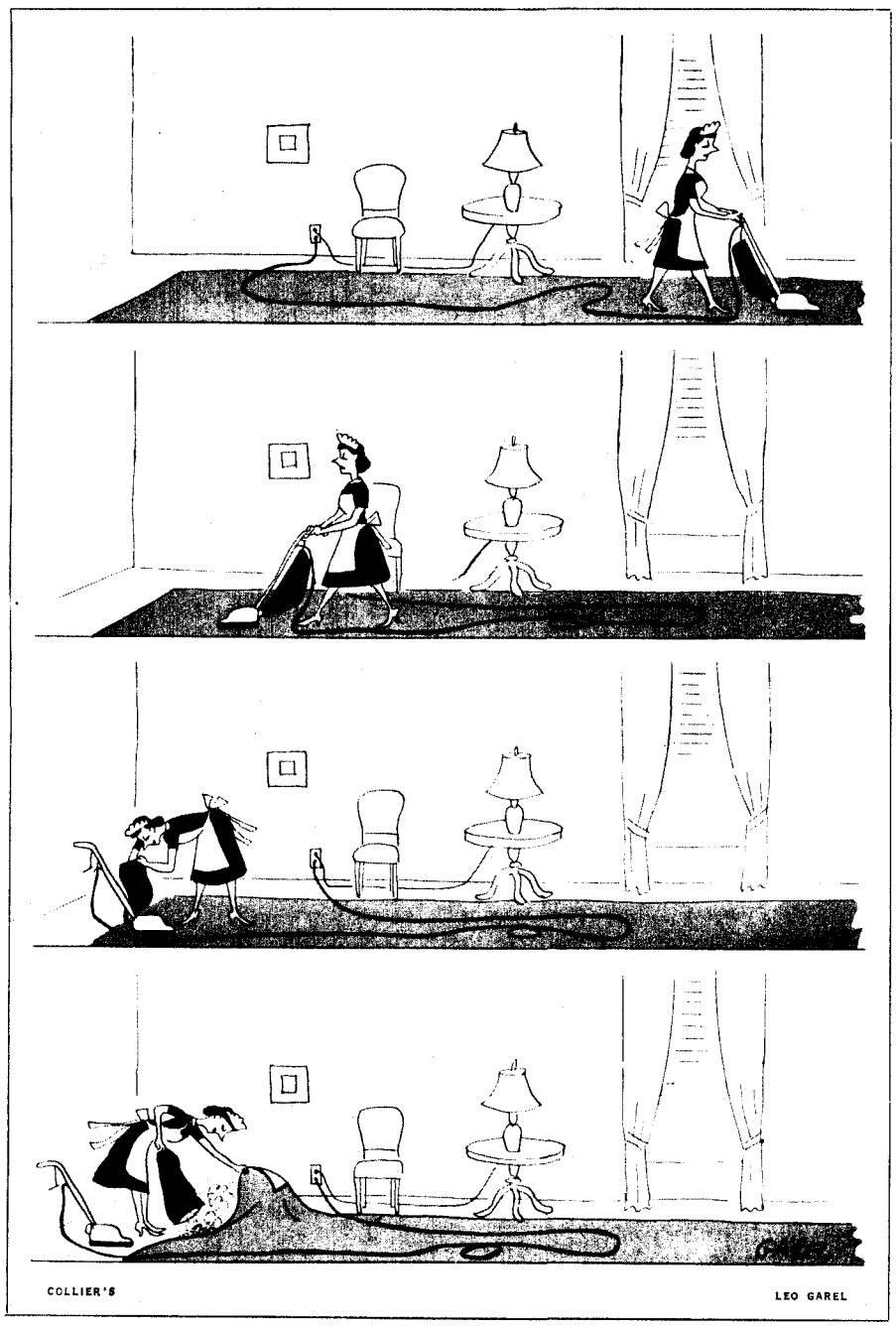
One of her ministers had the temerity to object and she said to him coldly, "Remember, these men are Dutchmen just as we are."

Jan Reyndorp, a young artist, told me of that historic tea. "She was amazing," he said with reluctant admiration.

"There we were, all avowed enemies of the monarchist system. We were Communists and proud of it. She talked to us and reminded us that we were young; we were the ones who would have to rebuild Holland. She told us that she didn't care what our political affiliations were—that was something she had never interfered with—but she did care about Holland and did want us to realize that this was the time to build and not destroy. We, the young men of Holland, had to do this. She and other leaders of her age were too old and too tired. Well, Mynheer, within half an hour she had us convinced that even though she was a product of a system we did not like she was a great patriot and a great woman."

That is Wilhelmina of Holland, the last, perhaps, of her kind. She leaves Juliana with a terrific burden but she is calmly confident that Juliana, whom she trained as Queen Emma trained *her*, will have the strength and integrity to carry it. Today Wilhelmina can look any fellow Hollander in the eye and say with clear conscience, "I have done my best for Holland." And there is not a living Hollander who could disagree with her.

THE END



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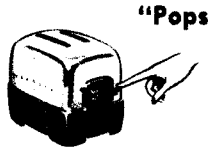

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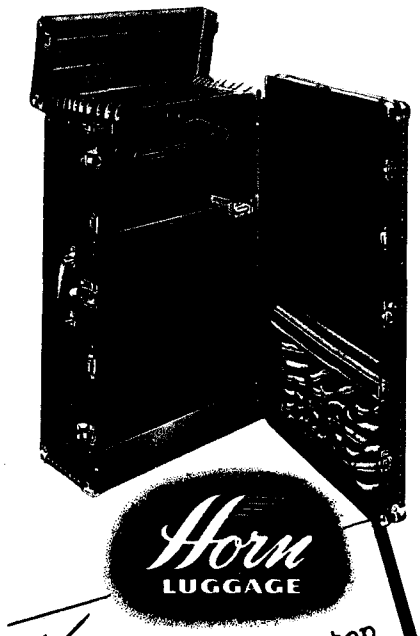

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BROADWAY DOLL

Continued from page 18

Edwards in Joe's room on 112th Street.

The train was going at quite a respectable speed now and she sat up and began to look about. A small darkish man was slumped down beside her with a fluff of hair under his lower lip. Yes, a black instrument case in the rack overhead and a lot more of odd shapes and sizes in the racks near by.

"What band are you boys with?" Doll said comfortably.

"Dave Blanchard's." He nodded at the copy of Variety in her lap. "You in the profession?"

Doll felt entirely at ease. "No, but my father is. I'm going out to visit my aunt in Illinois."

The small man said, "Those peasants'll drive you nuts." He went on to say that his name was Steve and that the band was on its way to play a lousy date in a lousy hotel in Cleveland. He suddenly straightened up. "Come on back to the diner, kid, and tie it on."

Doll hesitated, "I'm pretty short."

"So what? Come on, baby. We got paid yesterday."

She had a most enjoyable dinner with three of the band boys who told her what sort of a guy Dave Blanchard was and how he'd flown out to Cleveland while they rode the cushions in a lousy day coach. She was doing fine and she still had her five dollars.

THE brakeman snatched up her suitcase. "Come on, sis! This's Millfort." It was a squat, dingy station.

The brakeman said, "This is her, Ace," and handed her suitcase to a tall, lean old man whose hair was gray.

"Well, Dolly Martin!" said the lean old man.

"Are *you* my Uncle Kimball?"

"Nope. I'm Kim's father." He cupped his hands to shout, "Hey, Kim!"

Uncle Kimball, a round, worried-looking man with a round face and big, round, rimmed glasses. Uncle Kimball much more embarrassed than she.

"Well, well, Dolly!" He evidently couldn't make up his mind whether he should kiss her or not. "Mae meant to come meet you but she couldn't."

His father said calmly, "Did you have a good breakfast, Dolly?"

"Yes, sir. A traveling man bought it for me. He told me about his nerves. And last night the band boys gave me my dinner."

Uncle Kim looked quite shocked but his father said in a slow drawl, "Did all right for yourself, didn't you? Don't call me 'sir.' I'm not that old. I'll answer to 'Ace.'"

"All right, Ace."

The old man's eyes flickered with amusement. "Named me that when I was a river pilot."

Doll gave a little gasp. "Like Mark Twain?"

"Not much. River's not what it used to be. How do you know about Mark Twain?"

"In New York, you can get books out of the public library for free."

"That so?" The old man stood very straight and must have been six feet tall. "S'pose we mosey along uptown?"

They went down a wide, dusty street, a little like the Bronx but not much. Low brick buildings on either side and a hound dog asleep on the sidewalk. Big signs over small restaurants that said "HOT CAT."

Ace saw her alarmed look. "Fried catfish, honey."

A different air, a different feel to everything and even the wind was slow and warm and lazy. Not a bit like the Bronx now: tall old trees against bright blue sky and roses blooming.

A woman like a plump brown bird came running down a red brick walk in front of a big yellow house. "Dolly! Dolly Martin!"

Aunt Mae hugging and kissing her: Aunt Mae with her apron still on and her soft brown hair hanging down in strings. "I guess you're just about starved to death, Dolly."

Sitting in the dark dining room with more dishes set before her than you'd ever see in the Automat or Childs' or Schrafft's. Fried chicken, an orange-colored yam split in half and drenched with butter, black-eyed peas.

"Have some hot cakes, honey," said Aunt Mae.

Across from her, Uncle Kim put down his fork in awe. "Good Godfrey, Mae, the child'll stuff herself to death."

"Don't mind him, honey. You just go on and eat."

She reached for her glass of milk and it was almost cream.

Ace sat back smiling. "Whoa there, Doll. Don't have to tank up against time. There'll be more tomorrow."

Her eyes went wide. "You mean you eat like this *every* day?"

Upstairs at last and a long, bright bedroom with a cool green paper and dark green blinds. A big four-poster bed, a green and white bureau, a dressing table with an enormous mirror—

"It's simply swell, Aunt Mae!"

Aunt Mae's eyes were brown velvet if you looked at them closely. "Do you want me to help you unpack, Doll?"

She looked at the suitcase and was ashamed. "There—there isn't much to unpack, Aunt Mae."

All alone now and she went to look out the window. A squat brick fire station across the street and the firemen sitting out in front in their shirt sleeves.

She knew what Herbie would say if he could see that. Herbie would say, "I told you it was a hick town!" Well, maybe it was but it was still pretty nice.

NICE, too, in the evening on the front porch with all the stars shining out of the hot dark and that strong, sweet smell was something they called honeysuckle.

Aunt Mae: "Nine o'clock, Doll. Don't you think you'd better go to bed?"

"Now? My gosh, it's awfully early."

Uncle Kim: "What time do you go to bed in New York, Doll?"

"Well, in the summer, maybe midnight—or later if it's terribly hot."

Uncle Kim looked as if he were about to say something and then didn't. No one said anything at all and the whole night was so silent it made your nerves jump.

"Gosh, is it always so quiet?"

A deep bass bellow lifted every hair on her head. *"What's that?"*

Ace began to chuckle. "Steamboat on the Ohio."

She lay back, laughing, for even if Ace were old, he and she understood each other. Her head drooped forward and she couldn't help it. "I guess you're right, Aunt Mae. I guess I'd better go to bed." She rose, yawning. "I'm pretty well tired out." . . .

Doll had on her blue slacks with her shirttail hanging out and her face shone. She'd already seen the wonderful stove and was now running the vacuum.

"You don't have to help me, Doll," Aunt Mae said.

"But I like helping you, Aunt Mae."

"You certainly do know how to clean, Doll. I wouldn't have thought you'd done much of it in New York."

"Well, Herbie's a man and men are all sort of sloppy."

"I know. You like things neat."

Yes, Doll did. She'd never seen anything as spotless as Aunt Mae's house.

AUNT MAE said, "Sharon Fletcher's having a birthday party this afternoon and her mother's invited you to come."

She said doubtfully, "Is it just children?"

"Yes, dear. You'll have a lovely time and you'd better wear your best dress."

"I've only three dresses and I don't believe any of them is best."

Well, the party was simply terrible. She didn't know who anybody was and she hadn't the remotest idea what they were all chattering about. The fluttering little woman was Sharon's mother and she was mostly in the next room where there were going to be refreshments sometime. The tall angular woman with her was Miss Jimpson who had come in to help and Miss Jimpson looked just like the aunt in a Tom show.

When it came to the children, Doll simply gave up. There were so many of them and they all knew one another, and although they must be her own age, they were so *young*. She was an utter outsider and she'd better shut her head. She could feel the stiff little smile on her face and they'd turned the phonograph on and she danced with one boy after another.

The tallest one with the plump, self-satisfied, self-assured face cut in, and Doll's mind said acidly, "Here's a big lug!" He held her close, his cheek to hers and he kept crooning to the music.

"You going to high school in the fall?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know if I'll be here then."

"We've got a good gang. We're pretty careful who we take in. You have to be in a town like this."

Doll wondered why.

"I'm on the football team and I'm pretty fair if I do say so." Doll hadn't the least idea that all the boys at the party were fascinated by her and all the girls were jealous.

He held her closer still. "Say, you're a smooth dancer."

"I'm not very good. I was going to Ben White's dancing school but we got falling of the room rent so I had to stop."

"You got what?"

"We ran out of money."

His face told her that had been a mistake. Maybe out here it was a disgrace not to have money. It certainly wasn't in show business. She didn't notice the large blond girl glaring at her, and if she'd been told that the blond girl and her present partner were going together, it wouldn't have meant anything.

He began doing tricky steps. "Listen to that sweet sax! That's Benny Nolan's band. Gee, what a guy! I heard him up in St. Louis and I stood there so close to the platform I could have touched him. Was that something?"

Doll knew what Benny Nolan said

From Installment XVI of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: At Yalta, "Stalin confessed to Hopkins that he became pretty fed up with hearing about American and British public opinion. He obviously believed that Roosevelt and Churchill kept referring to it merely as a device to justify their own personal opinions and prejudices. The Russians never did succeed in understanding that public opinion could be a determining factor even with the powerful heads of state."

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about bobby-soxers who stood around and stared at him. "Benny's nice, only he hasn't much sense."

He stopped dead. "Say, do you *know* Benny Nolan?"

"Why, sure, I do."

He swung around and said in a shout, "Listen, everybody! *Dolly knows Benny Nolan!*"

The large blond girl came quite close, her lips twisting. "Does she? Well, Constance Curtis is playing in the movie down at the Bijou and I *suppose* she knows her, too!"

"Why, yes, I know Connie," Doll said.

She could see that no one in the whole room believed her.

SHE came home at last and Ace was sitting on the veranda, smoking his corncob pipe.

"Have a good time, Doll?"

"No. Lousy. Those kids don't know anything."

"So?" Ace pointed with his pipe. "Trouble coming up the walk."

Miss Jimpson, looking more like Little Eva's aunt than ever, her cheeks fiery, her nose red. Miss Jimpson pounced on Aunt Mae in the parlor and you could hear her through the open window.

"I hate to tell you this, Miz' Stratton, but that child's untruthful. She tells fibs. She says she knows Miss Constance Curtis, the film star. She actually up and said so."

Aunt Mae: "Did she? Doll, come here a minute, please."

Into the dim parlor and Aunt Mae asking crisp and cool, "Do you know Constance Curtis, Doll?"

"Sure. Why not? She isn't anybody."

Miss Jimpson bristled. "Miss Curtis is just about the biggest movie star there is and she comes of a *very* refined family from Kentucky."

"Like fun she does. Her father runs a delicatessen on Second Avenue."

Miss Jimpson began to shake. "Constance Curtis is a sweet, wholesome—"

Doll opened her mouth. Then shut it tight again. Miss Jimpson was a fan and she'd never known one before. Fans were worse than bobby-soxers.

Aunt Mae, so crisp she almost seemed to crackle: "If my niece says she knows anyone you can be certain she does. Dolly is a very reliable little girl. I wish you a good afternoon, Miss Jimpson."

The door slammed and Doll's eyes went wide. "Gosh, you didn't have to stand up for me, Aunt Mae."

"I certainly did. Why, you're one of the family, Doll."

Ace fondled his pipe. "Been wonderin' what you were goin' to say to that hellcat, only you didn't."

"Just that Connie's a"—she sought about for a word that would be suitable for their ears—"a little tramp."

"Oh, dear," said Aunt Mae. "She shouldn't know about things like that."

"Might's well know 'em sooner as later." Ace put the pipe in his mouth.

The next afternoon everything went suddenly flat and stale. For the novelty'd worn off now and Millfort was only a stupid, dusty little place. She went walking downtown through the heat and there was no stir, no excitement; nothing to see, nothing to do.

She stopped before the Bijou Theater and it was only a little hole in the wall.

"Hello, Broadway!"

She turned and the short, pudgy, red-cheeked man was smiling at her. "Pete Thurston. I'm manager of this flea bag. Come on in. How's the Big Town, sweetheart?"

Someone different, someone straight off Forty-second Street. He led her inside and it felt like a theater, it smelled like a theater.

"Want to see the show, Broadway?"

"It's a turkey, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is. It stinks the whole theater up."

"You got a pretty good house," she said professionally. "Much paper in it?"

"Nope. Mostly kids."

"Bobby-soxers?"

Pete shuddered. "Bubble-gummers. Come on up to the office."

A nice, small, cluttered, dusty, familiar place. Old copies of Variety and Billboard, press sheets, tattered stills, a typewriter with gray lint hanging from its undercarriage. She slouched happily in one chair, her feet in another. "How come you're in this hick town, Pete?"

He spoke to her as if she were his own age and she was used to that. "Well, I'll tell you, Broadway. I was working for Loew's. Neighborhood house over on the West Side. And I had a big bust-up. Nervous breakdown. The doctor said I had to keep nice and quiet. So they shot me out here."

"That's pretty tough going, Pete."

"Oh, it's not so bad when you get used to it. They tell me your father's an actor. How's he doing?"

"He isn't doing anything right now."

Pete nodded. "How'd he like to try the clam chowder circuit? Friend of mine's got a straw hat theater down on the Cape. I might shoot him a line. Not much dough but it's better than nothing."

Well, it wouldn't do any harm to try. "If you'd put in a word for Herbie, Pete, that would be swell."

"Glad to." His eyes grew hungry. "Tell me all about the Big Town!" . . .

It was ten days later when the letter from Oliver came. "—Herbie's got a job with a straw hat down on the Cape. I hear Rose Leonard's up there, too. You remember Rose—"

Doll stood there and bit her lip. She wasn't surprised that Oliver had written before Herbie did because Herbie always had a hard time with letters. Yes, she remembered Rose Leonard; a tall, rangy girl who thought she looked like Katharine Hepburn.

She had some luck in getting small parts and she was dead sure she was going to see her name up in lights. Rose was dead sure about everything. Rose was always right and people who didn't agree with her were wrong. Rose was coldly ambitious and though she wasn't a tramp or a heel, you had the feeling she was hard as nails inside.

It was silly, of course, but as Doll stood there, she had a dim feeling of disaster. When you started having the horrors, the thing to do was to go for a good long walk.

She went down Washington Street and the great trees, dusty with summer, almost met in arches overhead. Redbirds flashed against the blue glare of sky and it was steaming, sticky hot. She stopped by the tall green hedge.

THERE was a boy sitting just inside, deep in the shade of the sycamores. He was stretched out limp in a long wicker chair with an open book on his lap and his long face was very pale with the fair hair falling over his forehead. He might have been about twelve, and some quality about his eyes, a quick, sensitive keenness, reminded her of Oliver.

She pulled a handkerchief from the pocket of her shorts. "Whew, it's hot!"

He had a soft smile like Oliver's too. "It's cooler here in the shade. Come on in."

She sat gratefully down in the grass beside him and he was too old for his age as Oliver was. "You're the girl from New York, aren't you? I'm David Graham. I've been sick."

"You don't look very rugged, David."

He took up the book. "I've been reading David Copperfield."

Doll's eyes lighted up. "Where've you got to, now?"

"David's just coming to the old boat."

"Gosh! That's the very best of all."

His hands moved wearily. "Only I get so tired I have to stop."

"I'll read to you if you want, David."

Half an hour later, she'd put the volume down and they were so intent on each other they didn't see the tall, slim woman in shirt and jodhpurs come quietly across the grass.

"And you didn't have anything to eat *at all?*" David was saying.

"Well, not till I walked all the way up to 112th Street to borrow a buck from Joe Edwards."

"Company, David?" asked the tall woman.

"Yes, Mum. This is Dolly Martin and she's been telling me the most wonderful stories about New York."

Mrs. Graham was like something you sometimes see on the stage—maybe a little like Ina Claire—cool and quiet but with a radiance you sense even before she begins to speak. She held out her hand. "I'm glad you came, Dolly. David needs some company. Tired, David?"

"No, Mum. Dolly doesn't tire any-

"Why is it Jinx and Tex have so much to talk about? Why is it Dorothy and Dick have so much to talk about? Why is it . . .?"

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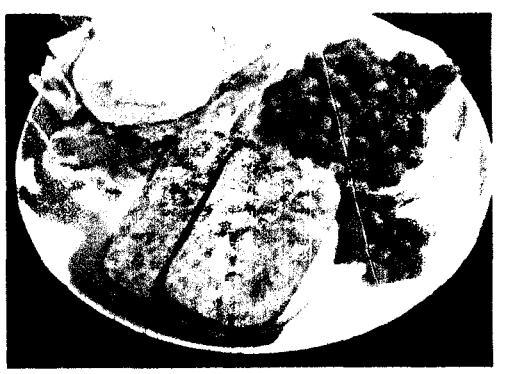

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one." He looked up like a very small boy who wants something badly. "Mum. The Bijou's showing Great Expectations next week. I don't suppose I could go, could I?"

"No, I don't suppose you could. There'll be a big crowd and you're still pretty weak. You'd better come in the house now and Dolly'll want a cool drink."

IT WAS a wonderful house inside and she was all alone with Mrs. Graham, and a Negro man in a white coat was actually bringing her a tall, frosted glass and a plate of cookies.

"I'll have a drink with you, Dolly." Even if Mrs. Graham's eyes were deep violet and her hair bright gold, she somehow made you feel right at home with her. "You see, David is a long time getting well and he frets about it. And when we have some of the other children over, they stay forever or are too noisy."

Doll nodded. "Sure, I know. When Jimmy Huston was sick, I used to stay with him when his father and mother had to go to the studio."

"Are those the Hustons we hear on the radio?"

"Yes. They had a tough time at first but they're in the money now."

Mrs. Graham smiled. "You know a lot about the world, don't you, Dolly? A lot more than I do." She held out her hand. "Come again, Dolly. Come often."

She went slowly down the walk and some odd words Ace had used came into her head. "Quality folks." Well, Mrs. Graham and David were. She'd never known any before. . . .

She came back up the walk at a hard run that next morning. She burst into the dining room and the sun was slanting there through the green blinds. Mrs. Graham was such a lady that she didn't even look surprised.

"Look, Mrs. Graham, David could come down to see Great Expectations if there wasn't any crowd, couldn't he?"

David's face lighted up and even Mrs. Graham's soft voice sounded excited. "Why, what do you mean, Dolly?"

"Pete's running it off this morning so he can time it. There won't be anybody there but him and you and David and maybe me. You can have the whole house to yourself."

"Mum!" David's voice was bright.

Mrs. Graham was very quick. "You're sure we wouldn't be a bother? And would we have to hurry?"

"Gosh, no. Pete'll hold it till you get there. Take your time."

Mrs. Graham stood up. "Dolly, you must be a magician. I never felt so much like royalty in all my life."

Pete certainly did it up in style. Pete was out on the sidewalk waiting to swing the car door open. Pete said, "Good morning, Mrs. Graham. Good morning, David. I hope you'll like our little entertainment."

Pete ushering them into the empty theater. Pete putting David on the aisle. Pete called, "House lights!" and it all went dark. He called, "All right, Chad. Let her roll."

She could sense how excited David was and it was the right sort of excitement too: the kind you feel on an opening night when a show comes in cold and suddenly turns into a blazing success. She could feel his fingers touch hers and that was nice.

Well, holding hands like a bobby-soxer! How Oliver would grin if he could see her now. . . .

June slipping into July, July into early August. David was all well and growing very brown and they went swimming in the river.

She was weeding in the garden now and Aunt Mae slammed open the screen door.

"Special-delivery letter for you, Doll!"

Herbie's writing in a big scrawl and then she suddenly had to sit down on the back steps. Herbie married. Herbie married to Rose.

"Why, what's the matter, Doll?"

Doll felt as if she'd been beaten. Herbie'd been going to send for her, first thing, as soon as he got into the money. He hadn't. He'd married Rose instead.

Aunt Mae took the letter from her.

Herbie had written: "It'll probably take us some time to get organized when we get back to New York in the fall. But when we do, you bet we'll send for you P.D.Q. You'll love Rose, baby. Rose will be a second mother to you. . . ."

Aunt Mae said, "That woman doesn't sound good to me." She said, "If you want to, Doll, you just stay right here and be our little girl."

She looked up. "Gee, you're nice, Aunt Mae. You're awfully nice." But Aunt Mae couldn't help her now. Maybe nobody could. "I got to go downtown. I got to talk to someone."

You feel lost when you've always counted on someone and now can't any more. When it's someone you've loved, it's worse. It gives you a nasty, sick, sweetish feeling.

For nothing would ever be the same in the Big Town again. Nothing ever the same between her and her father. Rose and she would never get on, no matter how hard they tried.

The old Herbie'd be gone, too, and she had the dismal sense that maybe there'd never been an old Herbie, a fond, considerate father. Maybe that had all been in her mind.

BUT here was the pudgy little man standing in front of his theater. "Pete, can I talk to you, please?"

He took one look at her face. "Better come up to the office, Broadway."

She sat down, handed him the letter. His eyes skimmed over it in a flash. "I feel terrible, Pete."

"I know." He went over to the window. "I didn't tell you but when I came here, I was married. Bee was coming out too when I got settled. She didn't. She divorced me and got married to someone else."

Her eyes went dark. "But, Pete, people don't do things like that!"

"You know darned well they do, Broadway."

Yes, they did. Herbie had.

"I nearly went nuts," Pete was saying, "but after a while I started thinking. Bee never would have fitted in out here and we'd both been miserable. You want to cry, Broadway?"

"Only kids cry, Pete."

Pete's voice, very level: "You've got a lot of good friends, Broadway."

Yes, she had. Pete, himself. Aunt Mae, Ace, Uncle Kim, David, Mrs. Graham. And they all had one thing in common that Herbie hadn't: some hard core of honor. They'd keep their promises.

"Can you take a tough one, Broadway? I don't think your father wants you back too much. Not right now."

Yes, that was it. That was what made you bitter sick in your heart.

"Maybe you've had about enough of show business, Broadway."

There were two worlds before her and she'd have to choose: the shiny, hard, exciting one that was the Big Town with all its trumpets blowing: the neat, clean, quiet-to-dullness one that was Aunt Mae and Ace and Uncle Kim.

There was a third world, too: that of David and Mrs. Graham, and that was the best of all. Could she ever be like them? Could she ever be what Ace called "quality folks"? Probably not. But she could try.

"You know, Broadway," Pete was saying, "when things get different, you just can't go back and make them the way they were before."

"No," she said, and even if she lived a long time, she'd never feel as old as she did now. "No. You can't ever go back."

THE END

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COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Continued from page 14

to the talk, and I glanced across at the English girl and I saw that she too was leaning forward and listening with a slightly strained expression.

I don't know precisely what it was, but there was certainly something disturbing about the little man. To me it seemed as though there was about him a faint, unpleasant smell of danger, a suggestion of tremendous evil, but I wasn't sure. He must have been about seventy years old.

He looked up again at the boy and said slowly, "I like to bet, too. Why we don't have a good bet on dis ting? A good big bet."

"Now wait a minute," the boy said. "I can't do that. But I'll bet you a quarter. I'll even bet you a dollar, or whatever it is over here—some shillings, I guess."

The little man waved his hand again. "Listen to me. Now we have some fun. We make a bet. Den we go up to my room here in de hotel where iss no wind and I bet you you cannot light dis famous lighter of yours ten times running, without missing once."

"I'll bet I can," the boy said.

"All right. Good. We make a bet, yes?"

"Sure. I'll bet you a buck."

HE'LL LEARN

He's a golfing beginner,
A greenhorn, a dub,
For he still blames himself,
Not the course, ball or club.

—Richard Armour

"No, no. I make you very good bet. I am rich man and I am sporting man also. Listen to me. Outside de hotel iss my car. Iss very fine car. American car from your country. Cadillac—"

"Hey, now. Wait a minute." The boy leaned back in his deck chair and he laughed. "I can't put up that sort of property. This is crazy."

"Not crazy at all. You strike lighter successfully ten times running and Cadillac is yours. You like to have dis Cadillac, yes?"

"Sure, I'd like to have a Cadillac." The boy was still grinning.

"All right. Fine. We make a bet and I put up my Cadillac."

"And what do I put up?"

THE little man carefully removed the red band from his still unlighted cigar. "Ah!" he said. "You will bet de little finger of your left hand."

"My *what!*" The boy stopped grinning.

"Yes. Why not? You win you take de car. You looss, I take de finger."

"I don't get it. How d'you mean, you take the finger?"

"I chop it off."

"Jumping jeepers! That's a crazy bet. I think I'll just make it a dollar."

The little man leaned back, spread out his hands palms upward and gave a little shrug with his shoulders. "Well, well, well," he said. "I do not understand. You say it lights but you will not bet. Den we forget it, yes?"

The boy sat quite still, staring at the bathers in the pool. Then he remembered suddenly that he hadn't lighted his cigarette. He put it between his lips, cupped his hands around the lighter and flipped the wheel. The wick lighted and burned with a small, steady, yellow flame and the way he held his hands the wind didn't get to it at all.

"Could I have a light, too?" I said.

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said. "I forgot you didn't have one."

He stood up, came across to my chair, bent down, cupped his hands, flipped the lighter and lighted mine too. He sat down again and now, as he sat there, I could see a small tension beginning to build up inside him. He placed his hands upon his bare knees and he started tap-tap-tapping with his fingers against his kneecaps.

Then he began tapping with one of his feet as well and he sat there, half naked in his deck chair, watching the bathers in the pool and it was obvious that the tension was building up within him.

WHEN finally he turned again to the little man, he tried to make his voice sound very casual.

"Now just let me check up on this bet of yours," he said. "You say we go up to your room and if I make this lighter light ten times running I win a Cadillac. If it misses just once then I forfeit the little finger of my left hand. Is that right?"

"Certainly. Dat is de bet. But I tink you are afraid."

"What do we do if I lose? Do I have to hold my finger out while you chop it off?"

"Oh, no! Dat would be no good. En you might be tempted to refuse to hold it out. What I should do I should tie one of your hands to de table before we started and I should stand dere with a knife ready to go chop de momint your lighter missed."

"What year is the Cadillac?" the boy asked.

"Excuse. I not understand."

"What year—how old is the Cadillac?"

"Ah! How old? Yes. It is last year. Nineteen forty-seven. Quite new car. But I see you not betting man. Americans never are."

The boy paused for just a moment and he glanced first at the English girl, then at me. "Yes," he said sharply. "I'll bet you."

"Good!" The little man clapped his hands together quietly, once. "Fine," he said. "We do it now. And you, sir," he turned to me, "you would perhaps be good enough to, what you call it, to—to referee." He had pale, almost colorless eyes with tiny bright black pupils.

"Well," I said. "I think it's a crazy bet. I don't think I like it very much."

"Nor do I," said the English girl. It was the first time she'd spoken. "I think it's a stupid, ridiculous bet."

"Are you serious about cutting off this boy's finger if he loses?" I said.

"Certainly I am. Also about giving him de Cadillac if he win. Come now. We go to my room."

He stood up. "You like to put on some clothes first?" he said.

"No," the boy answered. "I'll come like this." Then he turned to me. "I'd consider it a favor if you'd come along and referee."

"All right," I said. "I'll come along, but I don't like the bet."

"You come too," he said to the girl. "You come and watch."

The little man led the way back through the garden to the hotel. He was animated now, and excited, and that seemed to make him bounce up higher than ever on his toes as he walked along.

"I live in annex," he said as he bounced along. "You like to see car first? Iss just here."

He took us a little farther on to where we could see the front driveway of the hotel and he stopped and pointed to a sleek, pale-green Cadillac parked close by.

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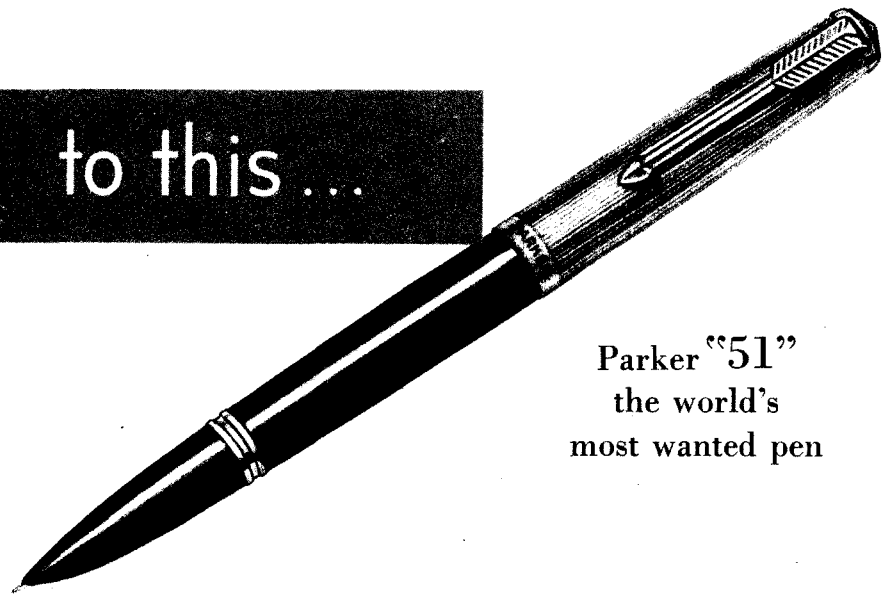

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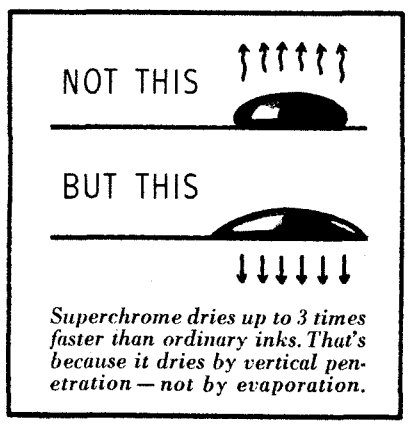

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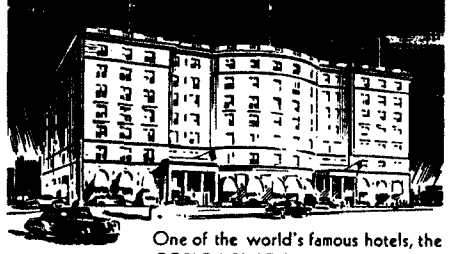

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"Say, that's a nice car," the boy said.

"All right. Now we go up and see if you can win her."

We followed him into the annex and up one flight of stairs. He unlocked his door and we all trooped into what was a large, pleasant double bedroom. There was a woman's dressing gown lying across the bottom of one of the beds.

"First," he said, "we 'ave a little Martini."

The drinks were on a small table in the far corner, all ready to be mixed, and there was a shaker and ice and plenty of glasses. He began to make the Martini, but meanwhile he'd rung the bell and now there was a knock on the door and a colored maid came in.

"Ah!" he said, putting down the bottle of gin. "Ah, yes now!" he said, taking a wallet from his pocket and pulling out a pound note. "You will do something for me now, pleess." He gave the maid the pound.

"You keep dat," he said. "And now, we are going to play a little game in here and I want you to go off and find for me two—no tree tings. I want some nails; I want a hammer, and I want a chopping knife, a butcher's chopping knife which you can borrow from de kitchen. You can get, yes?"

"A chopping knife!" The maid opened her eyes wide and clasped her hands in front of her. "You mean a real chopping knife?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Come on now, pleess. You can find dose tings surely for me."

"Yes, sir, I'll try, sir. Surely I'll try to get them." And she went.

THE little man mixed the Martinis, poured them and handed them round. We stood there and sipped them, the boy with the long freckled face and the pointed nose, bare-bodied except for a pair of faded brown bathing shorts; the English girl, a large-boned, fair-haired, attractive girl wearing a pale blue bathing suit, who watched the boy over the top of her glass all the time; the little man, the little man with the colorless eyes, rather old but very full of bounce, standing there in his immaculate white suit drinking his Martini and looking at the girl in her pale blue bathing dress. I didn't know what to make of it all. The man seemed serious about the bet and he seemed serious about the business of cutting off the finger. But hell, what if the boy lost and he really did it? Then we'd have to take the boy to the hospital in the Cadillac that he hadn't won. That would be a fine thing. Now wouldn't that be a really fine thing? It would be a damn' silly unnecessary thing; but then, who the hell was I to interfere?

"Don't you think this is rather a silly bet?" I said.

"I think it's a fine bet," the boy answered.

"I think it's a stupid, ridiculous bet," the girl said. "What'll happen if you lose?"

"It won't matter. Come to think of it, I can't remember ever in my life having had any use for the little finger on my left hand. Here he is." The boy took hold of the finger. "Here he is and he hasn't ever done a thing for me yet. So why shouldn't I bet him. I think it's a fine bet."

The little man smiled and picked up the shaker and refilled our glasses.

"Before we begin," he said, "I will present to de—to de referee de key of de car." He produced a car key from his pocket and gave it to me. "De papers," he said, "de owning papers and insurance are in de pocket of de car."

Then the colored maid came in again. In one hand she carried a small chopper, the kind used by butchers for chopping meat bones, and in the other a hammer and a bag of nails.

"Ah, fine! You get dem all. Tank you, tank you. Now you can go." The little man waited until the maid had closed the door, then he put the implements on one of the beds and said, "Now we prepare ourselves, yes?" And to the boy "Help me, pleess, with dis table. We carry it out a little."

It was the usual kind of hotel writing desk, just a plain rectangular table about four feet by three with a blotting pad, ink, pens and paper. They carried it out into the room away from the wall, and the little man removed the writing things.

"And now," he said, "a chair." He picked up a chair and placed it beside the table. He was very brisk and very animated.

He was like a person organizing games at a children's party. "And now de nails. I must put in de nails." He fetched the nails and he began to hammer them into the top of the table.

WE STOOD there, the boy, the girl and I, holding Martinis in our hands, watching the little man at work. We watched him hammer two nails into the table, about six inches apart. He didn't hammer them right home; he allowed a small part of each one to stick up. Then he tested them for firmness with his fingers.

He's done this before, I thought. It's routine. Anyone can see this is a routine and that he's done it before.

"And now," he said, "all we want is some string." He found some string. "All right, at last we are ready. Will you pleess to sit here at de table," he said to the boy.

The boy put his glass away and sat down.

"Now place de left hand between dese two nails. De nails are only so I can tie your hand in place. All right, good. Now I tie your hand secure to de table, so."

He wound the string around the boy's wrist, then several times around the wide part of the hand, then he fastened it tight to the nails. He made a good job of it and when he'd finished there wasn't any question about the boy being able to draw his hand away. But he could move his fingers.

"Now pleess, clench de fist, all except for de little finger. You must leave de little finger sticking out, lying on de table."

"Excell-ent! Excell-ent! Now we are ready. Wid your right hand you manipulate de lighter. But one momint, pleess."

He skipped over to the bed and picked up the chopper. He came back and stood beside the table with the chopper in his hand.

"We all are ready?" he said. "Mister referee, you must say to begin."

The English girl was standing there in her pale blue bathing costume right behind the boy's chair. She was just standing there, not saying anything. The boy was sitting quite still, holding the lighter in his right hand, looking at the chopper. The little man was looking at me.

"Are you ready?" I asked the boy.

"I'm ready."

"And you?" to the little man.

"Quite ready," he said and he lifted the chopper up in the air and held it there, about two feet above the boy's finger, ready to chop. The boy watched it, but he didn't flinch and his mouth didn't move at all. He merely raised his eyebrows and frowned.

"All right," I said. "Go ahead."

The boy said, "Will you please count aloud the number of times I light it."

"Yes," I said. "I'll do that."

With his thumb he raised the top of the lighter, and again with the thumb he gave the wheel a sharp flick. The flint sparked and the wick caught fire and burned with a small yellow flame.

"One!" I called.

He didn't blow the flame out; he closed the top of the lighter on it and he waited for perhaps five seconds before opening it again.

He flicked the wheel very strongly and once more there was a small flame burning on the wick.

"Two!"

No one said anything. The boy kept his eyes on the lighter. The little man held the chopper up in the air and he too was watching the lighter.

"Three!"

"Four!"

"Five!"

"Six!"

"Seven!" Obviously it was one of those lighters which worked. The flint gave a big spark and the wick was the right length. I watched the thumb snapping the top down on to the flame. Then a pause. Then the thumb raising the top once more. This was an all-thumb operation. The thumb did everything. I took a breath, ready to say eight. The thumb flicked the wheel. The flint sparked. The little flame appeared.

"Eight!" I said and as I said it the door opened. We all turned and we saw a woman standing in the doorway, a small, black-haired woman, rather old, who stood there for about two seconds then rushed forward shouting, "Carlos! Carlos!" She grabbed his wrist, took the chopper from him, threw it on the bed, took hold of the little man by the lapels of his white suit and began shaking him very vigorously, talking to him fast and loud and fiercely all the time in some Spanish-sounding language. She shook him so fast you couldn't see him any more. He became a faint, misty, quickly moving outline, like the spokes of a turning wheel.

Hell, I thought, if he gets that for much longer something's going to come loose inside him. This is a fierce woman, I thought, this is a very fierce woman. And then she slowed down and the little man came into view again and she hauled him across the room and pushed him backward onto one of the beds. He sat on the edge of it blinking his eyes and testing his head to see if it would still turn on his neck.

"I am so sorry," the woman said. "I am so terribly sorry that this should happen." She spoke almost perfect English.

"It is too bad," she went on. "I suppose it is really my fault. For ten minutes I leave him alone to go and have my hair washed and I come back and he is at it again." She looked sorry and deeply concerned.

THE boy was untying his hand from the table. The English girl and I stood there and said nothing.

"He is a menace," the woman said. "Down where we live at home he has taken altogether forty-seven fingers from different people—he has a collection—and he has lost eleven cars. In the end they threatened to have him put away somewhere. That's why I brought him up here."

"We were only having a little bet," mumbled the little man from the bed.

"I suppose he bet you a car," the woman said.

"Yes," the boy answered. "A Cadillac."

"He has no car. It's mine. And that makes it worse," she said, "that he should bet you when he had nothing to bet with. I am ashamed and very sorry about it all." She seemed an awfully nice woman.

"Well," I said, "then here's the key of your car." I put it on the table.

"We were only having a little bet," mumbled the little man.

"He hasn't anything left to bet with," the woman said. "He hasn't a thing in the world. Not a thing. I won it all from him. It took a little time and it was hard work but I won it all in the end." She looked up at the boy and she smiled, a slow sad smile, and she came over and put out a hand to take the key from the table.

I can see it now, that hand of hers; it had only one finger on it, and a thumb.

THE END

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STATE DEPARTMENT QUARTERBACK

Continued from page 17

choice. It was a wonderful break for him, and for his country.

The two years he spent in Moscow not only enabled him to perfect himself in the Russian language, but also to acquire an extensive firsthand understanding of the people and their Bolshevik rulers. He traveled about the vast land as often and as widely as he could, and everywhere he went he learned something. His zeal was so earnest that other members of the embassy's staff would jokingly ask him how he was making out in his "postgrad course."

Not Too Busy to Fall in Love

But zealous as Bohlen was in perfecting himself in Russian, Moscow wasn't all work and study. He met his wife there. Another young career man of the staff was Charles W. Thayer, now chief of the Broadcasting Division of the department's Voice of America. Thayer had a sister, Avis, who visited in the summer of 1934. Blond, and blue-eyed, she and Bohlen fell in love over a bowl of borsht. When Bohlen was transferred to Washington the following year, the first thing he did was to visit Avis at her home in Villanova, Pennsylvania. They were married several months later.

During the next two years they lived the normal, happily busy life of a young State Department couple in the capital. Then, in 1937, Bohlen was sent traveling again. Except for a few fleeting visits, one of which was to see his new daughter, he wasn't home again until early in 1942. He spent the intervening years working hard and brilliantly in London, Moscow, Brussels and Tokyo.

President Truman found Bohlen an invaluable authority on Russia, as his predecessor had. Chip spent many hours with the President, often at night, prepping him on Russia and its Bolshevik rulers. Later he sat at his side throughout the Potsdam conversations. But this time there was one difference from the other parleys—Bohlen not only interpreted, but he also counseled and guided the President.

It was at Potsdam that he encountered his first real stumper as an interpreter. At one protracted session, Truman suddenly remarked, "Seventh inning! Everybody take a stretch."

Stalin's interpreter looked blank. Bohlen knit his brows in perplexity.

"What's the matter, Chip?" Truman smiled. "Can't you boys interpret that in Russian?"

"Frankly, Mr. President, we can't. It's got me. The Russians don't know anything about baseball, and I don't know just where to begin."

"Oh, you can explain it all right," Truman laughed. "Tell them about baseball. I'm sure the premier will be interested."

Bohlen adjusted himself in his chair, devoted a few moments to deep thought, and then began to spout Russian. Stalin listened intently. When Bohlen finished, the Red ruler smiled and said, *"Khorosho."*

Bohlen smiled in return, the assembly relaxed, and everyone rose for a brief respite.

Later, the President asked Bohlen what he had said.

"I explained that you had used a popular American expression that was a part of our national sport. That it was the custom in our country during a baseball game to stand up and stretch at a certain point that we call the seventh inning. I also explained that when you suggested a seventh-inning stretch, you had felt that everyone might be a little fatigued and would like a brief intermission."

"And what did Stalin say?"

"Khorosho. It means okay."

Secretary Byrnes also quickly came to have a high regard for Bohlen's worth as a sound adviser and a speedy and resourceful interpreter. Bohlen and Benjamin V. Cohen, his predecessor as counselor of the State Department, constituted Byrnes' "brain trust" at the London and Moscow Foreign Ministers conferences. Besides teaching his South Carolina-tongued chief how to say *nyet* (no) and *ya soglasnan* (I agree), Bohlen also provided him with a steady flow of arguments and advice in the bitter and acrid deliberations.

Bohlen gave Secretary Marshall the same sort of service at the next Moscow conference, and the new Secretary quickly showed his appreciation of Chip's services. When Cohen followed Secretary Byrnes into retirement, Secretary Marshall immediately appointed Bohlen to the post of counselor of the State Department. He is one of the youngest men ever to hold this important job.

Recently, in recognition of his little-known but outstanding work as liaison official with Congress, Bohlen was promoted to the top Foreign Service rank of permanent minister.

The $13,500 salary which the new job carried with it was not the least of the satisfactions that went with the promotion. It is $1,500 more than Bohlen's previous salary, and the raise was a big help. Living on a government salary is no simple matter in Washington these days for a top State Department official with two growing children. The Bohlens go in for no social splurging; they can't afford it. They live modestly in a frame house in the Georgetown section of the capital. Bohlen's chief recreation is romping with his children; "Roughly, of course," says Mrs. Bohlen.

But a certain amount of entertaining is an inescapable part of Bohlen's job. There are lunches and occasional dinners to be given, and innumerable incidentals, all adding up to a formidable sum at the end of the month. And unfortunately Uncle Sam is sternly pinch-penny when it comes to providing expense money for his career employees.

His Typical Working Day

Bohlen's ability to perform fabulous quantities of work is a never-ending source of awe and amazement to his intimates. An ordinary day for him will include reading and disposing of huge masses of official correspondence and reports, conferences with Secretary Marshall and other State executives, long discussions with Senator Arthur Vandenberg, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and other Congressional leaders on international problems and legislation, plus innumerable telephone calls to and from officials of other government agencies. It's a rare evening that he is home before seven-thirty.

In all of his extraordinary career, and despite his reputation in international governing circles, Bohlen has hit the spotlight just once. When he was in Moscow with Secretary Marshall he was given the job of handling the American press. This was a tough chore, because the Secretary had decided on an iron-clad policy of secrecy. Consequently the American correspondents got very little news. One day, when he said regretfully that he had no news, he was surprised to see that they reacted very cheerfully.

"Well," said Henry C. Cassidy, an Associated Press correspondent, "if you haven't any news for us, we have some for you. Your wife had a baby in Washington today!"

And that night one of the radio reporters broadcast to the United States:

"There is only one important item of news to report from Moscow tonight. Secretary Marshall's brilliant adviser became the father of a boy—Charles Eustis Bohlen, Jr."

The correspondent said that this was the first time anybody had ever seen Chip Bohlen lose his aplomb. He was really fussed.

THE END

COLLIER'S

"All your lights were out, so we knew you must be home looking at television"

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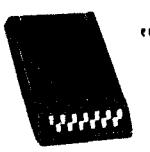

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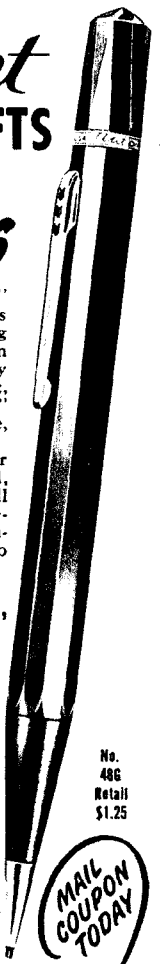

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COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT

"Here's the one," he said. "I'll make the sacrifice just to give you a good time. A private cottage on Cape Cod"

THE UNCHAINED

BY ROBERT ZACKS

HE LAY on the couch and watched the profile of her face as she stared out of the window at the gray, rainy day.

He knew; he read all the signs with the skill of a man who knows and loves a woman: the tired lines beginning to etch her smooth brow, the unconsciously clenched fists, the vague sadness trembling at her lips.

He watched quietly and steadily, knowing that as soon as he spoke, she would turn, the sadness in her face giving way to something else. He thought a moment, then smiled at his thought. He weighed the worth of it, then slowly got up and went over to the desk near her and opened a drawer and took out a batch of thick folders and booklets. Thoughtfully, he sat down and opened one, discarded it, opened another.

"Let's go away," he said eagerly. "Here's a nice country lodge. The de luxe cottages are—"

"No," she said, a faint smile on her lips. "I don't want to."

"Handball," he said, reading, his eyes lighting up a little. "Tennis, boating. Sounds all right." He looked at her coaxingly. "You need a change, baby. I think we'd better go."

She shook her head. Her blond hair swished in front of her face, momentarily hiding her profile.

He said meditatively, "Well, I guess I'm being selfish. After all, you don't play handball. Let's see here." He dug into the pile of vacation booklets and came up with a blue one. "Here's the one for you. I'll make the sacrifice. Just to give you a good time. A private cottage on Cape Cod. Rugged stuff. Big waves lashing big black boulders. Spray. You could be lying on warm, white sand in that nonexistent, practically, bathing suit, and I'll do some surf fishing—"

She turned her head and looked at him, a flicker of interest in her eyes. Her fists, he noted, were still clenched, but not as tightly now.

"On the other hand," he said, calmly, flicking the blue folder aside, "there's this boat deal here. Very unusual. Sail on a real sailing ship—up the Maine coast. Moves by wind in the sails," he explained.

She laughed a little. "No," she said. "Really?"

"Thought you might not know," he said humbly. "Sorry."

Reluctantly she went over and sat down beside him. "Let's see it," she said. He suddenly put on a sad face.

"Well, okay," he said doubtfully. "But I just remembered: I get seasick. I get it really bad—even on ferryboats."

She looked annoyed and pressed her lips together. "What else is there?" She leaned her soft shoulder against his, looking.

"Well, here's a tramp steamer—"

"I'm no tramp."

He looked at her sternly. "Only by the grace of God, me and a marriage license. We are all God's creatures, after all."

"Look at this," she said, pulling out a giant, slick sheet folded three ways, covered with pictures. "Visit the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park. Scenes of wild scenic beauty, tame bears. They eat out of your hand—"

"Or your hand itself if it has the right flavor."

She ignored him. "There are auto camps along a route that is full of historic trails and places." Her brown eyes were shining now. "You know, I think we'll do that. Take the car and throw the luggage in back and just take off."

"Well, I don't know," he said cautiously. "The car needs a piston job. Don't think it could take some of those hills."

For a moment the joy in her eyes faded and he said recklessly, "Ah, what the devil! So we'll have new pistons put in. Maybe we'll even buy a new car. Maybe." He leaned over the map of the route; she leaned anxiously over his shoulder. "Let's plan this out."

THEY were moving along the Santa Fe Trail, wondering about the quality of the food in eating places along the way when he looked up at her. "I forgot about the apartment. It's a shame to leave a gorgeous place like this unused."

"We could sublet," she said thoughtfully.

He frowned. "I don't like the idea of strangers making themselves at home among all our antiques. Probably find cigarette holes in the couch. I was thinking we could give it to some nice young couple who haven't been able to get married because they can't find a place to live. They would treat the place right. And appreciate it."

"That's a very nice thought," she said softly. She looked at him with such a shimmering radiance in her face, such a glow of contentment in her eyes, that he caught his breath. With a flickering motion he tossed the pile of travel folders aside and reached out for her.

"Come here, baby."

She went into his arms. And after a while she sighed and rubbed her cheek against his. Then she looked over his shoulder at the travel folders scattered about.

They were all around the little furnished room. The blue one was under the lumpy double bed; the one with the sailing ship was on the rickety wooden chair; some of the others had landed on the frayed and sagging easy chair. And one—the one they hadn't read yet tonight—had landed on the battered dresser, next to the small but lovely bouquet of roses he had brought home the night before. Somehow the strong crimson of the roses was the only important thing in the room.

"Let me go," she said softly.

He leaned back on the couch once again and watched her as she picked up the folders; they were very worn. I'd better send for new ones, he thought.

Suddenly he said, "We've enough for a movie. Let's—"

He stopped.

She was looking at the last folder, the one beside the roses; it was her favorite, the one she always saved for last, the one which showed the sparkling green swimming pool in the desert, with a background of snow-covered mountains. Her eyes were shining and she was fully in the mood of their game, the game that, for a little while, wiped away from consciousness the problems of too-high food costs and swollen rent expenses that gobbled up their joint earnings with giant bites.

"I think we'll go here," she said blithely. "I think I'll go for a plunge in the pool after dinner. Then we'll dance under the stars. And tomorrow we'll climb a mountain—maybe go trout fishing up there."

For a long moment his eyes searched hers soberly, and he saw in the look she returned an acknowledgment of what they had in each other. Then he grinned, and as he prepared to join her for a plunge in the pool, he thought: *I swear to you you'll do it someday, darling. I swear it.* ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

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"CROQUET ON THE LAWN," by Haddon Sundblom. Number 20 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

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MIRACLES MADE TO ORDER

Continued from page 13

he tried to learn whether any rules for taste patterns existed; whether these were passed on from parents to children; whether American Indians, Negroes and Chinese were tasters and nontasters alike.

To see if rats, too, were divided into tasters and nontasters, Dr. Curt P. Richter of Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore wrote for some P.T.C. crystals. He knew that rats have their own peculiar ability to select nourishing foods and reject poisons. Confronted with P.T.C., nonpoisonous to human beings in the taste tests, the rats shunned it. But Dr. Richter forced several rodents to eat a little. They died. The poison would kill the rats, but how could they be induced to eat it? Dr. Richter asked Du Pont for chemicals that were related to P.T.C. but which might not be objectionable to rats. Back came 24 compounds, brothers and cousins of P.T.C. The fifteenth tried was Antu. The rats ate it and died. Dr. Richter found that one-half part Antu per one-million parts of rat was sufficient to kill.

To a miracle-by-accident Du Pont is also indebted for a new plastic so tough it withstands great temperatures and corrosive acids that destroy all metals. In an age of superheated jet-propulsion engines and Diesels, Du Pont's new plastic toughie is being welcomed with open arms. Yet no research team set out to create this rugged industrial material.

The Mystery of a Vanished Gas

It came about when a chemist, looking for new refrigerants, found a gas he could not use. The gas was tetrafluoroethylene, a cousin of "Freon." Since chemists are reluctant to throw things away at Du Pont, the gas was sealed in a cylinder and stored in a warehouse. There it lay for a year when the chemist, Dr. Roy Plunkett, opened the cylinder valve to take some out. The gas was gone. Dr. Plunkett dug up his refrigerant research notebook and hauled the cylinder to a scale. It weighed no less than it did when it was sealed. The gaseous stuff must still be inside.

The chemist hacked the cylinder open and found his gas had turned into a solid mass (polymerized). To this stuff he gave the routine works. He boiled it in hydrofluoric and fuming nitric acid, and finally, aqua regia, which chews up even platinum and gold. The stuff remained intact. He applied heat until the material glowed red. But it didn't start deteriorating until it reached a temperature at which some metals are long molten. The new material, a plastic, was dubbed Teflon, and Du Pont is busy meeting industrial demand.

Du Pont is grateful for miracles-by-accident. But such miracles are regarded only as extra dividends on the investment of planned plodding. More often, the pay-off is on brains, stubbornness and sweat.

All through one Christmas Eve several years ago, two Du Pont research directors toiled on an urgent task posed by the company's top brass: Choose new fields for the Grasselli Chemicals Department to go into. Grasselli is one of Du Pont's ten industrial departments—each of which is the size of a substantial corporation.

"We don't expect your new program to make any money for five years," the brass had told the research directors. "But after that you'll have to stand on your own feet." As a Christmas present for their company, the men came up with a research plan that embarked Du Pont on one of the most exciting molecule hunts in its history: the search for new chemicals to solve old biological problems—chemicals to conquer plant and animal pests, weeds and rats and plant virus diseases, chemicals to fight disease in domestic animals.

The Grasselli Department equipped itself with biologists, additional chemists and engineers, and went to work.

First fruit of the heightened search for chemical pest controls was a new, super pesticide, known as Methoxy DDT which takes up where the original DDT left off. Du Pont researchers hold that the first DDT was only a curtain raiser on the pesticides yet to come. It lacks a quick paralytic effect on bugs. It can hurt human beings if mishandled and it can stunt the growth of tender plants such as melons, cucumbers, squash.

A Du Pont team of entomologists (insect experts), plant pathologists (authorities on plant diseases) and chemists plodded through 500 blood brothers of DDT to create Methoxy DDT. This is a killer that paralyzes the fly on touch. Yet it is one fiftieth as poisonous to warm-blooded animals as DDT. Sprayed on cows, or sheep, DDT could accumulate in their fat and so reach the dinner table. Methoxy DDT, according to researchers, does not accumulate in the fat of animals. Nor will it harm tender plants.

Next, Du Pont's pest stalkers went after weeds. Several years ago American and British scientists found that chemicals similar to plant hormone had the power to keep fruit glued to trees until ripe for plucking. Fruit growers threw their hats in the air. But the scientists were still unsatisfied.

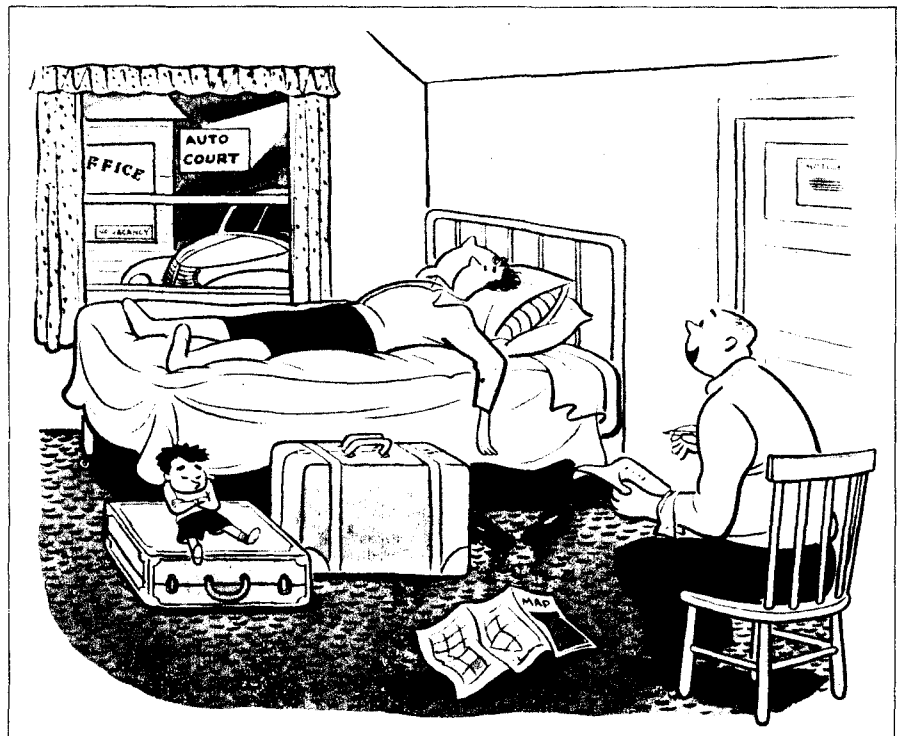
A Weed Killer Is Discovered

In the hunt for more effective compounds Du Pont chemists came upon a synthetic hormone, or auxin, that wasn't much good at gluing apples to trees. But it was terrific at killing dandelions, plantain and other broad-leaved weeds. Dosed with the new synthetic hormone, the weeds burst into abnormal growth then crumpled as if from exhaustion and died. The weed killer was 2,4-D (dichlorophenoxyacetic acid).

Like its fellow pesticide DDT, 2,4-D is regarded by Du Pont researchers merely as a curtain raiser on the unfolding drama of pest killing. They are in full cry after weed killers that will do a specific job: destroy unwanted plant life but spare the wanted.

To kill a plant fungus or virus but spare the crop itself requires testing thousands of chemicals by teams of chemists and biologists. The biologists are needed to determine how the fungus killer will affect the crop's seeds and the seeds of those seeds. But after an effective chemical slayer has been found the hunt may have to start all over again. Animals and plants have a way of building resistance to poisons. Flies are already showing resistance to DDT, and even certain slime bacteria become hardened to enemy chemicals.

Yet scientists are laboriously adding to the number of specifics. One new type kills early and late blight on potatoes. Another, a relative of 2,4-D kills trees for papermaking. Girdle the tree with a bandage soaked in this chemical. The tree not only dies but does so most economically Its bark loosens and falls, saving mechanical bark removal. It dries up and is lighter and less costly to haul.



COLLIER'S "Well, by golly, we made our 650 miles today!" DON TOBIN

Specific pesticides that will kill only the pests they're aimed at are among the miracles now on order at Du Pont. The perfect fiber that can be woven into the perfect cloth is another.

Ever since the gloomy genius, Wallace Carothers, extracted from coal, air and water the epochal combination of chemicals that yielded nylon fiber, researchers at Du Pont and elsewhere have taken a questioning attitude toward many of the fibers that nature makes.

Cotton? Good for many uses. But nature made it primarily to carry seed, not to produce cloth, they say. Wool? Good, but it shrinks, and moths love it.

The scientists want to engineer fibers for specific purposes: to provide warmth in winter yet be cool in summer, to be light in weight, not to shrink (as wool does) when washed. They think it should be possible to engineer a fiber that can be laundered without ironing, and, for good measure, will resist moths, summer showers and fire.

How do you achieve such a miraculous fiber? At Du Pont it's being sought through a marathon elimination contest.

Nylon, a stretchable plastic, is a member of a family that embraces many thousand varieties of related giant molecules known as polyamides. When Carothers discovered the first nylon, Du Pont set aside a team of chemists, and from the first nylon's cousins and its uncles and its aunts the chemists—after two years—selected "Fiber No. 66," the present nylon.

But the hunt for another No. 66, another basic synthetic fiber, has never slackened. The most promising discovery is the fiber mentioned at the beginning of this article which weaves into cloth that resists wrinkling and can be ironed with half the time and half the effort needed for ordinary fabrics. To make the grade, the new fiber must accommodate itself to high-speed automatic looms, must have the right amount of curl (or the weave will fall apart), must have the right amount of slip and drag to stay on the spindle, and must dry uniformly. It must pass all of these and many other tests or be eliminated. Among fibers, many are culled but few are woven.

Nylon has been described by scientists as one of the top chemical discoveries of the twentieth century; in other words, a big-league miracle. But Du Pont researchers, working with fibers, have sprung a host of lesser miracles too.

Error Leads to Solving a Problem

There was the problem, for instance, of taking the luster out of the early, shiny rayon. Researcher William Hyden tried dumping kerosene into the rayon viscose batch, because he misread a German scientific paper and so thought that was the way to do it. It worked! Seeking a less messy and less volatile oil, he next tried Nujol, which eliminated the shine. He finally solved the problem by using a combination of mineral oil and paint pigments.

Men who can keep a company great by conjuring up vast new markets from the contents of a test tube are assets to be prized above rubies. Recruiting such assets is a serious business at Du Pont.

Yearly, five talent scouts comb 100 universities for technologists who can play a team game. First question the scouts ask concerns itself with the prospective rookie's class standing. Does he know his stuff? Does he think independently and originally? The candidate's personality gets a good going-over. Is he dominant, quiet, affable, colorless, negative, strong, commonplace? Is his poise awkward, ordinary or confident? Can he carry the ball in a conversation?

Likely prospects are invited to the laboratories where they are shown around and interviewed by the laboratory director. If the impression he makes during his visit jibes with the scouts' report, the prospect is offered a job.

In a chemical age in which man has already unlocked so many of nature's secrets, what is there left for team researchers to discover?

"Plenty," say Du Pont's veterans.

"Every time we go through a new door, there are a half dozen more in the corridor to be opened," says Dr. William Hale Charch, the coinventor of moistureproof Cellophane.

Motorists are waiting for the perfect lubricating oil. Already greatly improved by the chemists, oil still wears out because it's unstable to heat and air. The perfect lubricating oil will last forever, won't sludge, won't freeze and have to be changed during cold weather. Housewives are waiting for soapless soaps, in the form of cakes that will wash in soft and hard water alike. Farmers are waiting for new pesticides, and fabric weavers for dyes that are more fast and more brilliant.

That is why the midnight oil—no Du Pont invention—burns in the company's laboratories.

The customers are waiting.

THE END

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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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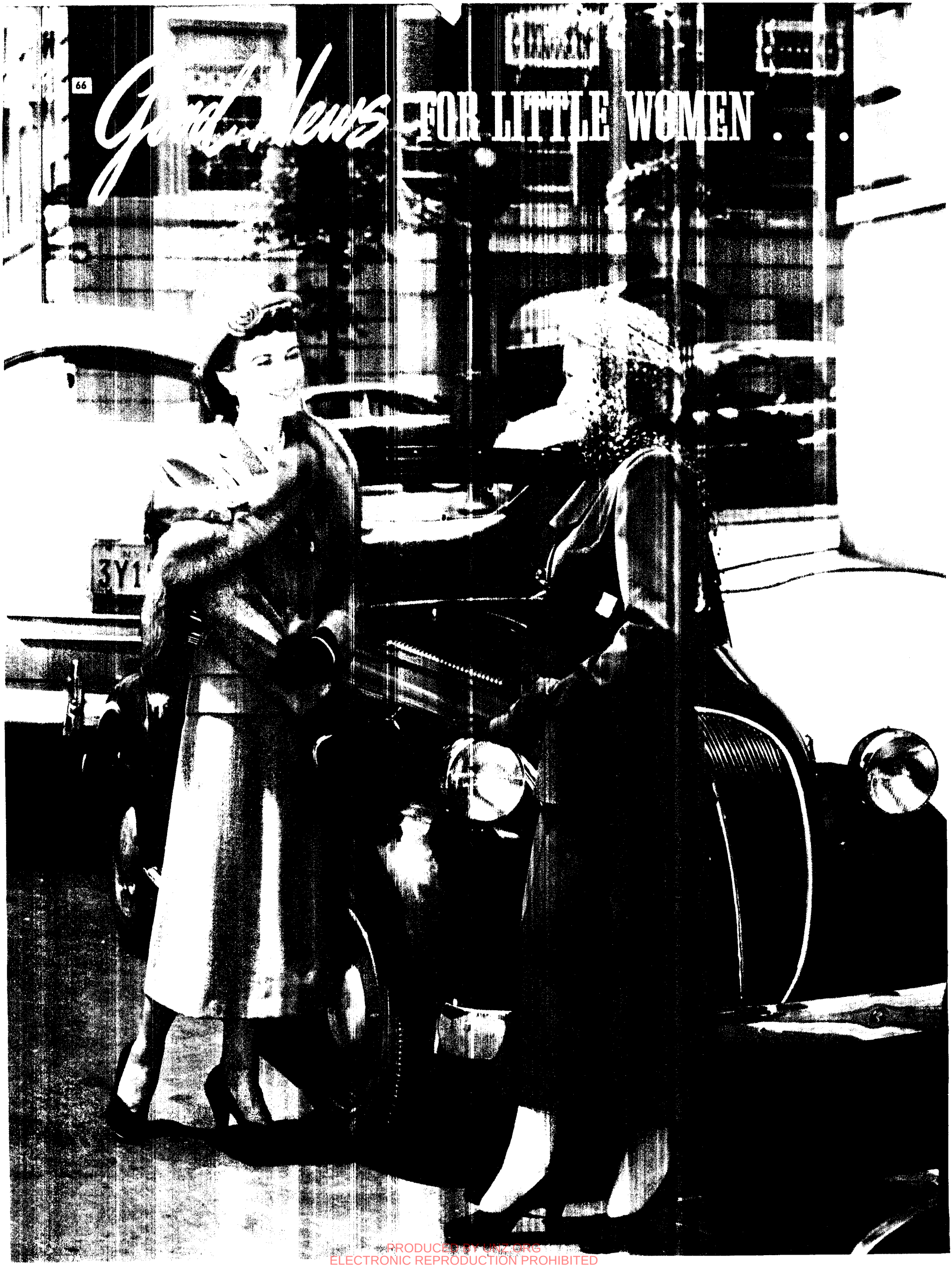
Good News FOR LITTLE WOMEN . . .



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BY RICHARD P. HARMEL

The woman of five feet five and under, be she slim or plump, young or middle-aged, can find ready-made dresses designed to flatter and fit her

FOR the first time, the little woman—who has been there all the time—is getting a real break. With the perfect-fit clothes she can buy today, she can be a fashion figure on Main Street just as her taller sister has been. For the fashion industry has finally recognized the glamorous potential in a market which comprises 40,000,000 customers.

The dress industry was first stunned into action some years ago when the Bureau of Home Economics in Washington exploded the myth that most American women were both lissome and divinely tall, five feet seven and over. Their statistics proved that 78 per cent of the wearers of feminine clothing were five feet five and *under*. Dress manufacturers, who had been living in a dream world peopled by fashion magazine illustrations, rushed to their designing tables to plot a revolution.

As a result, a large and flourishing business has been developed to cater to this cross section of America. Three hundred and seventy manufacturers in the nation today, whose business totals millions, are producing smart dresses especially designed for the smaller woman. She can now step into a fashionable frock costing $250, or an eight-dollar cotton dress. And either one will fit the first time.

Formerly, the cost of alterations was a serious item for the shorter woman who was able to find good style only in the misses line. The longer dimensions of these dresses or other apparel would have to be scaled down to the shorter proportions of the little lady. In many cases this meant rebuilding clothes so that she would have a proper fitting, as well as a stylish wardrobe. Just to give you an idea of the work required, the essential alterations include narrowing the shoulders, shortening waists and skirts and for the half-size figure, additional fullness is sometimes required in the bust and hips. But this extra expense is a vanishing problem now that misses ready-to-wear is no longer complacent in its style supremacy.

Now it doesn't make any difference whether the five-foot-five woman is slim or plump, young or middle-aged. She can choose her wardrobe from attractive styles made in correct proportions.

For many years manufacturers of half sizes have been thwarted in their efforts to produce a line of fashionable garments, by the hostile attitude of both the wearer and the retailer. A stigma of dowdiness attached itself to half sizes in the early days of ready-to-wear. The department stores would stock only the utility, house-dress type of garment in the half sizes. The specialty shops that cater to the more fashion-conscious had a few half sizes discreetly among the misses dresses. They wouldn't risk offending those small, not-thin women who insisted on identifying themselves with the tall, thin fashion model.

The vanity of the shorter woman sent her to the misses department regardless of what might have been available in the half-size dresses. Any attempt on the part of manufacturers to create a line of fashionable half-size dresses was fruitless and ruinous. The stores would not buy them. This brought the styling of half sizes to a standstill year after year, and deepened the little woman's objection to them. Whatever the price, whatever the trouble, whatever the alteration, the little woman was going to look like the ads. Of course, she never did. The mayhem she committed on the dress in trying to get it to fit distorted the original proportions and destroyed whatever charm or style it had.

The slimmer sister in the little-woman family hasn't raised quite the same problem. There was no stigma of "mama" dress styling to overcome. The development of brief sizes for the slender girl five feet five and under gained impetus when the Army, Navy and Marines, in clothing their women's corps, released statistics that showed that 85 per cent of the uniform needs were for the short, slender woman.

This was no market to ignore. By the end of the war there were several firms devoting all their production to the little, slender woman.

Ostensibly the dresses were misses sizes 10-20 but, as in the half sizes, the proportions of length and the shoulder width were scaled down. The expansion for the bust, waist and hips was of course unnecessary for the slender woman. To distinguish them from the misses sizes, these dresses were given such names as "Miss Brief," "Petites," "Pettisize" and similar variations.

The manufacturers of both the half sizes and brief sizes no longer need apologize for their products nor seek for markets. Extensive promotion campaigns have finally induced the customer to accept herself for what she is and make the best of it, literally, with clothes designed to her needs. Department stores and more and more specialty shops have established departments for half and brief sizes. The little woman has come into her own in the fashion world. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME

This is a faille formal by Diminutives, carefully styled and proportioned for the slim and short misses. Since the war the fashion world has catered more and more to the little lady of five feet five and under

Some manufacturers duplicate misses designs in brief sizes. This fall Herbert Sondheim shows a navy satin cocktail dress for misses that is scaled down in his line of "Sondettes"

Suits in the latest fashion are made for the shorter proportions of women under five feet five. The slim young lady, left, wears a brief size in a gray tailored suit by Joselli. The half size in green gabardine by Murray Sices is for the fuller short figure

HATS BY LILLY DACHE

ACCESSORIES BY B. ALTMAN AND CO.

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PASSPORT TO MISSOURI

Continued from page 11

that you mustn't express your personality or attempt to be original." He paused and looked at my canvas. "Like that elm tree of yours, for instance."

"You don't like my elm tree?" I asked as I added a wholly unnecessary bush.

"It's a remarkable tree," he stated. "Original."

He had such a droll turn to his voice that I had to laugh, and when I turned to look at him and we both laughed I suddenly felt that I would have to sit down. So we sat down.

"My name is David Croce," he said.

"I really—" I began.

"Oh, go on," he urged. "It's Sunday."

"No," I told him. "It's Taylor. Ann Taylor."

We laughed again, and I could feel my heart pounding a little and was sorry, because I wanted to be glad that I was going to Europe.

"You see, on Sundays I can be Original," he went on gravely. "I can Express My Personality. I can do all the things I can't do on weekdays. So I walk around and look at things and think. I don't suppose you've ever noticed, for instance, that there's a difference in the way little boys and little girls ride tricycles?"

"No," I admitted. "I haven't."

"Well," he said humorously, "little boys sometimes ride around and around in circles. But little girls never do. Never."

"How strange," I mused, because it *was* strange. "How do you account for it?"

He grinned at me and I felt my heart skip a beat. "Little girls always think they know where they're going," he said.

WE WERE both silent. After a while he asked me about Europe, and I told him how I had always wanted to go there, and how an old woman had advertised for a companion and was sailing on the Queen Mary for Southampton at the end of the week, and I was going to be paid all my expenses and a salary in the bargain, and we'd go to England and France and Belgium and Holland and Denmark and Norway and Sweden.

"I'm leaving myself," he said thoughtfully when I had finished.

"Where?" I asked, because I thought it would be wonderful to meet him again on the French Riviera.

"Sweetwater, Missouri," he said proudly. "Home."

He looked so comical as he said this that I had to laugh, although I was sorry, too. And then I was afraid I had hurt his feelings, because I was going to places that were so much more exciting, so I told him that I was from Lancaster in Dutch Pennsylvania and had come to Washington during the war and hoped to go back to Lancaster after I returned from Europe.

"How long are you going to be away?" he asked.

"About a year."

He said nothing for a moment and then he jumped to his feet. "Come on," he said. "We'll go canoeing."

"I couldn't possibly do that," I told him, just as my mother had instructed me to do. . . .

So we had the most wonderful afternoon. We rented a canoe above the Key Bridge and paddled upstream for a couple of miles and then turned around and drifted with the current, close under the trees at the shore. It was a drowsy autumn afternoon, with leaves drifting down in the green shadows of the sunlight and the city only the faintest suspicion of a murmur in the remote distance.

"Sweetwater," I mused, trailing my hand in the cool stream. "It's a beautiful name. I can picture it quite clearly. There's a village blacksmith, and a carriage store, and an old barbershop that still has mugs with the customers' names on them—and hitching posts and great elm trees around the village square. The main street isn't paved and in summer it's sort of ocher colored except when it gets wet, and then it turns burnt umber. It's very dusty sometimes, if it hasn't rained enough. And there's a big river just outside the town, and the kids go down there barefoot in the summertime to fish with bamboo poles—"

"I don't think you have quite the picture, exactly," he said, and he was so serious about it that I almost burst out laughing. "There does happen to be a blacksmith, but he works for one of the garages. And in the business center we have a five-and-dime and—"

"No five-and-dime," I told him firmly. "No business center. Just a feed and grain store, and maybe a sort of general emporium where they sell coal oil and bottled pop. And lots of white wood houses set back behind gardens and picket fences. And gaslight in the street lamps at night."

"Very well," he grinned. "But the Sweetwater Chamber of Commerce isn't going to like it."

"Why are you going back?" I asked him.

"You won't believe this," he chuckled. "But they're going to build a new power plant in Sweetwater. And they wrote to offer me a job."

"Not a power plant," I corrected him. "A small new movie house. For silent films, of course."

"Of course," he nodded, looking at me with eyes so warm that I was glad a man can't guess what a woman is thinking.

"Will they pay you more money?" I asked.

"Now you're the little girl going in a straight line on her tricycle," he grinned. "No, I'm chasing my tail. They'll pay me what I'm making here. A little less, if anything."

"But you'll have Sweetwater. Is that it?"

"I'll have Sweetwater. And the elm trees. And the village barber and the hitching posts."

We both laughed.

All that afternoon I wondered why it was that a man or woman could live for years in a big city and not meet anyone they really wanted to know until the very moment they had made all their plans to leave. I was having a difficult time with my heart, which insisted upon pounding absurdly whenever he glanced at me, or laughed, or spoke. His voice—well, when he talked about the things that interested him, such as walking in the rain, and having a workshop where he could build things, and someday designing a house of his own, I felt as though I wanted to cry.

"Take my advice, dearie. The only pictures that wolf can get you into is his home movie"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

He went with me to my apartment on Wisconsin Avenue and met the two girls with whom I lived—Annie II as we called her, because I was also an Ann, and Grace Margolis, who worked for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and strongly objected to anyone asking her, as people always did, if she could bring home samples. Annie II was a shrewd little blonde who helped the color of her hair along and knew exactly what she wanted in life, which was a million dollars. Grace was sleek and quieter and very much the still-waters kind. I had told David about them both beforehand, so he behaved like a dream and by the time he left they had served him tea and cookies and were wild about him—especially Grace, which surprised me a little. It was she and not Annie who came into the bedroom afterward and tried to console me a little.

"You don't want to be a companion to some old woman," she said gravely, looking me over. "Nature didn't intend it."

"I'm going to Europe," I said stubbornly, sitting up on the bed. "I'll never have another chance. Ever."

"That's right," said Annie II from the next room. Annie was the one who always knew the right thing to do, because she never let her heart rule her head. "He's nice, but he's just small-town. After you've spent a year in London and Paris you'll wonder why you ever liked him."

"That's right," I said firmly, drying my eyes. "I want to advance in life. I don't want to stand still." But even as I said it I remembered about the little girls on tricycles and my shoulders sagged. "I'm falling in love with him," I said absurdly.

"You can't possibly fall in love with anyone in five hours," stated Annie, appearing at the door with a dish in her hand. "That isn't love. That's biology."

Grace got up and quietly moved Annie from the room, closing the door behind her. But I had made up my mind what I was going to do, and I simply put David out of my thoughts—at least as well as I could. I was going to Europe. I was going to drink *apéritifs* at the Café de la Paix, and go to services at Westminster Abbey, and listen to the orators in Hyde Park, and ride a bicycle in Copenhagen and eat *smörgåsbord* in Stockholm. It was my last chance—my only chance.

Accordingly, I told Annie and Grace that if David called they were to tell him that I was out, and not to tell *me* that he had called; and though it was the hardest thing I had done in a long time, I told Grace that she could have him if she wanted him. It never occurred to me that David might not want Grace, because she is a very lovely girl.

I SPENT Monday and Tuesday buying the clothes that Mrs. Ammerman had suggested; and though I had one bad moment when the little old woman made me promise that I wouldn't do as one young girl had done in years past and abandon her at the last minute, I gave her my solemn and sacred promise and closed the door on the last lingering thoughts about Sweetwater and the elm trees.

That evening at about six o'clock David came to the apartment.

I fled to the bedroom. When I heard his voice—"Is Ann there?"—my heart began to pound and my knees shook. I wanted to get out of the house; I wanted to sail on the Queen Mary that very moment—anything to escape from what he did to me.

I heard Annie II say, "I'm awfully sorry. You have the worst luck, don't you?" And I had to hold onto the bedspread to keep from jumping up and shouting that it was all a mistake. But I held on, all right. I was going to Europe.

After the front door closed, I heard the most extraordinary whispered argument going on between Annie and Grace. At last Grace opened the bedroom door and said to me, "You can come out now if you like."

Annie was standing at the far side of the living room, looking at Grace as though she could kill her. I started to

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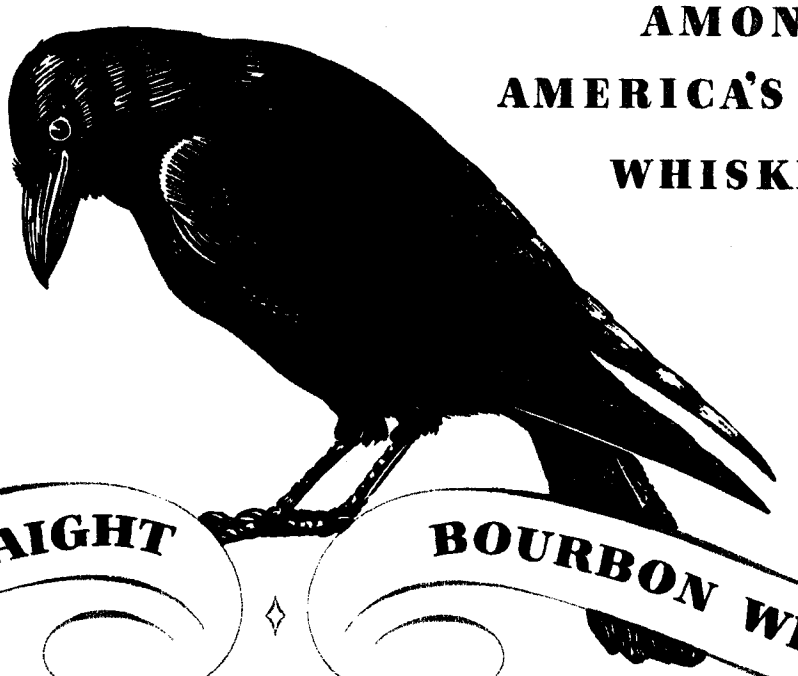

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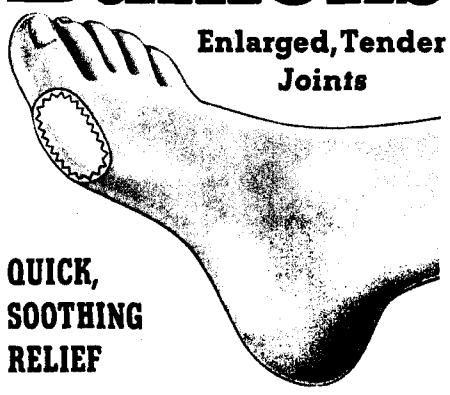

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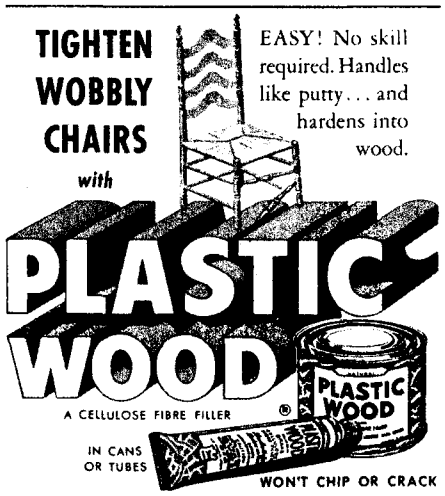

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ask them what it was all about, and then I looked around and there was David.

Annie glared at Grace. "You're a meddler," she said out loud.

"I'm no more a meddler than you are," Grace replied coolly. "It's perfectly obvious to me that we're both meddling." And she steered Annie firmly out of the room.

"Hello," said David.

"Hello," I said, standing quite still.

"I wasn't able to reach you by phone. I wanted you to have dinner with me. There's a little place—"

"No," I interrupted firmly. "I am not going to have dinner with you. I need all the time I can find to get ready to go to Europe."

"Is that final?" he asked.

"That's final," I replied.

He wrote something on a slip of paper. "That's the address," he said, giving it to me. "In case you change your mind, I'll be eating there alone."

"I won't change my mind," I told him.

Twelve minutes later I found him at a corner table of a small and quite undistinguished restaurant under a private house on Massachusetts Avenue. He explained with a grin that he liked the place for the same reason I liked Sweetwater: because of the gingham tablecloths and the wicker-covered bottles of Chianti with the candles in them, and the old Italian proprietor who knew a secret recipe for chicken *cacciatore*. I looked at the bare tables and the plain lamps and the bored waitress who filled our water glasses and said nothing at all.

"Are you really going to Europe?" he asked.

"I am," I replied flatly.

He seemed not to notice my bad humor. "On Friday?" he inquired.

"On Friday," I stated. "And what's more, I've given my sacred promise to Mrs. Ammerman."

HE SAID gently, "I'll make a bargain with you, Ann," and I could have cried when I heard him use my name the way he did. "We're agreed. You're going to Europe on Friday and I'm going back to Sweetwater on Saturday. So we're just a couple of ships passing in the night—courses set and helms locked. We can relax. We can take it for what it is—a little bit of unexpected good luck in the middle of a long journey." He smiled. "Do you know that verse by Robert Frost—

"*'The woods are lovely, dark and deep,*
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
*And miles to go before I sleep'?"**

I nodded because I couldn't say anything.

"Shake?" he suggested.

We shook hands a little longer than was necessary; and then I took a deep breath and saw, quite clearly, all the gingham tablecloths and the bottles of Chianti with the candles in them, and the artists who were talking in dark corners about Matisse and Picasso and things like that. It was a very romantic restaurant.

David was a quite serious person underneath it all, of course, just as I was; and we happened to get to talking about the great mistake that most young people made, these days, of marrying before they knew each other very well.

He pointed out that when they dated they were both on their best behavior, so it was almost inevitable that when they got married they learned nothing about each other except the bad things; and I said that some kind of arrangement ought to be worked out where, if a couple happened to be getting serious about each other they could agree to make themselves behave exactly as they would if they were out with a member of their own family; and he and I agreed that perhaps a day of doing absolutely nothing except sitting around together and reading the paper or listening to the radio would do the trick.

So you see, we were both very sensible in our attitude, and that was why I wasn't afraid. I thought it was quite sophisticated of us to sit and talk like this, objectively, as if we were just old friends. David did too, because he pointed out that now he had all this and Sweetwater too. So we just laughed and talked, and afterward went for a walk along the main street, which was called Connecticut Avenue except that it had gaslights and elm trees; and when he said good night at the door of my apartment I knew that David had been right and young people should take whatever happiness came to them.

So he went away.

And I stood there behind the door, listening to him go. And life just drained out of me. I had to lean against the wall to stand up. The room was dark, the night was full of cold winds, and I was alone. I was more alone than I had ever been before in my life.

I stumbled into the bedroom and lay down on the bed fully clothed and stared up into the darkness. The bedroom was empty, too. Annie and Grace were asleep there, but for me the room was empty. The world was empty. Paris was empty; London was empty; Amsterdam was empty; and the Café de la Paix was bare and shuttered and silent. . . .

Next morning I had dark circles under my eyes. Grace pretended not to notice, but Annie looked at me shrewdly.

"You're still going to Europe, aren't you?" she asked, with a sharp glance at Grace.

"Yes, I am!" I screamed at her. "And keep quiet! I don't want to hear another word about it! I'm going to Europe—I'm sailing Friday—and that's the end of it! I've given my promise! And if that man comes around again—" I sank down on the bed and started to cry.

"If that man comes around again?" prompted Grace.

"L-l-let him in," I sobbed.

That afternoon I saw Mrs. Ammerman again, and she looked so pitiful and small and so much like my mother that I knew I could never, never go back on my promise. So when David came that evening, I stood up quite straight and looked him in the eye and said:

"I'm not coming out with you, David. I'm not going to do it again."

"That's all right," he said comfortably. "I just came to read the newspaper." And sitting down on the couch and taking off his shoes and loosening his necktie and propping his feet on the coffee table, he opened the evening paper. "Do you sew?" he asked me.

I just stood there.

"Yes," said Grace. "She does."

"You might fix this coat, then," he said, taking it off. "There's a button gone."

"David, get out," I said.

"I'm stubborn," he said. "Sometimes I can't be reasoned with. I also enjoy an extra cup of coffee after supper. You might start the percolator."

"I don't use a percolator," I said. "I use powdered coffee."

He took out a small pad and made a note. "My 'Necessity for Adjustment' pad," he stated. "Very well then, powdered coffee."

SO HE stayed there all evening. He and I were quite alone because Grace made Annie go into the bedroom with her and play cribbage. I sewed the button on David's coat and fixed a tear in the lining, and we shared a little of the cold meat from the icebox; but then I pulled out my paint box and fixed it for traveling, because I was trembling all over—he looked so comfortable and homelike, sitting there on the couch with his shoes off, and I was afraid that I was going to break down again.

David finished the paper and asked me if I played chess.

"No," I said. "Checkers."

He made a note. "Let's play checkers then," he said calmly.

At eleven o'clock he rose to his feet, announced that he was going to bed, and started pounding the pillows into shape on the couch. I fled to the bedroom.

"He's going to sleep here!" I whispered, wringing my hands.

"Goody," said Grace. "I'll loan him my pink nightgown."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" I exclaimed. "He's getting out. He's getting out this minute! I won't have it! I simply won't have it! He's doing it deliberately!" I crumpled up on the bed. *"Tell him to get out!"* I yelled. *"Out! Out!"* . . .

Next morning I had to get up and get breakfast for him, because Grace evidently had had a little talk with Annie and now they both refused to budge. I went into the living room.

David was rubbing his head. "Hello, Ann," he said drowsily. He was wearing my red polka-dot pajamas, which looked ridiculous on him because they were too small. "I hope you didn't put on any make-up. Or brush your hair."

"It should be perfectly obvious to you that I didn't," I said furiously. "And if it was your little scheme to find out what I was like when I wasn't trying to be nice,

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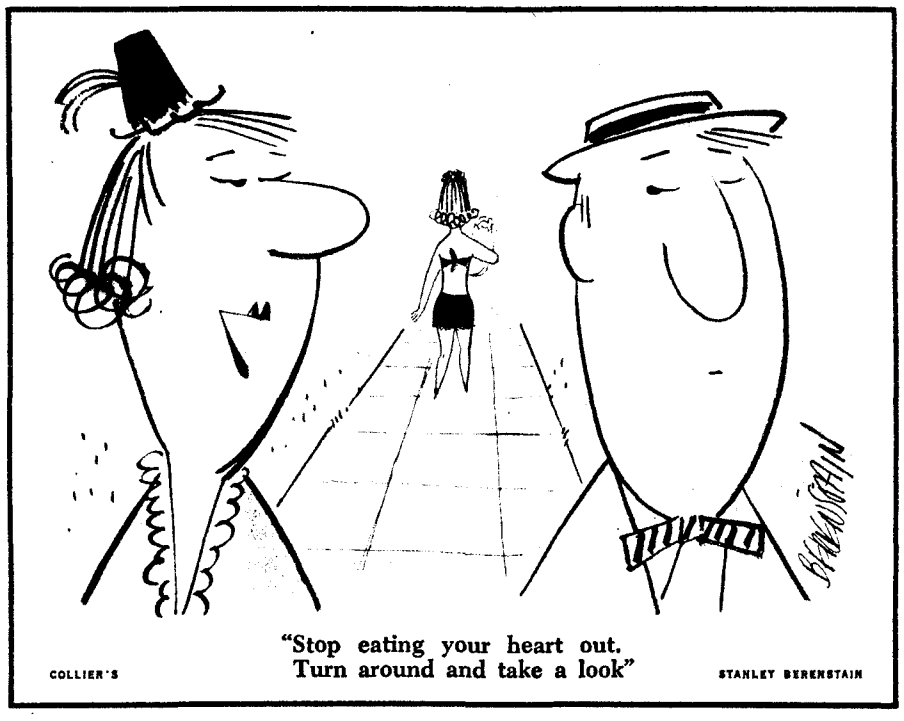

"Stop eating your heart out. Turn around and take a look"

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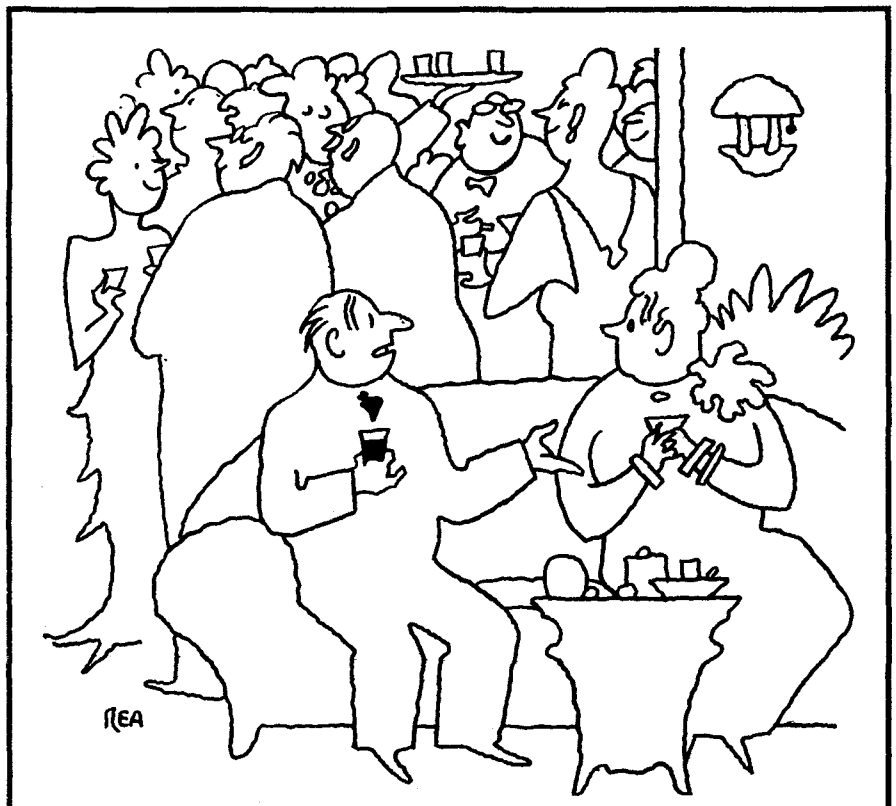


"Sorry, dear lady, but I neither write nor paint. You apparently have me confused with everybody else"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

then this is it. And if you think it's going to help matters then you're mistaken. Because this is Thursday and I'm leaving for Europe tomorrow."

"And I'm leaving for work in an hour," he said cheerfully. "You might make a note that I'm reasonably good-humored in the morning. And now if you'll just step into that kitchen and whip up some scrambled eggs and bacon and fruit juice and toast and jam and coffee, I'll give you back your pajamas."

"You can get your breakfast at the corner drugstore," I told him flatly.

A half hour later, when he had finished the scrambled eggs and bacon and fruit juice and toast and jam and coffee, he paused at the door and, as I handed him his hat, kissed me. He took me by surprise, of course.

"See you tonight," he grinned, and was gone.

I collapsed.

THAT day I finished packing as if in a dream. I walked to the paint store for extra tubes of paint, and all I could think to buy was ocher and burnt umber. I was sick at heart, because now I didn't want to go to Europe at all; I wanted to stay home and buy a percolator and make sure that David never again went without the proper buttons. I stopped in a secondhand bookstore and looked at a small book, How To Play Chess—and then turned it face down on the counter and walked out of the store in tears. I tried to think about London and Paris and the Café de la Paix and the Champs Élysées, but all I could see was the deep shade of the elm trees in Sweetwater.

When David returned to the apartment that evening, carrying groceries under his arms, I ran to him before I thought. Then I stopped short, but the next thing I knew I was in his arms, and Grace, relieving him of the groceries, went hurriedly into the kitchen. She returned a few minutes later, took another look and went back into the kitchen again.

"Stick around, Ann," he said at last, urgently. "Stick around and give me a chance. Sweetwater isn't so bad—"

I looked up at him and for some reason he was quite blurred.

"Yes," I said brokenly. "With the elm trees on the village square and the little white houses—"

His features clouded a little. "It really isn't like that, Ann. But—"

"Yes, it is," I said, sitting down and clasping my hands in my lap. "That's the way it is. That's the way it is, and that's the way it'll go on being—when I'm walking on the Strand in London and on the Champs Élysées in Paris and on all the crazy, crooked streets of Amsterdam and Brussels and Copenhagen and Stockholm. There are elm trees on the main street of Sweetwater, Missouri, in the United States of America—elm trees and hitching posts and a barbershop with the names on the mugs—and little white houses with picket fences—"

I was crying.

"You really want to go, then," he said gently.

"No!" I cried. "No! But I've promised."

Grace beckoned to him from the kitchen, at the moment, so I was left alone; and after a while I straightened myself out, because it was the only thing to do. Annie came out and patted me a few times while I was drying my eyes—and then she stiffened. I looked around, and there were Grace and David putting on their coats and going to the front door together.

"You might at least wait until the body is cool," said Annie indignantly.

"Now look here—" Grace began.

"Ann—" said David. "I—"

"Please," I said wearily. "It's all right. I understand. I haven't any right—" And I sank down and began to cry again.

Annie gave me a sedative that night and I slept so deeply that by the time I awoke, Grace had gone to work. I knew she hated goodbys, and anyway I wasn't sure I could be nice to her, so it was just as well. There was something different about the apartment—a hurricane seemed to have struck it during the night; but I was too heartsick to care. Annie had stayed home from work to help me get my things into the taxicab. She was rather matter-of-fact about the whole business, and though I desperately wanted her to tell me that I was being a fool and that a promise to anybody wasn't half so important as a marriage, she made no comment at all. She just pecked me on the cheek, as though I were going around the corner, and said, "I'll see you, dearie." So I had to tell myself that there was a bigger thing in life than Love, and that was Honor; and I waved to Annie and put my shoulders back and clenched my teeth and drove off to Europe like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine. . . .

Half an hour later I was back in the apartment. "Annie! Annie!" I screamed.

"All right," she said cheerfully from the kitchen. "Tell me all about it."

"Grace took my job! She—David—last night—they told Mrs. Ammerman—"

"Fancy," said Annie calmly, wiping a dish.

"And she can shop in New York—and—" I came to a stop and stared at Annie. "You *knew?*"

"She's been packing since midnight," said Annie dryly, glancing around at the apartment. "I just hope she doesn't come back with any samples, that's all—though I expect it'll be something with a title. What's David's telephone number?"

"Don't you dare!" I shouted. "He's the most unmitigated, presumptuous—"

"It's an extraordinary coincidence," said Annie cheerfully, opening the front door. "But here he is now."

I stared. David stepped forward.

"David, you keep away!" I shouted, stepping back. "It isn't going to do you a bit of good. Not a bit! I have my pride, David. You keep away, now!" I was stumbling backward. "Don't come any closer! I mean it now—don't come any clos—"

FIVE days later we were married. Grace sent us a radiogram from mid-ocean. She had, she said, met a wonderful man from Perth Amboy who was in the wholesale olive-oil business.

Annie cried. She said it was because she had to hurry up, now, and find a man with a million dollars.

For our wedding present David gave me two tickets to Sweetwater, Missouri.

On the train he and I talked for hours and hours, with a breathless excitement of mutuality as we discovered more and more things we shared in common. I was happier than I had ever thought possible, ever—ever.

But it was odd—there was one little shadow over David all during the journey. I couldn't tell what it was—a preoccupation on his part, a doubt, as though he had one big secret he wanted to tell me and couldn't find the courage. Twice—once over coffee in the dining car and again when we were buying magazines at a little country station—he opened his mouth to say something and then closed it again, as if his resolution had failed him. It worried me a little. But I didn't press him, because I knew he would find his own good time to tell me.

Then when we changed to a local train out of Kansas City to Sweetwater, the cloud settled over him so heavily that he was glum and silent.

"What is it, David?" I asked him as gently as I could.

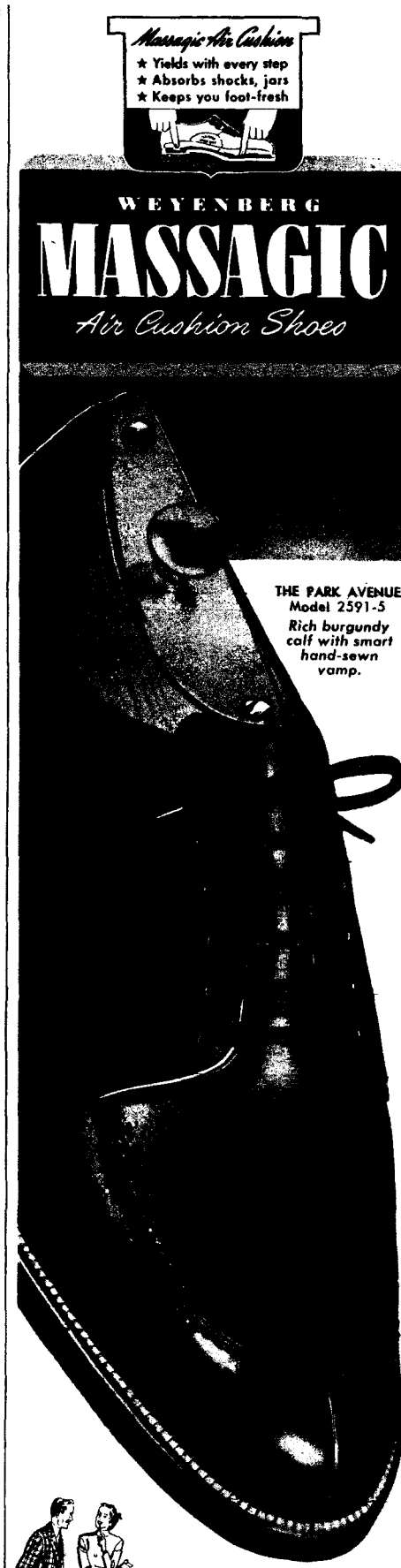
"You'll see soon enough," he said gloomily.

As we were driving out of the station at Sweetwater, David made the taxi stop on the main street. Very gently he put me on the curb and circled his arm around my waist and said, "Look."

The main street of Sweetwater in the midmorning was busy with traffic. There was a business center; and shops and garages and a five-and-dime and a few scraggly trees, half dead with the fumes of exhausts. The road was paved and the sidewalks were of concrete and the street lamps were steel and electric. And I knew at once what it was that had been bothering David, and I turned and looked up at him with a little song of love and happiness in my heart, and the tears must have filled my eyes, because I could hardly see him—but I smiled and smiled and put my head on his chest, right there on the main street of Sweetwater, Missouri, in the United States of America, and—

"Darling," I said with all my heart and soul. "Aren't the elm trees *beautiful*—"

THE END



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THE WIN TO GO HOME

Continued from page 21

asked. "I'll work in my dad's place."

"What kind of a place?"

"A bar and restaurant," Johnny said. "It's real nice, Eddie. It's called Kid Bart's. Everybody around there knew my dad. He opened it with the money he made fighting."

Eddie could tell that he meant it. He had finished with the left hand, the tape and all. He watched the fighter slide off the table, his robe dragging.

"Try those," he told him.

He watched the fighter flex his hands and then feel the one with the other.

"Please, Eddie," Johnny said. "Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying."

"It's like I told Mr. Burton," Johnny went on. "When he told me this morning I said: 'Mr. Burton, this is the fight I wanted. This is all I want. Believe me, Mr. Burton, I want to go home but I need this. If I win this you won't have any trouble with me and I promise I'll go home.' I have to win, Eddie."

"You got a chance. If you didn't Mr. Burton wouldn't put you in there."

"I just mean I guess this guy is a real good boxer."

"And can hit," Eddie said. "Not a bad hitter."

"I know," Johnny agreed. "I mean I don't care now. I mean if you and Mr. Burton think I've got a chance I think I've got one, too."

Eddie picked up the light bag and he gave it to the fighter. He picked up the gloves and the headgear and the pail.

"Well," he said, "do we go?"

THE night of the fight Frank brought the kid to the Garden and they were waiting there when Eddie came in. The side dressing rooms are big enough to dress a hockey squad and they were sitting side by side on one of the benches running along the long wall. There were a half-dozen other fighters in the room, this half of the preliminary card, and some sat alone and some were sitting with the guys who would work their corners.

"Eddie," Frank said, "we were waiting for you."

When Eddie walked up to the fighter he hit him, once easy, on the side of the head with the palm of his hand. He saw the fighter smile.

"How you feel?"

"Good," Johnny answered.

"He was telling me," Frank said, "how he's going to fight this guy. He told me what you showed him."

"That's right," Eddie told Frank.

He motioned with his hands. The fighter stood up and faced Eddie, his hands half up.

"Now like this," Eddie said and he moved in on the fighter. Moving in, his hands up and his head down, he put his head against the fighter's left shoulder and, spreading his legs, his hands moving lightly into and away from the fighter's body, he moved the fighter back with his head.

"You remember?" he told the fighter, straightening up. "Always inside. Give him no room. Keep hitting and keep your arms free and back him off with your head. Don't let him back you off. Back him off and, when he backs off, hit quick and move in again.

"So if you're getting tied up," he went on, "or if he hurts you, you do like I said. You don't back off. You remember that. Pull away and you're gone because this is a guy will take your head off outside. So you grab and when you grab you put your weight on. Then when you turn him—"

He reached out with his right hand and he took the fighter by his left elbow and he turned him so the fighter was turning away from Eddie and to his own right.

"—you turn him clockwise, like a clock, so he can't reach you with his right. Understand?"

The fighter nodded his head.

"And always, when you can, you keep hitting."

"I know," the fighter said, and Eddie could see that he felt better.

"So you might as well warm up a little," Eddie told him.

They watched, Frank and Eddie sitting on the bench, while the fighter moved around. They watched his awkward shuffling, moving around with two of the other fighters, wide-legged, throwing short punches, serious and moving around the room.

"All right," Eddie said, finally, raising his voice so the kid, moving around, could hear. The kid, hearing him, dropped his hands and walked toward them.

"You better go in now," Eddie told him.

"No," the kid objected, grinning. "It's all right. I'm not nervous."

"Go anyway," Eddie said.

They watched the kid go.

When the fighter came back Eddie got out a towel and wiped the fighter's face and his arms and his chest and back. Then he picked the robe up off the bench and held it up and the fighter got into it. Then he told the fighter just to walk around. While the fighter was walking Eddie could hear the crowd start hollering outside. He could see one of the commission deputies looking in the door.

"One more round," the guy said.

The fighter came over and sat down. Eddie put the gloves on, the left hand and then the right. Frank did not say anything, sitting there and watching, and Eddie's brother was standing by the door with the pail and Eddie worked easily, not making it seem that he was working fast.

"All right," the commission guy in the door said and he was looking at a piece of paper in his hand. "Semifinal. Is this Bartlett?"

"That's right," Eddie said.

The fighter stood up, looking at his gloves and banging them together. They walked out, the fighter first and Eddie behind him with Frank and then Eddie's brother. When they got to the top of the aisle Eddie held the fighter up and Frank put his hand on the fighter's shoulder and the fighter turned.

"Johnny," Frank said, taking the fighter's glove in both hands. "Good luck. Just do what Eddie tells you."

"I'll do it," Johnny said. "You don't have to worry, Mr. Burton."

"I don't have to worry?" Frank said and he turned to Eddie. "He tells me I don't have to worry."

Eddie held the fighter there for a minute. Then he saw the other guy getting into the ring. An Irishman with red hair, a green bathrobe and a reputation of a finisher. Eddie started his fighter down the aisle.

"Just easy," Eddie said. "Just easy now."

THE fighter was standing up, facing him, pulling on the ropes in the corner. "Just on top of him," Eddie said. "Just in close all the time."

"I know," the fighter said, looking at Eddie. "You don't have to worry."

Eddie heard the bell and saw the kid turn and go out and, climbing down, he turned and looked just in time. He saw the kid start to put out a left and he saw Malone, straight up, throw that one-two. No wasted time. A real good fighter.

As it was, it caught the kid high but the crowd sensed it now, right at the start. The right turned the kid halfway and, where another right would have spun him, the left turned him back and he grabbed Malone. Seeing him take two clean shots like that Eddie felt a great pity for the kid and he felt it now, watching the kid hang on.

Hanging on, the kid tried to turn Malone, but Malone pulled his left loose and hooked the kid short. The kid was still in close, though, and he hit Malone a couple of loose ones in the body, and then Malone stepped back half a step but the kid was on top of him and the kid brought a left over that hit Malone on the ear. Malone backed off.

Now they were in the center of the ring, the kid wide-footed, wide-armed, weaving, and Malone, in nice and tight, circling, putting that left in and, again, that one-two. This time it was a little lower and this time Eddie could see the kid's legs go. He felt very sorry for the kid. He could see the kid shake his head, grabbing for Malone and Malone trying to find room and then, out of a grab, he saw the kid's left come over and it hit Malone on the cheekbone.

He could hear the crowd roar a different roar, with almost a laugh. He could see Malone blink and stop, and he could see the red mark where the glove had hit the light skin. What do you know? he thought, but then he saw Malone move in and bang one to the body. He saw him put the same hand to the head. He saw the kid miss and

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grab and Malone pulling his head back, disgusted, trying to push the kid off. He heard the bell sound.

"All right," he told him, when he had the kid back in the corner. "You're doing all right."

"He can hit. He hits hard."

"So you don't give him room," Eddie said. "You crowd him a little more and you back him off."

"I know," the kid answered.

When the round started Eddie saw Malone was up straight, confident again. Nice footwork. In and out. Now circling. The left going out and never missing. The kid taking it. Malone waiting, holding the right this time for a better opening. The crowd beginning to get on him, waiting with a bum like this, and then he let it go.

The kid had seen it, and when it hit him he was falling in. It turned him but when he turned he grabbed Malone's left arm and when he stumbled he pulled on the arm and when he tripped, Malone tripped, too, and the two of them went down.

Now the crowd laughed. Malone and the kid got up quickly and the referee was wiping off the kid's gloves and then Malone's. Eddie could see Malone was mad, being loused up by a bum like this, but the kid was coming right to him. Swinging now. A lot of them on Malone's arms. One high on the head, but trying hard and Malone, backing off, pulling his head away. Then the kid throwing a good right to the body and then putting his weight on, putting his head in and forcing Malone back. Then taking Malone's hook and still moving. Hitting back and this time the crowd roaring again. A hook to Malone's head and Malone blinking and a right high on Malone and Malone missing.

It's a funny thing, Eddie thought, watching. If the kid could fight at all Malone would have him out of there by now. A conventional fighter Malone would murder. This kid he can't figure. They didn't tell him about this kind. A manufactured fighter, all right. Can't get rid of a guy hitting him off balance, a guy hitting him with legs crossed, but a guy hitting all the time.

"Good," he said when the kid came back. "I think you got that round."

"I think so," the kid agreed. "He's not hurting now."

"So go to work," Eddie told him. "Go a full round. The other guy can't. On top of him and punch a whole round this time. Maybe you can end it."

WHEN they came out again Malone walked out and threw the right. Stop fooling around, Pinky must have said. No lead, just the right. That should have been it, Eddie thought, but the kid was coming in too fast and fell inside of it and now he was working good—or good for him. Inside, pressing, throwing at the body, getting some through. Not even feeling the punching he's taking himself, Eddie thought. Coming over with a hook to the head, and now the crowd roaring.

The hook had caught Malone trying to get away from the kid's lead. A right, overhand, hit Malone and now it looked like he might go. Now the crowd was hollering and the kid was excited, too excited, tearing in and overanxious. Missing the right that might have done it but throwing a left to bring himself back. Malone backing up, missing a punch, unable to throw another. The kid punching, not even hearing the bell and Eddie could see, when the referee jumped in and Malone turned, that his legs were gone, stumbling, trying to straighten up as he walked, trying to breathe, to his corner.

"Eddie," the kid was saying. "Eddie."

"You got him," Eddie said. He was afraid the kid might start crying.

"The same thing," he told him. "Go right to him. Go like it's the last minute. Hit him from anywhere. On top of him. Keep your arms moving. Don't let him grab."

He was still talking, a little excited himself, when the buzzer sounded and the kid jumped up. Eddie pulled him down.

"Easy," he said. "Not too fast."

He let the kid stand up, then. He picked up the stool and turned and looked at the other corner. He won't make it, he said to himself. He could see Pinky standing there, one arm on the rope, mad and looking at Malone. He could see the other second holding Malone's trunks out and Malone trying to get his air.

He heard the bell ring and he saw Pinky wave his arm out flat. He had to grab the kid by the shoulder as the kid started across. He saw the referee walk to Malone's corner.

"Easy," he said, pulling the kid back.

"Eddie," the kid said. "I stopped him."

"Easy," Eddie told him. "There are people here."

"Oh," the kid said, and Eddie wished he hadn't said it.

EDDIE put the stool under the kid. His brother put the robe over the kid's shoulder. Easy, as if it were part of a ritual, Eddie pushed the kid down. He could hear the announcer. Malone unable to answer the bell for the fourth round. The winner by a knockout, Johnny Bartlett. He heard the crowd roaring and he saw the kid jump up and turn to the crowd. Get all of it, he said to himself, because it has to go a long way.

"Go over," he said. "Don't hurry."

He watched the kid go over and bend over and shake hands with Malone.

When they walked down the aisle the crowd shouted to the kid. They called him by his first name. The fighter was grinning and turning and waving his hand, and in the hallway Frank was standing there and he came up and shook the kid's hand. The kid never even saw one of the guys in the main event push by.

"Fine," Eddie heard Frank saying. "Johnny, you did fine."

"Thanks, Mr. Burton," Johnny said. "You had to believe in me, though. You had to give me my chance." He turned, then, and looked at Eddie. "And you, too, Eddie," he said. "I mean, thanks."

"That's all right," Eddie said. "How do you like being a bartender?"

"I like it," Johnny laughed. "I like it."

"A bartender?" Frank asked. "What about a bartender?"

"Nothing," Eddie said. "Nothing." He put his hand on the fighter's shoulder. "You go with my brother. I'll be in."

Standing there Frank and Eddie watched Eddie's brother and the fighter go down the hall. The fighter was talking to Eddie's brother as they walked, and moving his hands as he talked.

"Eddie," Frank said, "you'll never know what a load this is off me. I was walking up and down here, and I was laughing out loud. When it happened I couldn't help myself, and I guess people thought I was crazy. So what do you think now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Chick wants to put this back in again in two weeks," Frank told him. "Could he lick this guy again?"

"No," Eddie said, looking at Frank. "Not if he fights him a hundred times, and the next time out Pinky will figure him and Malone will murder him. I guess you know that."

"It's fifteen hundred."

"He's your fighter," Eddie said. "Fifteen hundred is fifteen hundred."

"So I can't make up my mind."

"It's your mind," Eddie said, and he started to turn.

"I can't make up my mind," Frank said. "Do I send him home tomorrow afternoon by train—or tomorrow night by plane?"

THE END

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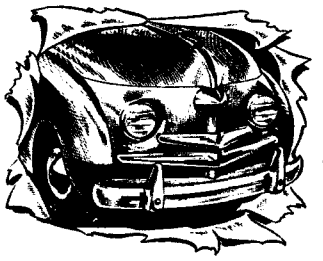

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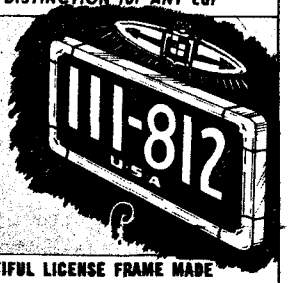

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LABOR DAY, 1948, should be an occasion for considerable rejoicing, we'd say, by all but a handful of American workers. The handful who have less cause to rejoice are the labor leaders whose powers over their followers have been rather radically clipped by the Taft-Hartley Act.

For the rank and file of U.S. labor, it's bound to be a big day. Wages generally are high in this country, and may be going still higher. That is one reason for the current inflation, true; but it is by no means the only reason. Practically everybody who wants to work can get a job; we've passed the old 60,000,000-job goal by more than 1,000,000, and we still have a labor shortage.

Unions continue strong and influential—largely, we believe, because of the above-mentioned Taft-Hartley Act. For all the shrieks of various labor moguls about the "slave labor law," the fact is that this measure was designed chiefly to help organized labor accept the responsibilities commensurate with its present power.

Another big wave of strikes appears unlikely any time soon—for which we think labor as well as everybody else can well be thankful. We believe it is as true as ever that nobody really wins a strike, and that there are at least a half-dozen better ways to settle almost any labor dispute.

American workers can afford to give thanks, too, on this 1948 Labor Day, that Communist influence in most unions which have come under this particular blight is on the wane. Here we have special reason for rejoicing, inasmuch as the Communists' ambition, simply stated, is to acquire and maintain absolute slave-driver power over the workers of the United States.

Well, a happy Labor Day to you; and may all future Labor Days find U.S. labor, organized and unorganized, as well off as it is in 1948. Or better off.

. . . NOBODY'S PERSECUTING OUR REDS: When the Department of Justice finally procured indictments against 12 top U.S. Communists, the Reds and their stooges set up a series of frightful squawks about how they were being persecuted. Their constitutional rights, to hear them tell it, are being torn from them; Tom Clark, Attorney General, has started a "witch hunt"; Fascism will be upon us unless these persecutions are called off; and all this and that.

Of course, we feel that Clark opened up with his big guns at a bad time psychologically. Many Americans are bound to feel that the anti-Communist crusade was started partly because a Presidential campaign is on and the Administration wants to make some political hay at the expense of William Z. Foster and the other indicted Reds.

Nevertheless, we believe these prosecutions are necessary, and hope that this fight against Stalin's U.S. fifth column will be carried remorselessly through the last appellate court.

The word for the Reds' yells of persecution is "baloney." Nobody is persecuting these persons.

The federal grand jury which handed up the indictments after more than a year's investigating was convinced that there was evidence going to show these 12 men guilty of having taught the violent overthrow of the U.S. government—a violation of the Smith Act, which prohibits such teaching under maximum penalties of $10,000 and 10 years.

These defendants will suffer such penalties only if and after they are convicted in open jury trials, and have had such convictions carefully reviewed in higher courts. There is no more persecution in that than there is in the trial of some fellow accused of murder or arson or robbery.

Things wouldn't be handled in this fashion, either, if the Reds should get control of the United States. They will just kill or enslave everybody who disagrees with them out loud—without trials, or after public "confessions" induced by nonpublic torture. That is the way the opposition is taken care of in the Iron Curtain countries, and it is standard Communist procedure.

So let's pay no heed to the Reds' squawks about persecution; and let's have those trials as soon as feasible.

●

. . . OUR DOCTORS CAN TAKE ANOTHER BOW: The U.S. medical profession leads those of all other nations, so far as we know; and we believe American doctors are entitled to take their latest bow on the strength of the recent report of the Federal Security Agency concerning life expectancies in this country.

Compiling various statistics, the FSA came up with the finding that white female babies born in the United States these days have average life expectancies of 70.3 years: the highest yet. For white males at birth, the prospects aren't quite so good—65.1.

Nonwhites are still further down on this scale—61 for females and 57.5 for males—but the figures indicate that this discrepancy is narrowing with reasonable speed.

What the findings show chiefly is that in the last 50 years the American medical profession has dealt some terrific blows to the infectious diseases which used to kill a high percentage of babies and small children. Offhand, we can't think of a finer achievement than that.

And now that we're becoming so long-lived on the average, and are defeating so many physical ailments, wouldn't it be swell if someone could work out a way to cut down drastically the average percentages of envy, hatred, malice and pure cussedness which afflict the human race?

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